

25 Cents June 1928

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



Meredith Nicholson - Lorado Taft
Arthur Somers Roche



Who wants to live on a poorly lighted street?



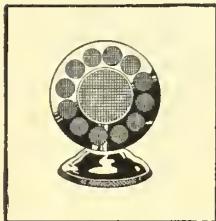
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GENERAL ELECTRIC



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“Anyone who has to take his rest in concentrated doses is mighty particular about how he beds himself down,”

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“ROXY”

quality of your sleep is just as important. You can't hope to keep fit—to get up in the morning full of energy—unless the sleep you've had has been really restful.

For years the Simmons Company has studied this problem. The Beautyrest Mattress with its hundreds of resilient,

springy wire coils and its soft mattress layers is the result. So, too, is the Ace Spring—scientifically designed to make every hour you spend in sleep pay greatest dividends in renewed vitality. The Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring are Nature's greatest aid to a healthy, happy life. Just one night's sleep on that combination is proof positive. That's why men like "Roxy" prefer it.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Beautyrest—A core of close-packed wire coils. Over this thick, soft mattress layers. Utmost comfort!



The comfort and rest are apparent in the tailored good looks of Mattress and Spring



Simmons Ace Spring—of resilient spiral springs. Equal to a box-spring yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip-cover additional

SIMMONS

BEDS . . . SPRINGS . . . MATTRESSES

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

NORTH CAROLINA: One of the original thirteen colonies. The first English colonists in America settled on Roanoke Island, during Sir Walter Raleigh's explorations, between 1584-'7, but the colony did not last. Later, Virginians trickled into the region. In 1663 King Charles II granted the colony of Carolina a proprietary charter. The territory included the present Carolinas and extended as far west as the Pacific. The western half of the State was settled by Germans, Scotch and Irish, the eastern half by Englishmen. John Locke drafted his "Grand Model" constitution to govern the land, but it was a failure. In 1710 Carolina was divided into North and South. In 1729 North Carolina became a royal province. In May, 1775, the people issued the Mecklenburg Declaration, phrases of which resemble those of the Declaration of Independence. Population, 1790, 303,751; 1926 (U. S. est.), 2,857,846. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 9.9; 1910, 14.4; 1920, 19.2. Area, 52,426 sq. miles. Density of population, 52.6 per sq.

mile. Rank among States, 14th in population, 27th in area, 18th in density. Capital, Raleigh (1925 U. S. est.), 30,371. Three largest cities, Winston-Salem, 71,800; Charlotte, 54,600; Greensboro, 48,700. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$4,543,110,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. 1923), cotton goods, \$951,916,599; manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, \$264,218,799; manufacture of snuff, chewing and smoking tobacco, \$31,567,820. The products of 269,763 farms in 1920 totaled crops valued at \$503,229,000, the principal ones being cotton and tobacco. The annual lumber cut totaled 1,200,000,000 feet. North Carolina had 93,243 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, "Esse Quam Videri"—To Be Rather Than To Seem. The name of the State is derived from Carolus, the Latin for Charles, the English king who sponsored its exploration and settlement. The nicknames of North Carolina are Old North, Tar Heel, and Turpentine State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*PHILIP VON BLON, *Managing Editor*

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THE MESSAGE CENTER



JAMES NORMAN HALL was our first favorite war author. It must have been as far back as 1915 that he wrote "Kitchener's Mob," detailing his experiences as a volunteer in the British Army. He detailed much more than his own experiences; there was much more about the Mob than about I—me. Sometime later appeared "High Adventure," Mr. Hall having subsequently abandoned the infantry to become a flier, and as such he was transferred to the A. E. F.

THAT was how we happened to meet Mr. Hall, though we don't expect him to remember the occasion offhand. It was January or February, 1918, and several boxloads of Christmas presents had trickled through channels and been dumped on our lower berth in a cinder-floored Adrian barracks at Chaumont. It was a period of intense financial stringency. The Q. M. C. or the Government or somebody had just socked the payroll for three insurance premiums at once, plus the customary withholding of ten dollars toward a Liberty Bond which, in an excess of patriotism, we had contracted to purchase. This cut our personal stipend to exactly fifteen francs, fifty centimes, and no one having the slightest regard for the social amenities could hope to cut much of a figure in the capital city of the A. E. F. on that. For instance, to visit the local bathhouse (the showers in the big building where General Pershing had his offices were out of whack) would mean a couple of smokeless days, and so that problem was soon solved.

THEN came the presents. The edibles were very welcome. So was the flashlight. So were the smokes. Among the smokes, however, was a box of one hundred rather choicer cigarettes than we felt we had a right to make use of in a moment of world-wide self-denial. Anyway, a less expensive variety was much more to our taste. Our assignment at the time was with a captain who was handling the details of transferring American aviators with the French Army to the A. E. F. In that way we got a moment's close-up of almost every notable flyer that had been making a name for himself and his country. Except one. It has always been a source of deep regret to us that we never set eyes on one of the great romantic figures of the war—Raoul Lufbery.

ONE day James Norman Hall (Sergeant—or rather Sergeant—Hall at

the moment, as we recall it) came in. The paperwork was soon accomplished. The talk veered to an apparent cigarette shortage—a shortage, at least, so far as the expensive variety of which we had an untouched hundred was concerned. We mentioned our wealth. Mr. Hall, soon to be Captain Hall, was deeply impressed. A bargain was soon struck. Mr. Hall was grateful and contented. So were we. That evening we bathed.

A FEW months later word came that Captain Hall had been shot down behind the German lines. For a time no more news came through; then it became known that Captain Hall was a prisoner in Germany suffering with a broken arm. He returned to France after the Armistice, and at some time in the long interval since then he transferred himself to the South Seas. We are a little vague about his post-war wanderings, as we have never had any more cigarettes to sell him. Situated as he is in a region where the atrocious French article is probably the staple, he may still be in the market.

LORADO TAFT was born in Elwood, Illinois, a few weeks before another Illinoisian, Attorney Lincoln of Springfield, was nominated for President of the United States. With the exception of three years spent in Paris at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he has always been a resident of his native State, and mostly of its chief city. He has been on the staff of the Art Institute of Chicago since 1886, is professorial lecturer on art at the University of Chicago and non-resident professor of art at his alma mater, the University of Illinois, and has been a member of the National Commission of Fine Arts since 1925. Practising as well as preaching, he has won a worldwide reputation as one of the leaders among American sculptors.

MARY CARTER lives in San Antonio . . . Arthur Somers Roche, Meredith Nicholson, Marquis James and Charles Divine are already familiar names to Monthly readers.

JUST a year ago—in the June, 1927, issue—the Monthly published an article by Alexander Gardiner called "A Little Faster, a Little Farther" which discussed the reigning records in major track and field events and the likelihood of their survival. Within a week of the

appearance of that issue Sabin Carr of Yale, performing in the I. C. A. A. A. meet, bettered Charles Hoff's pole-vault record of thirteen feet eleven and thirteen-sixteenths inches, made in 1925, by clearing the bar at exactly fourteen feet. During the last indoor season Carr did an inch better than that. A year ago the half-mile record still stood at 1.51 $\frac{3}{5}$, made by Dr. Otto Feltzer of Germany in 1926. Last winter Lloyd Hahn of the Boston A. A. clipped a fifth of a second off this figure in an indoor meet. The new Carr and Hahn records, unfortunately, have to go down in the books as indoor marks only, though they actually eclipse anything ever done before, either indoors or outdoors. The reason is that European experts have somehow picked up the idea that it is easier to do good work inside than outside—a theory that is pretty hard to agree with. Indoor meets are almost unknown in Europe, so that the theory is based on inadequate knowledge. Anyway, the theory is held, and the American A. A. U. acquiesces, probably on the basis that actual world's records are seldom made indoors anyway. Last winter's activities, however, unfortunately provided two exceptions to prove the rule. Bearing the figures cited by Mr. Gardiner in mind, it will be interesting to see what happens at the Olympic Games in Amsterdam this summer.

CARD No. 33 in the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire has just been issued to John L. Swisher of Ambridge, Pennsylvania, a member of Post 368 of Ripley, Ohio. Mr. Swisher qualified in 1921-2. As a member of Company E, 28th Infantry, First Division, he had no time for light reading during the summer and fall of 1918.

PART One of a two-part A. E. F. mystery story by Karl W. Detzer will be published in the July issue. In the same issue Hugh Wiley's hilarious and veracious account of the war adventures of the Rabble will come to a triumphant conclusion. In the August number will appear the first instalment of a new war serial by Leonard H. Nason, "The Man in the White Slicker." Alien as boasting is to our make-up, we challenge the world to tie that trio for midsummer war fiction—and we don't see any reason to limit them to midsummer.

The Editor



"We Cannot Abandon Our Education at the Schoolhouse Door. We Have to Keep it up Through Life"

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

CRISPLY and concisely, the nation's Chief Executive thus summarizes one of the greatest needs of our country. With the weight of his authority, this tremendous truth is declared, — *education is not simply a matter of a few years—to be limited to classroom walls and ended with a diploma—but a continuous process that lasts through life.*

How, then, can the average man maintain this lifelong desired mental alertness? How can he achieve the sort of education to which Mr. Coolidge refers?

The answer lies in the new field, which we term, for want of a better name, "adult education." This means home study. It has come as a boon to thousands of restless men and women who have realized their needs but know not how to fill them.

Home Study has given a second opportunity to those who lost their first one in youth. It has helped college graduates to acquire the specific knowledge which their general training failed to supply, but which this age of intense specialization demands. It has kept pace with the development of new vocations, and equipped men to meet the rapidly changing

requirements within every field of human activity. Broader horizons, better positions and higher living standards have been born of it. It is an inspiring and tremendous force.

Some idea of its scope is suggested by the fact that there are enrolled in various home-study projects today at least three times as many students as there are in all our resident colleges, universities and professional schools combined! Two-thirds of this group [which totals 3,000,000] are included in correspondence schools. The balance are cared for by university extension courses, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. classes and by public evening schools.

With such a variety of schools and with courses offered in almost every conceivable subject, it is obvious that any man may educate himself today at a reasonable cost—if he will.

Perhaps you are anxious to widen your range of interests or to train yourself in some special field. You may be puzzled to know what course to pursue or which school to choose. Why not avail yourself of the free advisory service that is yours for the asking? Send a stamped, self addressed envelope with the request—

"Where can I secure a home study course in (NAME OF SUBJECT) to—

THE NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

839 Seventeenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.



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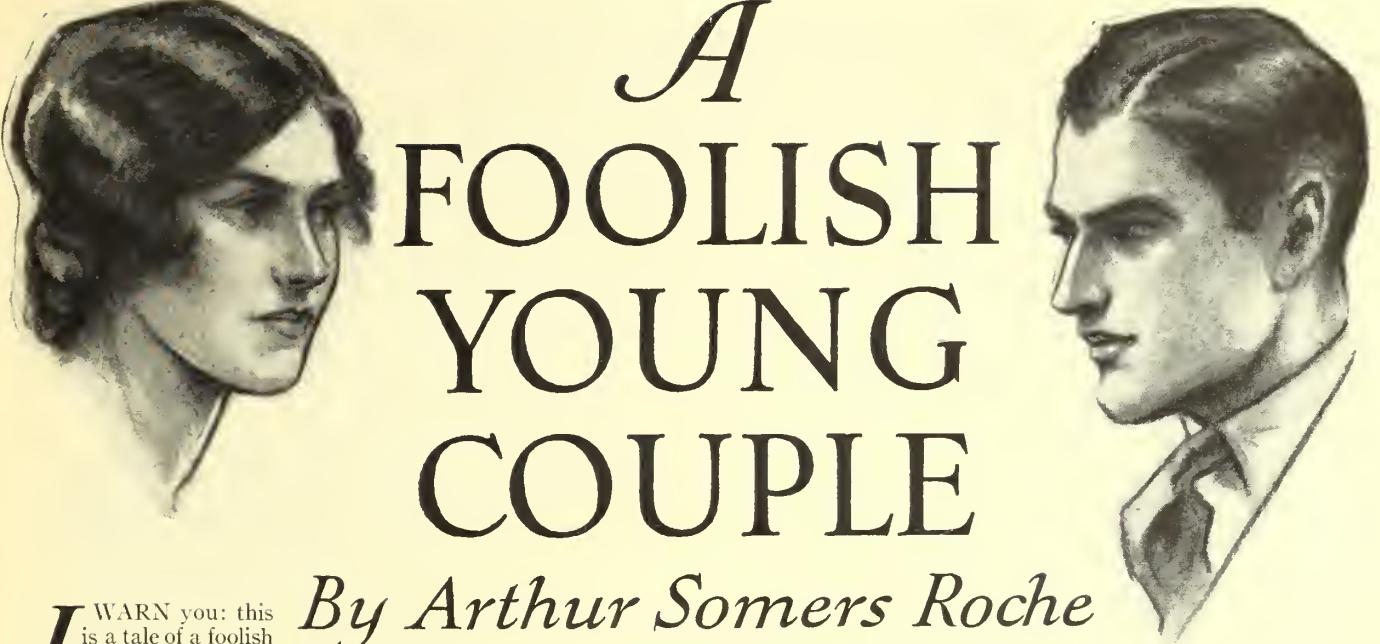
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To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette





A FOOLISH YOUNG COUPLE

By Arthur Somers Roche
Illustrations by William Fisher

IWARN you: this is a tale of a foolish young couple, the kind that wouldn't take advice, didn't profit by the experience of others, and listened to love instead of reason. So, if you like your folks sane, don't read this one.

Of course, Jim Allison had a good excuse. The excuse weighed just enough not to be too heavy to cuddle in his lap, she was just old enough not to be too young to know how to cuddle; she was just pretty enough to make him glad that she wasn't more beautiful because he just couldn't have borne it if there'd been any more loveliness to love. Her name was Ruth Torrance, and she worked in Lieber and Hardy's department store.

She had a swell job, too. She was private secretary to old man Hardy himself, drew down forty-five simoleons every Saturday afternoon, shared a two-room kitchenette-and-bath apartment with Jennie Caslon, who was assistant buyer in the stocking department, had a radio, a radiant smile, and could knock any man dead at a radius of forty yards.

Take it from me, she had plenty-plus. She had It, and That, and This. Smart little gal, too. You can't hold down a job like hers on shape and looks. You have to be able to remember exactly what the boss dictated in that Paris letter last Tuesday. She was old man Hardy's right hand.

She had her excuse, too. Maybe Jim Allison wasn't a trans-Atlantic flyer, but many a girl went up in the air over him. He was a book-keeper in Lieber and Hardy's, made himself sixty bucks every week, saved fifteen of it, and some day, some day . . .

"My chance will come, Ruth," he said to her one evening.

They'd been to a movie and now they were in Ruth's apartment, getting away with the contents of a chafing dish.

She looked at him tenderly, proudly, tearily. You know, the way the one girl can look at the one man, so that he's exalted and ashamed at the same time. Knows he isn't worth ten percent of it, but swears to himself that he *will* deserve that look. You don't get it? Then go out and find HER.

"You bet it will, Jim," she assured him.

"And I won't be caught asleep when it comes, either," he bragged. "I'm not going to go on keeping books for Lieber and Hardy the rest of my life. Be sure of that."

"Of course you're not," she praised. "A boy as smart as you are—"

"That's nice of you to say that, Ruth," he said. "Of course, I'm just smart enough to know that I'm not a mental whirlwind, but I got nerve, and I'm willing to work, and I can stick to a thing—"

"I'll say you can," she languished.

"I tell you, Ruth, what counts in this world is money. If you got it, you got everything. If you haven't got it, where are you, and what are you?"

"And *why* are you?" she amended.

"Exactly. Lord knows I'm no miser—"

Ruth patted the roses at her breast. "I'll say you're not, Jim."

"But just the same," he went on, "I manage to stick a little bit aside for a rainy day."

"That's just plain ordinary common sense, Jim," said Ruth. "One of the reasons I like you, Ruth," he said, "is because you got sense, too."

Ruth blushed prettily. Not much of a compliment; not the sort of compliment to bring the roses to a girl's cheeks, you'll say. I admit it, only—when the man you love says anything at all, it will make a girl blush. Let's not argue it, men. Will the ladies kindly say that I'm right? Thank you.

"A girl that's had the battle I've had better get sense," she said, "or quit living."

This was the first time that Jim Allison had ever been up in Ruth's apartment. And don't be shocked, folks. The day that woman took her place in the business world she threw away a good many of the old stupid conventions. Ruth had an apartment; it was her home; in the parlor of that home she received her guests. Proper, correct, O.K. in every way.

"Quit living?" said Jim. "Pretty tough break you had?"

"Oh, no, it was all roses and violets," laughed Ruth. "I got through grammar school when my parents died. I had an uncle and aunt that wanted to do the decent thing, but they had children of their own, and—well, I pretended to be sixteen when I was only fourteen. Got a job as cashgirl. Made eight dollars a week and—lived on it. Went to high school. I hated ignorance worse than I hated anything in the world. It was ignorance made my mother marry my father."

"Why, wasn't your dad—"

She interrupted him. "My father was the nicest man that ever lived, same as my mother was the nicest woman. But they were poor. Poor, get it? What right had my mother to marry a man that couldn't support her properly? What right had my father to marry a woman whom he couldn't support properly? No right in the world, save the right of ignorance."

"You're kind of hard on them, aren't you, Ruth?" Jim asked.

She shook her head. "I love their memories; the gentlest, dearest, bravest people that—" She brushed away a tear. "But ignorant. Or else they'd have looked ahead, seen what life can be, how miserable it can be, if you're poor, and—well, I got sense from thinking of them."

"Poor little girl," said Jim.

She denied his pity. "Not a bit of it. They taught me something. True, they didn't know they taught me, but—I got it just the same. I'll never make a fool of myself over a man."

Surprisingly, as she made the statement, she colored even more deeply. Jim blushed, too. The touch of color made him better-looking, even, and he was easy on a young girl's eyes anyway. One of these tall rangy chaps, just the right height and size to cuddle on his lap a girl of exactly Ruth's size. Good-looking enough to make Ruth glad he wasn't better-looking, because then he'd be kind of sheiky in appearance and a girl doesn't want that kind of a man to marry.

"My folks did the same thing," said Jim. He spoke rapidly

to hide an embarrassment that was mutual. "My dad was the finest man I'll ever know, and my mother—well, she was one of God's angels, and that's all can be said about her. Only, she wasn't very strong, and—after she died my dad used to tell me that it was all his fault. Kind of pathetic to hear him blame himself. If he'd had money enough to send her to the country—it about used to break my heart to listen to him. He didn't live so long after she died, either. Broken heart, that's what it was. But while mother lived—well, I don't see how a couple could have been happier."

"Oh, *happy*," exclaimed Ruth. "My parents were happy. I mean to say, they were just nuts about each other, only—if they'd had some money, wouldn't they have been just ten times as happy?"

"Oh, sure they would," said Jim. "Well," he went on, "I'm not going to drag any girl down to poverty."

"You wouldn't," said Ruth. "A chap as bright as you is going to get ahead."

"I hope so, and I think so," said Jim. "Only—you never can tell. Suppose my chance never did come along? Suppose I got married and—and—had a family, and didn't get promoted, or didn't find a better job, or didn't get into business for myself—"

"Well, you got to bet on yourself," suggested Ruth.

"No betting for me. I'm going to be *sure*." Jim was emphatic.

"Me, too," said Ruth. "The man I marry must be able to support me—properly. Does that sound mercenary?"

"Not a bit of it," said Jim. "It's just honest—and sensible."

"You don't think any the worse of me for feeling that way?" asked Ruth.

"You don't think I'm hard because I've got an eye on the main chance, do you?" countered Jim.

"Not a bit of it," she echoed him. "Mean to say, a girl might feel flattered that a man went daffy over her, but when she found out that his going daffy meant that she had to cook the meals and sweep the floors and wash the dishes, maybe she wouldn't thank him for going off his head about her."

"Yeah. I'd hate to have my wife look at me kind of reproachful, or maybe kind of contemptuously because I couldn't give her all she wanted."

"Well, I hope you don't get the kind of girl that *would* look at you that way, Jim, because the right kind of girl wouldn't blame you a bit."

"No, maybe she wouldn't, but I would," said Jim.

"Well, she wouldn't let you blame yourself, because she'd know . . ."

She didn't finish the sentence. For a moment there was silence between them. A gas log burned in the open grate, burned cheerily, brightly.

"I'd better wash the dishes," said Ruth. "Jennie Caslon and I have a rule. No dishes to be left for the innocent party, so to speak, to clear up."

"A nice girl, Jennie," said Jim.

"None better," agreed Ruth. "If it wasn't for the fact that she and I are such pals, I couldn't have a cunning little apartment like this. Two of us, together, make nearly a hundred a week—ninety-five, to be exact."

Jim pursed his lips. "Swell little place. And you two get by nicely on ninety-five per?"

"Oh, yes," said Ruth. "Being so far east as this makes the rent cheaper, you know."

"East Thirty-fourth Street is a nice address, at that," said Jim.

"It's awfully handy to the store," Ruth pointed out. "Unless it's rainy or cold I save carfare. That's something. I'll hate to give it up, this apartment."

"Are you going to?" demanded Jim, surprised.

She nodded. "Jennie's beau and she have got it all fixed up."

"Didn't know she had one," commented Jim.

"Uh-huh. He's being transferred by his bosses to Kansas City, and—well, he's pestered Jennie to death, said he'd be lonesome and all—so—they're to be married early next month. Jennie's a sport. Offered to pay her share of the apartment until our lease was up, but I wouldn't hear to that. We can sublet it easy—"

"Or you might find some other girl to share it with you," suggested Jim.

Ruth shook her head. "Don't think I'd care for that so much."

"Maybe the man you married—"

"What man?" asked Ruth.

Now questions, politely put, require answers. Which brings us right back to our second paragraph where we mentioned cuddling and such items—remember?

Don't ask me how it happened. I've given you the characters and their lines, the situation and its scene. Perhaps I ought to add that after the Welsh rarebit had been disposed of Jim had sunk himself into the one big easy chair in the room. It was a great soft chair, with wide flat arms, on one of which a not too bulky girl could perch.

"I'd better wash the dishes," said Ruth.

"I'll help," said Jim.

He started to get up; they were near together. "You asked what man," he said.

"Oh—please—"

From the arm of the chair what more simple than to slide over into the lap of the man who occupied the chair? As I say, I don't exactly know every bit of it all. These things happen, you know. A word, a touch, a grasp, an evasion, a surrender, kisses, embraces, tears, and—happiness.

Happiness? Can there be any greater than when the one girl is in your arms, when her lips touch yours, and her perfumed breath is whispering confession?

And finally . . . "If Jennie and I could do it on ninety-five, why of course you and I can do it on one hundred and five."

"If I'd let my wife work," said Jim.

"Don't be silly. What do you think, anyway? That Lieber and Hardy's is full of beautiful shebas and do you think I'll let my handsome sheik go off to work there every day without me along?"

"I haven't noticed any of them trying to win me," laughed Jim. "And when it comes down to that, there's some pretty snappy young fellows working there, and I'm not sure that I want my wife—"

"Silly! We'll be there together, and lunch together, and go home together—"

"I want to support my wife," growled Jim. "It—it don't seem like a real man would let his wife work."

"You old-fashioned thing!" she jeered. "What do you suppose I am? The kind of girl that can hang around all day doing nothing? It isn't as though we had a house in the country, with a garden and—oh, a million things to look after. Here there's nothing to do that can't be finished in twenty minutes, and what am I going to do with the rest of the day?"

"It don't seem right, me not able to support you properly—"

"Goodness me," exclaimed an alien voice. "So this is the way you spend your spare time, eh?"

Ruth leaped from Jim's knees. Jim leaped to his feet. They both stared at Jennie Caslon. That handsome young lady eyed them with frank amusement.

"Don't mind me, children. I've just kissed my sweetie good-night, and my head is buzzing yet from the contact. So I'm blind and deaf and dumb. Only—when did it all come to pass?"

"We're engaged," said Ruth.

"We're going to be married," said Jim.

"Well, I didn't gather that you hated each other, quite," smiled Jennie. "Congratulations, my dears."

But after Jim had gone home the merriment left Jennie Caslon's eyes.

"None of my business, Ruthie darling," she began, "only—how much dough does this heartbreaker of yours drag down every Saturday?"

"Sixty dollars," replied Ruth, defiantly.

"H'm," said Jennie. "You and I used up fifty percent more than that to live comfortably. We neither of us have any huge bank account, you know. The trousseau that I'm going to buy myself when I step off with Tom won't bust the suitcase I'll take with me."

"I'm going to work, too," said Ruth.

Jennie sat down on one of the twin beds in the bedroom.



"My parents were happy," said Ruth. "They were just nuts about each other, only—if they'd had some money, wouldn't they have been just ten times as happy?"

"Listen, girlie, you and I have talked over that very thing many and many a time, you know."

"Well, what of it?" asked Ruth.

"Nothing, except that when Tom and I, two years ago, planned doing a quick trip to the minister, you talked me out of it. I was pretty resentful at you for a long time, girlie, but I'm glad now that I waited. Here's Tom got himself a transfer to a swell job in K. C. One fifty a week, and I don't need to look a typewriter in the face forevermore. As a working girl, I've faded right out of the picture; as a toiler the cutting room has snipped me right out. Frau, that's me; housewife, that's Jennie Caslon. How come you ain't figuring the same way?"

"We can't wait," said Ruth.

"Why can't you?" demanded the other girl.

"Oh, it's all right for you, Jennie," exclaimed Ruth. "You knew that Tom was going to get this transfer sooner or later. The boss had promised it to him. But—it's different with Jim and me."

"How different?" persisted Jennie.

"Well, we don't know when he'll get a raise and—"

"All the more reason you should wait until you *do* know, kid," advised Jennie.

"And miss every bit of the happiness we might have right now?" cried Ruth.

"The happiness we have now sometimes causes the unhappiness we have later," said Jennie sagely.

"But you and Tom—it's easy for you to talk—maybe Jim and I will have to wait—"

"What about your mother and father?" asked Jennie gently. "You've told me so often—"

"Jim's smarter than my father. There's more opportunity nowadays. Don't talk to me—I love him and he loves me and—my mother couldn't have worked. Things were different then. Women didn't have as many jobs, chances for jobs, I mean. If she could have made half as much as I'm making now, and added it to father's salary—why, they'd never been miserable, poor, cramped."

"Not much use arguing with you, is there, Ruth?"

"Not the least bit in the world, Jennie," said the happy girl.

Next day the chief book-keeper remonstrated with Jim.

"You're a nice young feller with a future, too," said the chief. "I don't want to hang any crepe, and I'll do my darnedest to get you a raise, but on the square, you ought to take a couple of thinks before you step off into that" (Continued on page 52)

THAT ALL MEN MAY KNOW

By Lorado Taft

IN 1923 Captain Robert Aitken, the eminent sculptor, prepared for this magazine, or rather its predecessor, *The American Legion Weekly*, a series of the best articles ever written upon war memorials. Under the general head of "Selecting a War Memorial" Mr. Aitken discussed various forms of monuments, the choice of a site, and other matters of concern. He warned against hasty, unconsidered action, against the enthusiasms of ignorance and above all against "stock" monuments supplied by dealers in stone and bronze.

Let us hope that his words accomplished some good, that here and there his impassioned appeal fell upon responsive ears. We know that a few good monuments are going up; there are several new ones which one would go out of his way to look at, but as ever, the greatest number are of the kind that you would go out of your way to avoid.

I have been studying photographs and cuts of a hundred or more recent military memorials of the United States, and I must confess it has been a depressing task. Fully one half of these monuments are crowned by wild variations of somebody's "Over the Top", a bronze effigy of a doughboy whose uncertain legs are carrying him through a tangle of real barbed wire the while he holds in uplifted right hand a grenade—presumably about to be thrown—and swings in his left the bayoneted musket. Aside from those unfortunate legs the figure is fairly well modeled. The uniform and accoutrements are precise and realistic. The result is a kind of violent taxidermy translated into enduring metal—something which startles you once, then in its endless repetition becomes very tiresome.

Are we making any progress at all in these matters—in the character of the record which we are willing to leave behind us for other generations to study? We rejoiced that we had outgrown the aftermath of the Civil War; those funny figures at parade-rest look absurdly old-fashioned to us now. But, do you know, the most stolid and wooden and expressionless of them was in a way better sculpture than the wild things that we are setting up today? I mean that in their unobtrusive quiet, their simple masses, they were more monumental in intention than the majority of our recent efforts. We accepted them as symbols, those sad little images; we took the will for the deed, and thought no more about them.

The output of our foundries at this moment is too aggressive, too strident, to be overlooked with a pitying smile. These bronze rowdies whoop and vociferate on all sides. I recently heard a witty artist-friend size up the situation in this wise: "After the Civil War they did the worst they knew how; today we have become more skilful and we are able to do much worse." He is about right; the old monuments are quite inoffensive in comparison with some of the recent explosions. Do you find in this



*Doughboy, Columbus (Ohio)
World War Memorial, Bruce
Wilder Saville, sculptor*

The uniform and

accoutrements are precise and realistic. The result is a kind of violent taxidermy translated into enduring metal—something which startles you once, then in its endless repetition becomes very tiresome.

memorials—as often, to be sure, in the bad ones as in the good. Evidently the trouble is not to be found in the underlying motives, but in our lack of artistic standards—to put it bluntly, in our poor taste. How many of our committees have given thought to the idea so well expressed by the American Federation of Arts: "One cannot buy a memorial as one buys a Christmas present. Time and thought and training are essential if the result is to be worthy of the cause commemorated. Unless the memorial committee approach their task in the spirit indicated; unless they are prepared to pay the cost of thorough work; unless they employ an architect who will support them and lead them into right ways, then they will not build a memorial that will endure."

It cannot be too earnestly insisted that the first step should be to obtain competent advice. Go to an expert as you would in a matter of law or medicine or engineering. It will be money in your pocket. A good architect will tell you what is suitable for your site and will know what sculptor is able to decorate his monument. Or if you know a capable sculptor, he will find his architect. Both of them will counsel your committee not to set the memorial in the middle of a highway like a traffic cop's station, but to give it distinction by means of a worthy approach.

In an admirable discussion of the subject J. Monroe Hewlett makes this impressive statement: "If a war memorial means anything to the community that erects it, it means something more than an ostentatious display of public spirit, something more than

petrified violence any trace of that "hint of eternity" which every great monument gives forth? Are these bronzes charged with the emotion, the idealism, the spiritual forces which took hold of America and compelled us to send the flower of our nation abroad to dye with its blood an alien soil?

I ask myself what motive could lie behind the erection of such crude, inartistic exhibits. But then why do men build monuments anyway? Is it because it is traditional, because everybody is doing it? Is it a matter of rivalry with the next town? Or a desire to add a "point of interest" in the neighborhood? No, my cynical suspicions are unjust. I have been reading letters from some of these committees; my eyes are dimmed by their simple earnestness:

"The purpose was threefold; to stimulate patriotism in general, to perpetuate the memory of those who never returned from the great conflict, and to enkindle a respect for those among the living who offered their lives and their services for those ideals which we as a liberty-loving nation hold dear."

An inscription: "At the going down of the sun and in the morning we shall remember them!"

There are stories too of lasting enthusiasms, of heroic efforts, of patient toil, of self-forgetful co-operation; the finest qualities of humanity have entered into the building of these



World War Memorial, New Rochelle, New York—Louis Metcalf, architect; Edmund T. Quinn, sculptor. "One cannot buy a memorial as one buys a Christmas present. Time and thought and training are essential if the result is to be worthy of the cause commemorated"

an interesting architectural or sculptural object placed so that every passing tourist may observe it. It should mean and embody the kind of thought which is too sacred to shout abroad in the market place, too fine in its texture to be brought into competition with the honk of the automobile and the clang of the trolley car."

I like too what Homer Saint Gaudens says: "The spirit that prompts the gift of memorial art, like the spirit that inspired the cause to which the memorial is created, is a noble one. To express this spirit of deed and gift needs refinement and sympathy of mind and power of execution, rarely discovered."

Professor Frank Jewett Mather, of Princeton, warmly seconds the thought when he says: "I am not much for parks or pure milk funds or anything that ties the memorial idea solely to a name. Something impressive to look at and plainly meaning loyalty and heroism is essential. For average purposes a well-designed tablet monumentally installed seems to meet the need. The greatest care should be given to the wording of the inscription, as to the actual lettering. The main thing is to put even the humblest memorial in the hands of an artist, and to avoid the shop-made products that followed the Civil War."

In a thoughtful paper by Charles Moore, chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts, I find these suggestive words: "If we can put an effectual ban on the stock soldier, the stock tablet, the stock anything, we shall take a long step forward. We can accomplish this result only by impressing on committees that each memorial shall be a separate, distinct creation of an artist. The simple, direct, conscientious work of a trained mind and hand is always welcome, is always enduring."

Cass Gilbert says of certain ideal

monuments: "They are devoid of practical utility, but they minister to a much higher use; they compel contemplation of the great men and ideals which they commemorate; they elevate the thoughts of all beholders; they arouse and make effective the finest impulses of humanity. They are the visible symbols of the aspirations of the race. The spirit may be the same whether the monument is large or small; a little roadside shrine or cross, a village fountain, or a memorial tablet, speaks the same message as the majestic arch or shaft or temple, and both messages will be pure and fine and perhaps equally far-reaching if the form of that message is appealingly beautiful."

This is what America might have if only we cared enough, if only we knew enough! Some committees have known enough. A few have put this serious matter into the hands of experts and the results are most gratifying. Of some of these I wish to speak. My purpose being rather to emphasize the kind of monument available by our smaller cities, I shall not dwell upon the grandiose undertakings of Indianapolis, Kansas City and various other opulent centers of wealth. Baltimore, "the Monument City", has deviated from her tradition, erecting in this case a very impressive war memorial building on classic lines, while Atlantic City's circular temple with its chaste Doric columns is distinctly novel as well as beautiful. Yale's colonnade of twelve magnificent Corinthian pillars is already famous. Its two bronze flagstaffs are of unusually good design. A very fine flagstaff, by the way, forms the memorial of Thomas B. Wanamaker Post of the Legion of New York City. It adds a beautiful decoration to Madison Square. Pratt Institute has made a similar contribution in Brooklyn, the work of Willard



Canadian officer, at Winnipeg, the work of James Earle Fraser, designer of the American Victory Medal

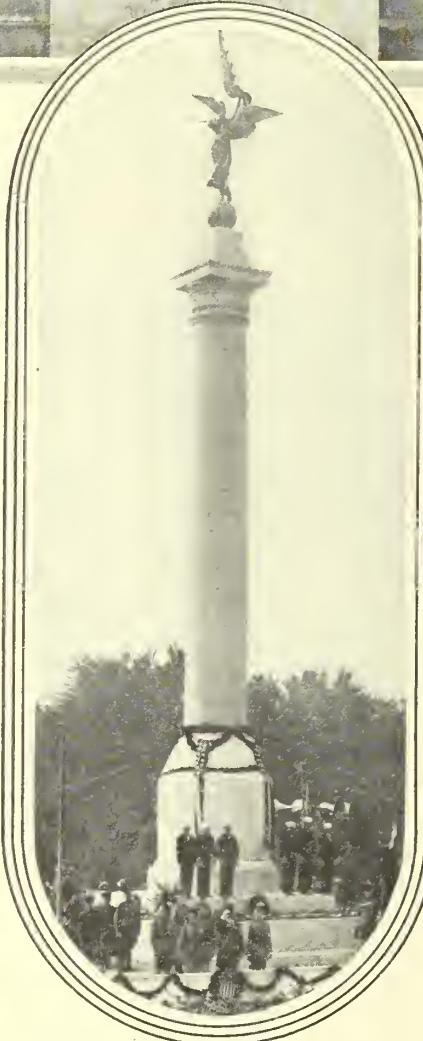


"At the Listening Post," by
Charles Keck—World War Me-
morial at Lynchburg, Virginia

Paddock. Several other places have chosen this significant and decorative form of memorial, notably in Arlington, Massachusetts, where Cyrus Dallin has created one of unusual beauty. I remember a good one too, in Duluth, designed, I believe, by Cass Gilbert. Another effective flagstaff is to be found at Plainfield, New Jersey, the work of Gaetano Cecere.

Grand Rapids has put up two immense piers, very simple in form but strikingly effective. A word which I have just used recalls to mind a phrase of Royal Cortissoz, "inspired simplicity." I am compelled at this point to utter a heresy: Although a sculptor myself, I feel that half of our monuments would be vastly improved by the elimination of their sculpture. Take a page of small cuts in the *Monumental News* and put your thumb over the crowning figures. You will often find the mass of the stone very good and sometimes really imposing, but one sees only the angular and meager silhouettes above. No sculpture at all is vastly better than bad sculpture upon a public monument. In a shadowy garden it is a different matter; a moss-covered fragment of very hesitating workmanship may be quite decorative.

MacMonnies used to urge the column as a simple, beautiful form of memorial. Where it is done as well as was the one which he crowned with his "Victory" at West Point it is surprisingly satisfying. Another fine example, the collaboration of Henry Bacon and Evelyn Longman, stands in Logan Square, Chicago. Henry Bacon's Doric shaft at Ridgewood, New Jersey, crowned by an eagle, the work of Henry Hering, is similar in effect. One of the most recent uses of this form of monument is the First Division War Memorial, in Washington, D. C. This



First Division Memorial, Washington,
D. C.—Cass Gilbert, architect; Daniel
Chester French, sculptor

handsome shaft, which stands on the Mall, near the War Department Building, is crowned by a winged Victory shown holding aloft a flag. The architect was Cass Gilbert; the sculptor, Daniel Chester French.

The triumphal arch is the most obvious and intelligible of war memorials. Whatever may have been its original significance there is something inspiring in the combination of mass and graceful lines, the form which so proudly claims lineage from "the grandeur that was Rome." Its expense makes its consideration impracticable in most towns; it is therefore with unusual pleasure that we show what Tuscola, Illinois, has been able to do, with the aid of two men of taste, Professors White and Wells, of the University of Illinois. This unique monument was built of concrete and covered with a facing of cream tiles for the sum of \$15,000. It is chaste and expressive—in my judgment, infinitely preferable to the usual display of realistic sculpture.

However, good sculpture is sometimes to be had, and our finest monuments are enriched and given significance by its use. I do not speak of such prodigious displays of vigor and virtuosity as Gutzon Borglum has put into his notable Newark memorial and Karl Illava in his Seventh Regiment group on the Fifth Avenue wall of Central Park, but of the use of a single figure or small group in a monument of moderate dimension. One of the best of recent examples is the World War Memorial at New Rochelle, New York. This monument is the result of a happy collaboration of two artists who know. The architect was Louis Metcalf; the sculptor of the noble Victory, Edmund T. Quinn.

Glens Falls, New York, has a monument which expresses an idea with beauty of workmanship. The bronze group, "Victory and Peace," is by Bruce Wilder Saville, who has also modeled some stirring reliefs for Columbus, Ohio.

One of America's most impressive memorials of the Civil War is in Albany, New York, the work of Hermon A. MacNeil. Mr. MacNeil has added to his laurels through the beautiful work, in his best manner, recently erected at Flushing, Long Island. Meantime Attilio Piccirilli has contributed further embellishment to Albany in the form of a chaste mourning Victory in marble. Frederick W. Ruckstuhl has recently made for Stafford Springs, Connecticut, a very distinguished memorial to soldiers of the Civil War. It consists of a shaft crowned by an eagle while an impressive figure, "America Remembers," stands on a lower pedestal backed by the main mass.

Mr. French's refined art has found another grateful opportunity in his Exeter, New Hampshire group, already illustrated in this magazine. The "Flanders Fields", his memorial for Milton, Massachusetts, shows a semi-nude, falling figure of classic beauty.

Augustus Lukeman is indefatigable. "The Aviator" is a commanding work, while his bronze group, for "The Honor Roll", recently dedicated in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is arresting and full of pathos. His soldiers' memorial in Red Hook Park, Brooklyn, has received much praise for the animation of the bronze hero and the just relation between figure, pedestal and the broad stone platform.

Charles Keck has been doing some admirable things. His powerful figure, "At the Listening Post", is the sculptural portion of an excellent monument at Lynchburg, Virginia. Here is vigor and action and sufficient realism, all kept in control by means of a background which binds the composition together. The figure is true to life, and yet one recognizes that it is a sculptured effigy and not a stuffed man pinned up against a wall.

Winchester, Massachusetts, has one of the most original and most beautiful of recent war memorials in its new group, "Humanity and Justice," by Herbert Adams. The two figures in classic drapery, holding palms and the victor's crown, are still further united by a flag and make a compact and admirable sculptural composition.

No finer bit of realism have we than James Earle Fraser's stern-faced "Canadian Officer" at Winnipeg. Mr. Fraser has also made a superb marble "Victory" for the Bank of Montreal. An unusually spirited "Victory" by Evelyn Longman was dedicated last summer to the memory of Hartford's volunteers in the Spanish-American War of 1898. The broad pedestal bears vigorous reliefs of soldiers in action.

Robert Aitken never rests, it would seem, from his labors, producing memorial sculpture of a wide range, varying from his decorations of the Kansas City shaft to his realistic "Buddies" and his "Marine" at the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, South Carolina. He has done nothing finer, however, than his Camp Merritt Memorial. This half-nude figure with its unfamiliar accoutrements may cause the veterans to rub their eyes, but it is full of fire and is a distinctly sculptural conception.

Dr. R. Tait McKenzie is both surgeon and sculptor. He has made several memorials of the World War, in which he participated. His "Volunteer" at Almonte, Ontario, is a firmly modeled, seated figure, quiet but full of dramatic intensity. A similar feeling pervades his Scotch Memorial in Edinburgh, but here a



Built of concrete and covered with a facing of cream tiles, this chaste and expressive memorial at Tuscola, Illinois, the work of Professors White and Wells of the University of Illinois, was erected at a cost of \$15,000. At left, relief design, Camp Merritt (New Jersey) Memorial Monument, Robert Aitken, sculptor

long relief of marching "Kilties" contributes a strangely effective background.

The city of Frederick, Maryland, has put up a monument crowned by a handsome bronze "Victory." The base frames six great panels of bronze containing the names of twenty-two hundred soldiers.

For Girard College, Philadelphia, Massey Rhind has modeled a pleasing group of two, a soldier and a sailor. A similar combination united into a graceful group by means of a triumphant "Victory" was erected in Toronto, Ohio, in 1910. It is the work of Giuseppe Moretti.

Barre, Vermont, advertises her home product in a perfectly legitimate manner through a unique memorial, a massive, gigantic figure in gray granite. This nude warrior with firmly grasped sword and protecting shield is the work of Paul Jennewein and promises to make a very impressive monument. Another most effective use of granite is shown in a gigantic eagle with uplifted wings recently made by Jerome Brush for the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The memorials which the American Battle Monuments Commission is erecting on the scarred fields of France mark a new chapter in American art. Simple, massive and dignified, they will not make us ashamed when we visit those sacred spots. Some are large and imposing, but all will fit harmoniously into the French landscape. It is probably well advised that little sculpture is to be used upon them, for in France art is so living a thing that it is constantly changing; even statuary responds to style and fashion. The sculpture of thirty years ago is already out of date. Over there no hamlet is too small or too (Continued on page 60)

SHOULD NELLIE STAY *at* HOME?

HERE indeed is a question! I write

these words amid a litter

of newspaper and maga-

zine articles, reports of sermons, compilations of social statistics and solid books all discussing Woman and her status in modern civilization. If women read all that is written about them they would have time for little else. Between the saccharine sentimentalists on the one hand and ferocious destructive critics on the other, women are having a hard time of it. It is an old story that man must live his own life,—sow and reap his wild oats, go adventuring, experiment, use his brains in any way he likes and it's all part of his normal development. But in many minds woman is still unemancipated—the weaker vessel, a helpless creature for whom a special code of conduct must be prescribed. But Nellie, our average American woman, refuses to yield to the present passion for standardizing everything and everybody—and there lies the trouble.

Nellie, light-heartedly tripping down the street in apparel shockingly insufficient in the eyes of her Aunt Mary, is vaguely conscious of the great amount of anxiety she is causing, but her appetite continues good in spite of the melancholy predictions as to her destiny—a destiny which the least gallant of her critics declare to be the roaring flames of eternal torment so popular in the theology of yesterday. Nellie, blithe hedonist that she is, is very much a child of today. She finds the world a pleasant place. She is obsessed by no craze to change or regulate it. Nor is she greatly disturbed by the lamentations and gloomy prophecies of her critics. Her bobbed head deftly dodges the polemics hurled at it.

Women in all ages have come in for a vast amount of criticism. I have just read an article by a New York city magistrate who holds the American girl responsible for the corruption of the American boy. This is truly old stuff—in fact the oldest known to our literature. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." No doubt pre-Adamite man, if there was such an animal, held the women folks to strict accountability for his failure in the hunt, for bad weather and disorder in the cave.

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." Kipling, more savage than Tennyson, growled that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." Not only the poets with telling phrase but the ethnologist, the biologist, the neurologist, the social student and other lords of the lofty brow are fiercely at work analyzing woman, scrutinizing her brain cells, and classifying her emotions in a praiseworthy attempt to fix her place in the grand Scheme of Things. "The Mothers," a profound work in three volumes, has lately been published by Robert Briffault, an erudite Englishman, who solemnly announces that primitive societies were matriarchal. It appears that after all the cave man was not the monstrous tyrant of popular tradition who beat his wife for pastime, but that she, doing all the work, creating all the property known to primitive economic life, was, by the unwritten law, also its owner. In due course of evolution man shook off the yoke and took the whip into his own hand. The matriarch yielded to the patriarch. There are those who, in a cynical spirit, prophesy that the American woman is on her way to regain the power and prestige of her sister of those many centuries ago. This is an interesting subject for speculation but it is not of great importance. The great struggle in the past fifty years has been woman's battle for justice and equal rights. Here woman has scored heavily and the fight goes on.

Nellie, our average young woman, is only a little amused by the vast amount of trouble she is causing the wiseacres. Or, if she is unusually sensitive, her feelings are hurt by the nagging and prodding to which she is subjected. What the daughters of the cave woman did is nothing in her young life. The man who

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustration by George C. Smith

understands women has always been a joke, as Nellie well knows. With all the up-piling literature that undertakes to define woman and mark out her

destiny I refuse to see that she is so utterly different from man. Such differences as must be conceded are largely emotional with a recognized physical basis. There seems to be an impression abroad in the camps of the pessimists that while man inevitably moves along with the spirit of the age, woman should lag behind. Manifestly this is a foolish notion. Nothing is more familiar than the criticism of some individual woman for not "keeping up" with her husband's progress. We should certainly have a badly balanced social order if man strode through the light while woman huddled in darkness. The average American is far more open-minded than the average man, more hospitable to new ideas. Man's prejudices are unalterable and fixed; it is to the credit of woman, certainly not to be said in disparagement, that she will, when "shown," change her mind.

We males have an enormous conceit of our own wisdom. We like to instruct the women folks as to matters in which their ignorance is presumably profound. I know of nothing more beguiling than the sight of a strong man pontificating before a company of women as to public affairs. I enjoy this rôle myself. As my views are frequently not those of other males I become most informative and eloquent when no other member of my sex is present. It is possible to interest women in the idea of political independence, but most men have a regular formula for meeting criticism of either of the political parties to which they belong.

THE scoundrels who captured the offices are, they declare, no worse than the other scoundrels who preceded them; or it's the fault of the people that they are misgoverned, or the primary is at fault, and there's no use in breaking with your party over some trifling instance of corruption. These reasons do not, I find, impress the feminine mind as conclusive. With her housekeeping instincts a woman wants quick action when the plumbing goes wrong or there's a screw loose in the clothes-wringer. But a man is very tolerant of the stupid or crooked municipal management that results in bad streets, a smoky atmosphere, or, as happened in my home town not long ago, when a comparatively new bridge on an important thoroughfare caves in, as an incident of the general confusion and scandal in the city government. There were a few howls, yes; but rest assured that the most important citizens—the financiers, the large industrial and commercial men—maintained a cowardly silence. They must not incur the ill-will of the dominant political powers even if taxes soared. They might want some favor, or were under obligations for favors already delivered. The adoption of the city manager plan in Indianapolis was due to the initiative of a few high-minded patriotic citizens not conspicuous for wealth, ably supported by a host of women who deeply resented the evil name that had attached to their city. Not a good place in which to bring up children—a town whose atmosphere is foul with stories of dishonor and corruption!

Yes; the Nellies of America are to have an increasingly important part in government, not according to well-established male formulae, but in a spirit of independence sharpened with righteous indignation whenever efficiency, integrity and decency are the issue. Wherever a dozen women meet for a frank discussion of the political need nearest their homes we have much more reassuring testimony to her political competence than where a woman is elected to Congress or even to a governorship. I would drop a hint to women anxious to be of service in public affairs to avoid being used by either political party merely to round up women voters as a party duty. And don't be deceived by the cheap salve of a little "recognition" where a woman is put on a ticket as a bait for the feminine vote. This is an old



"Most of the criticism of the American woman is based on superstitions as obsolete as witch-burning. Woman is not going back to her status of fifty years ago unless the male of the species is willing to go along"

game, first practiced in the recognition of race and religious groups to strengthen a ticket. Nellie, at home or in the office, store or factory, may reach conclusions as to politics much more valuable than any she will derive by attaching herself to organizations devised for her by political managers. The assertion of her dignity and intelligence as a citizen lies not in servile obedience to masculine dictation but by forming her own opinions and letting the men worry a little as to how she intends to vote.

It's high time the Nellies of America were protesting against the disposition to treat them as freaks—exotic, neurotic parasites for whom special laws must be devised and special excuses made. Now and then some woman strikes spitefully at her own sex—usually some melancholy lady with a superiority complex; which suggests that old question, why women are not more valiant in "standing together." But here too a change is evident as woman's sex pride is strengthened by noteworthy achievements.

I have wondered why some of the national organizations of women do not create a defensive board to deal with criticisms and other matters touching the dignity of American womanhood. Certain English novelists, after profitable tours of America—

entertained by women and listened to with respectful, if not enthusiastic, attention by audiences of women—have with fine gallantry dipped ink when they got safely over the water and written with noble scorn of their late patrons and hostesses. They should at least have their wrists slapped for their bad manners. I have wondered, too, that the exploitation of the American girl by the eminent Mr. Ziegfeld of Follies renown has not drawn the fire of some organization keen to defend American womanhood from insult. The "glorification" of the American girl by Mr. Ziegfeld is for commercial purposes only. The tired business man must have his thrills and Mr. Ziegfeld his dollars. The American girl is only debased by Mr. Ziegfeld's sort of "glorification," a term used by his publicity agents with obvious cynical connotations. Beauty contests conducted for advertising purposes belong in the same category. The gleeful yelp of prudery at every remonstrance against exhibitions of nakedness in the theatre neither answers nor explains. Oddly enough most, if not all, of the protests against the increasing boldness of the producers of "girl shows" appear to be men.

In those good old times when we sang (*Continued on page 78*)

POPULATION,

By
CHARLES
DIVINE

WANTED For Murder," ran the handbill posted on the porch of the New City post-office; "Bill Grant or Geddes, \$1,000 Reward." Underneath was the photograph of a gaunt-faced man with crafty eyes and several aliases.

Clem Hoadley, the postmaster, had looked at it so often during the past year that he said he would know that face anywhere. Reclining on the porch in the sunshine, his back against a post, he made the statement at least once every day to Bert Swain, the assistant postmaster. There wasn't anybody else to talk to in New City. Its permanent population consisted only of these two.

New City had been deserted for years, a hill town built by miners and completely abandoned when their hopes vanished and the railroad chose Quentin as its station, thirty miles to the south. New City had never grown up to its name. Now the dust of Main Street was stirred only by the daily arrival of Joe Rainey on his R. F. D. route and an occasional tramp or an automobile tourist who had got off the beaten track. The Main Street buildings, tenanted solely by winds and cobwebs, were falling into decay—all except this two-story clapboard structure where Clem and Bert slept and cooked their own meals and conducted one of the strangest postoffices in the United States.

Clem kept it going, with Bert's help, by tearing mail-order and free catalogue coupons out of the magazines, sending them to the addresses mentioned, and receiving in return a sufficient quantity of second-class mail to keep New City on the postoffice map. The mail pouch which Joe Rainey threw out once a day as he passed through in his old car contained anywhere from one to six pounds of what Joe called "literature for the lazy." Sometimes it would be several minutes before Clem got up from his habitual lounging place against the porch pillar, bit on the stem of his old briar pipe, and reached for the mail pouch. Then he would go back to the pillar, lower his dumpy figure against it, remove the pipe from his yellow teeth, and call raucously: "Mail's in, Bert!" Bert, with his suspenders hanging loose about his stout middle, would come out of the house and join Clem on the porch. They sometimes opened the sack and read the contents the same day.

Today, when Main Street lay as quiet as a churchyard in the summer heat, they were still opening yesterday's mail, slowly, and reading the contents drowsily.

Bert lifted his head. "I guess Joe's coming."

"Sounds like it," said Clem, gazing down the road.

Sometimes Joe Rainey stopped, when Clem insisted, and talked for a while. But Joe was so loth to waste time that Clem had only contempt for him.

Joe's car rattled up to the porch a minute later and stood shaking explosively in the road. Sitting in the front seat beside Joe was his brother Tom, a big overgrown youth whom Joe was teaching the route. Instead of greeting them, Clem leveled a disdainful look at the car.

"Why don't you ride something that don't pop so loud? This town was quiet until you come along."

"Some day I will—when I get money enough." Joe tossed the mail pouch on the porch at Clem's side.

"You're burning yourself up with all this busy-ness, Joe. You're cheating fate," Clem offered.

Joe flung one leg over the dusty side of the car and let his quick glance sweep the porch and its two occupants.

"Cheating, did you say? That's funny, coming from you.



You're cheating the Government, and cheaters never prosper."

"You ain't thinking of squealing on us, are you? Only a skunk would do that!" Clem gave him a look of hate.

Joe laughed.

"No, I won't squeal. I won't write in to Washington about you. But if the Government ever comes as far out as this God-forsaken place and asks me questions I'll tell them the truth. If they ask: 'Is there any need of keeping a postmaster in New City?' I'll be bound to say: 'Not the slightest, Congressman! All that second-class mail addressed to John Smith and Henry Brown and Paul Jones only goes to two of the laziest duffers who ever gypped the Government. They're so lazy they can't invent

TWO

Illustration by
Rico Tomaso



The tramp's gaze returned to the faces of Clem and Bert. "What do you two do in this town?" he asked. "I'm the postmaster," said Clem. "Me, too," said Bert.

any names for their local population except Smith and Brown and Jones. And they do it, sir, just so they can keep you paying them a salary, which they split between them and cackle over like a couple of hens. No, sir, Mr. Congressman! I'll tell anybody who asks for my testimony officially, 'There's no more use in keeping a postmaster at New City than there is in having a watering-trough in hell!'

Clem spit scornfully toward the rear wheel of Joe's car. "That's where you can go, Joe, far as I'm concerned."

"Me, too," said Bert.

"All right, New City!" Joe grinned at Tom beside him and drove on down the narrow street toward the other end.

Clem and Bert watched the car start to turn around and then stop, as if something had happened.

"If you ask me," commented Clem, "I think it's fallen apart."

"Me, too."

"Thank God it's quiet again."

In the sudden silence which flowed back over the street, Clem and Bert turned their attention away from Joe, who was out with his brother tinkering beside the car, and began to go through the mail pouch. The only sound on the porch for a while was the crackle of turned pages and the drone of a lonely fly. Clem looked up and said:

"Here's a firm that offers us the sole agency for lawn mowers in New City."

Bert grunted. "No particular profit in that. I got a letter that says there's glorious opportunities in sellin' magazine subscriptions here."

"You can't sell me, Bert. I got enough."

"Me, too."

They examined some more mail. The fly buzzed on. Clem finally pushed away his lapful of catalogues and leaned back against the pillar, closing his eyes. He had begun to doze when Bert's voice awakened him.

"Looks like another tramp."

Clem stared. The man pausing in front of the postoffice looked up out of a gaunt, browned face.

"Not much of a place, is it?" he inquired.

"Suits me," said Clem. "Me, too," added Bert.

The tramp's gaze wan-

dered down toward the fag end of the street.

"Who's that with the car? Will they give me a lift?"

"I guess so. It's a damned fool named Joe Rainey and his brother. Ask him."

The tramp hesitated, his gaze returning to the faces of Clem and Bert and the dilapidated aspect of the adjacent buildings.

"What do you two do in this town?"

"I'm the postmaster," said Clem.

"So am I," said Bert.

The tramp's ferret-like eyes gleamed narrowly.

"Who gets any mail here?"

"I do," said Clem.

"So do I," said Bert.

"And there's other folks," added (Continued on page 62)

The LIFE and DEATH of DICK YEAGER

By Marquis James

ENID'S new marshal, Mr. Williams, came well-recommended from western Kansas, where he had studied the art of community pacification under Wild Bill Hickok and others. Mr. Williams was a middle-aged family man of quiet tastes and a fatherly air. He simply talked enough people out of shooting at him to increase almost perceptibly the average span of life in his official jurisdictions.

Bill Dalton brought the new marshal to Enid. Young Bill was the sole survivor loose of the Coffeyville raid, which was the most reckless enterprise of its character in Southwestern history. The object was bank robbery in daylight, but there was treachery somewhere and an ambush of officers and citizens was waiting with Winchesters. Three of the Daltons and two others rode into town at nine in the morning and the shooting began. Grat and Bob Dalton, two other outlaws, the city marshal and three citizens were killed. Emmett Dalton was wounded, pursued onto the prairie and captured. Bill, who was in charge of fresh horses over the line in the Cherokee Strip, got away.

Originally in Oklahoma there were eight of the Dalton brothers and their widowed mother, a Southern gentlewoman in the old-time sense of the term. The Civil War had ruined the family fortunes and sent four of her boys along the path blazed by their cousins the Younger brothers, associates and preceptors of Jesse James. The other four of Mrs. Dalton's sons were respected citizens. The Daltons had a "school quarter" near Kingfisher in Old Oklahoma and in 1893, when the Cherokee Strip was opened to white settlement and added to the Territory, Mrs. Dalton came to Enid to be near her four law-abiding sons, who had found work in the new country. Enid was two-thirds tents and Mrs. Dalton lived in one back of Frank Hodgden's grocery on E Street. Frank and Ed Jennings had a room upstairs over the same store. Ed was practicing law.

In the meantime Bill Dalton had got on his feet and was at the head of a gang of his own. During the spring of 1894 there were three alarms of raids by the Dalton band on the Enid banks. The citizens rallied with Winchesters, Coffeyville fashion, and as an additional precaution Mr. Williams was engaged as marshal. Bill did not live to challenge these defenders, however—if he ever entertained any such intention. He was killed by mistake in a curious mixup in the Indian Territory by two men who were looking for a bootlegger; and Mr. Williams's career shaped itself along another course.

A couple of cowboys who had taken claims south of Enid rode into town and after shooting out the lamps in a saloon proceeded to cultivate the amenities. At midnight they escorted Ida Fisher and a young lady from the Midway Dance Hall, called Skeeter, into Cap Bond's restaurant. A dissatisfied customer had broken Mr. Bond's arm with a bullet a few days before, so the proprietor was setting out the best he had when the city marshal walked in.

"Boys," said Mr. Williams, "put up your hands."

The boys did not move.

"Boys," observed Mr. Williams, "this isn't a shooting matter. Put up your hands."



Dick Yeager, christened Nelson Ellsworth Wyatt, on his death bed

Miss Fisher supported the marshal's request, but one of the boys had to show off. He reached for his gun.

There was a quick movement of Marshal Williams's hands and two revolvers flashed on the level of his hips. Like all western shots of the day who enjoyed the least prestige, Mr. Williams fired from the hip and never touched a trigger; he "fanned the hammer." There was one report from the two guns and the cowboys slid from their chairs. They were buried under the names of Jim Brown and Frank Smith.

Nobody paid much attention to the demise of Messrs. Brown and Smith except J. L. Isenberg, editor of the *Wave*. Mr. Isenberg and Mr. Williams had failed to hit it off from the first, and the *Wave*'s account of the shooting practically intimated that the marshal had shot too soon. Too soon for what the editor didn't say.

Another stock target for the darts of this critical journalist was Colonel Robert W.

Patterson, an urbane gentleman from Georgia who was the register of the land office, the ranking representative of the Federal Government in Enid. Williams and Patterson were friends and in the interest of terseness the editor sometimes slammed them both in a single paragraph.

One evening about a month after the affair at Cap Bond's Colonel Patterson and Mr. Williams ate supper together at Kaufman's

Kitchen. A little later the colonel strolled into Dan Ryan's Monarch Saloon. Mr. Isenberg was standing at the bar. The *Wave* that evening had been especially captious about the administration of the land office. Colonel Patterson walked up and said something in a low tone to the editor, who, without replying, dived through the back door. Colonel Patterson followed, drawing his pistol.

Mr. Williams, who was standing near, yelled to Patterson to stop, and running through the back door fired a shot over Patterson's head to scare him—always a bad thing to do. Patterson wheeled and fired at the marshal. Williams fired again and fell. His shot struck Patterson in the forehead, killing him instantly. Williams also was dead when they picked him up.

Between them Colonel Patterson and Mr. Williams had many devoted friends in Enid, so it was only prudence for Mr. Isenberg to go to Kingfisher before morning and edit the *Wave* by mail for a while. But the railroad war with North Town was smoldering in aftermath and the announced discovery of gold on Boggy Creek, the Rock Island train robbery, the pursuit and capture of Dick Yeager and other current events served to divert the public mind and make a field for a newspaperman at home. When Mr. Isenberg quietly returned no serious reprisals were attempted. Besides, he got out a mighty good newspaper.

Mr. Bill Fossett, former United States marshal of the Territory, doubts if Dick Yeager was in the Rock Island holdup at all and assures me that he was a second-rate outlaw at best. I have known Mr. Fossett longer than I can remember, so, however painful the act, Dick goes down as a second-rater. But the reader will witness how he tried to rise from obscurity during his last weeks on earth.

The midnight southbound passenger was carrying \$50,000 in gold to pay off the troops in Texas. When it slowed up for the



The Garfield County (Oklahoma) Jail, where for more than a month Dick Yeager embarrassed the local medical fraternity, who said he couldn't live, by growing stronger and more lively every day. On the thirty-fifth day the doctors' reputations were saved

Cimarrón River bridge a man climbed into the engine cab and covered the crew. Three others walked through the train and relieved the passengers of anything worth while. One of the last travelers attended to was Bill Grimes, ex-Deputy United States Marshal. "Give my regards to Chris Madsen," the man with a gun told Mr. Grimes, mentioning the name of his successor in the government service. The contributions from the passengers were all that the robbers got. The express messenger, twice wounded, successfully defended the army payroll.

The robbery was the work of Bill Doolin and colleagues. Mr. Madsen and a posse were on the trail the next morning and in a few days the papers announced the death at their hands of Rattlesnake Jim, one of the Doolin gang. Mr. Fossett says this report, if correct, arose from a case of mistaken identity, as Rattlesnake Jim is above ground today leading a different life.

Deputy Marshal Bill Banks and party ran down and, in order, killed Dan Clifton and Charlie Pierce. These associates of Mr. Doolin were also known, respectively, as Dynamite Dick and Tulsa Jack. But Bill Doolin, Buck Wateman, Bill Radler, Dick West, Arkansas Tom and—for purposes of argument—Dick Yeager reached the Gloss Mountains, or Gyp Hills as Oklahomans also called them. There Doolin—who was dying of consumption anyhow—was shot to death by Deputy Marshal Hec Thomas. Radler was wounded and captured. Arkansas Tom got away and is still alive. Buck (George) Wateman survived temporarily but was killed a little later while robbing a Wells Fargo express office in Woods County. Dick West was killed by Mr. Fossett after the Rock Island holdup at Siding Number One, near Chickasha, Indian Territory.

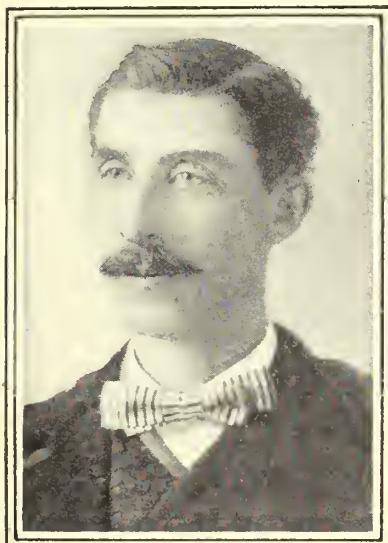
With the death of Dick West perished a highwayman who had reached the top of his profession, although his fame is obscured to posterity by that of two of his pupils whose schooling was interrupted before they had mastered much more than the rudiments of outlawry. These were the Jennings boys, Frank and Al. Three Jennings brothers figured in early Oklahoma history, but the "Jennings gang" is a literary afterthought. Mr. Jennings, senior, was a probate judge and his son Ed practiced law until he was killed by Temple Houston, the most gifted of an interesting coterie of early-day Oklahoma criminal lawyers

and a son of the founder of the Texas Republic. Frank and Al fell in with Dick West while Dick was studying a project to hold up a Santa Fé train. This fell through, but the Rock Island robbery at Siding Number One came off as scheduled. The Jenningses surrendered at the Spike S Ranch.

Two months after the piece of work at the Cimarrón River bridge Sheriff McGrath of Woods County, Deputy Gus Hadwiger and a posse made a foray into the Gloss Mountains and ran onto Bill Doolin, Buck Wateman, Dick Yeager, Ike Black and two women encamped on the edge of Steer Cañon. After a long range fight that lasted most of the day the officers charged the camp. They captured the women but the men dashed into the cañon on foot and got away. Dick's horse was shot. There were nine bullet holes in the saddle—some of them old ones, however. The women were Black's wife and Jennie Freeman, the wife of a former bandit partner of Yeager, but so lacking in discretion that Mr. Freeman and Mr. Yeager had become estranged.

The women said that Black and Yeager had been wounded in the Steer Cañon fight. The women were put in the jail at Guthrie, the territorial capital. This was the strongest jail in Oklahoma, but shortly after their incarceration it was given out that a plot had been frustrated whereby Yeager and Black had expected to rescue the prisoners. The story was that the two women smuggled out a communication telling their gallants what to do and when to do it. They were to appear at the jail and call the turnkey, giving the names of two deputy marshals. When the turnkey opened the door they were to dispose of him, take his keys and arm the women, whereupon all four would shoot their way out of the seat of government and take to the hills. To all of which Mr. Fossett says shucks, or words conveying that meaning.

Nevertheless, Dick and Ike got credit for chivalrous intentions and the fact that they were hiding on the outskirts of Guthrie when the alleged discovery was made lent color enough for contemporary usage; the story was believed. The outlaws lit out for the Gloss Mountains with Bill Banks in pursuit and posses rising in their path. After a couple of fights the fugitives reached the mountains but were finally driven out by a Cheyenne Indian (Continued on page 48)



Addison Polk, co-captor of Dick Yeager

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Each Unit Is an American

MEMORIAL DAY comes at the end of May when the warm promise of springtime is fulfilled by the first breath of summer. Every tree is a poem, recalling the deathless words of an American soldier poet who fell in action; every landscape a symphony vibrant with beauty. The red and blue of the flowers and the white of the clouds match the red, white and blue of the flag. Mild winds carry the plaintive music of the bugles and the tapping of the drums. No day of the year appeals more profoundly to the national soul.

Memorial Day is a day for tranquillity and reflection. America marches reverently to her cemeteries, to place flowers on the white crosses and green mounds, to fire rifle volleys in final salutes. America honors the dead. But she does more. In humble thought she reviews what otherwise her people might forget. In contemplating the countless cross-marked graves in American cemeteries, in remembering the thirty thousand graves of Americans on European soil, in the fresh consciousness of the hosts of the sick and disabled is recalled the lesson of sacrifice—the lesson which otherwise might be too easily forgotten in a land grown rich and opulent.

What, then, were some of the sacrifices of the World War that should be recalled on Memorial Day? The roll of the dead alone is not the complete war toll. There are the rolls of the living who emerged from the war burdened by wounds or disease. There are the rolls of the bereft fathers and mothers, widows and orphaned children—rolls lost sight of except on a national day of reflection.

Of every one hundred American soldiers and sailors who took part in the World War, two were killed or died of disease during the fighting period. Deaths in both the Army and Navy up to July 1, 1919, were 125,500. Battle deaths of the A. E. F. numbered 50,300; and 57,460 Army service men died of disease—a combined Army death total of 115,660. A vivid picture of the battle toll in human life is given by the figures for the months of our greatest battles. Battle deaths in September, 1918, were 5,400; in October, 1918, 16,600, and in the first eleven days of November, 3,000.

But the death toll of battle and disease has been growing mightily since the war ended. The Veterans Bureau estimates that up to June 30, 1927 (the end of the last fiscal year), 190,869 men had died in World War service or after discharge from diseases or injuries acquired in the war. Its records show that forty-five percent of those who died left dependents who are now receiving compensation from the Government. Of this forty-five percent,

more than twenty thousand died of tuberculosis.

More than seventy-six thousand fathers and mothers of those who died were receiving compensation on June 30, 1927. The average payment was \$18.18 a month. Exactly 18,565 widows and 25,172 children were also receiving compensation, an average payment of \$29.95 a month for widows and \$12.09 for children.

The figures just cited prove that most men who died from World War causes were unmarried. The Government's insurance record confirms this. On June 30, 1927, the Government had record of 141,087 payments of term insurance policies for deaths. Parents were beneficiaries in sixty-five percent of the awards, and widows in fourteen percent.

Another index to World War deaths is the record of payments under the Adjusted Compensation Law. Up to June 30, 1927, a total of 75,943 payments had been made to dependents of deceased men who had not held Adjusted Service Certificates; and payments had been made to beneficiaries of 33,419 veterans who died after Adjusted Service Certificates had been issued to them.

OTHER statistics present the war's effect upon those who did not die. Up to June 30, 1927, 880,382 claims for disability compensation had been received by the Government, of which 434,455 were awarded. Admissions to hospitals during eight years numbered 374,911.

Patients in hospitals on March 1, 1928, were 27,143, of whom 7,301 were suffering from tuberculosis, 12,857 from mental and nervous diseases, and 6,825 from general medical and surgical conditions. The number of tuberculosis patients has been decreasing; the number of mental and nervous cases has been rapidly increasing.

On March 1, 1928, the Veterans Bureau was paying disability compensation on 253,209 claims. Payments once made but discontinued totaled 186,713, and claims disallowed were 423,825. At the end of last year, Bureau records showed not only the largest number of active disability awards in the Bureau's history, but also the highest average rate of compensation in its history. The total number of veterans receiving compensation for tuberculosis was 57,748. More than 31,000 veterans were receiving compensation for arrested cases of tuberculosis, for which payment is \$50 a month. Four hundred were receiving compensation for blindness. The rate for the totally blind is \$150 a month, with \$50 a month additional for a nurse. Nineteen thousand veterans were receiving compensation for diseases of the circulatory system, including 16,187 with cardiac disorders. Compensated veterans with mental and nervous diseases numbered 52,665. The



MAY 28, 1918: THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

permanently and totally disabled men with diseases of mind and nerves were receiving \$100 a month, with the exception of men in institutions having no dependents. Among 133,198 men drawing compensation for general medical and surgical disabilities, more than twenty-five thousand were suffering from affections of the joints, eight thousand having arthritis.

The war's occupational effect on the individual veteran is shown by the fact that up to March 1, 1928, 334,093 veterans had been declared eligible for vocational training, 185,532 actually entered training and 179,369 completed their training and rehabilitation. More than fifty thousand who entered training died or were compelled to discontinue training because of physical disability.

The magnitude of the Government's after-the-war operations on behalf of those who fought in

the war is indicated by the fact that Bureau expenditures in 1927 totalled \$405,348,447.70. This was divided as follows: Hospitals, \$4,599,257.84; disability and death compensation, \$173,476,965.39; term insurance, \$120,963,998.81; government insurance, \$11,864,371.29. The total of all government disbursements for veterans of the World War up to March 1, 1928, reached a total of exactly \$4,204,508,303.

All these figures, lost sight of in the ordinary workaday world, come powerfully to mind in the annual reckoning which should be a part of the national day of remembrance. A nation that is reverent enough to honor perpetually those who gave their lives in war will always be conscious of the responsibility to those veterans whose service in war meant for them and their dependents sacrifices that did not end with the close of the war.

Where OLD Meets

By Mary



San Antonio's Municipal Auditorium, where the Tenth National Convention of The American Legion will meet in October

THERE is something—it must be the magical quality of romance—that binds people to San Antonio. It is a place of fascinating contrasts. One may rush down Houston Street in busy commercial pursuit, or he may amble on North Laredo's narrow, winding way with a feeling of having stepped out of a present-day American city into something foreign and ancient.

The visitor, in his first glimpse from the train window, is transported to a place that seems enchanting. Strange flowers and foliage and trees, Spanish daggers, tall palms, mesquite trees with their feathery branches, huisache trees, ligustrum trees—all breathe of welcome. Hospitality is in the air.

On the streets one may see cattlemen with ten gallon hats and leather boots, army officers in uniform, modish tourists, beautiful señoritas in vivid attire, busy San Antonians, an occasional Indian in native regalia in specially-built motor car; laboring Mexican with stiff-brimmed sombrero.

There is a happy sense of the holiday spirit. Nobody seems to worry. No one dashes madly from one task to another. Being able to take one's time is one of the privileges of this picturesque city of friendly people.

Historic San Antonio, child of Latin and Anglo-Saxon struggle with primeval peoples and forces, has written her history in enduring stone. Her story is preserved by ancient structures which exist side by side with modern temples of progress. Romance of the Latin, pride of the



Fine modern buildings now cluster around Alamo Plaza and the Alamo itself, in the middle background at the right



This pottery merchant will be happy to bring his wares right to your door

South, industry of the Yankee, all had their share in the composition of this metropolis of a very empire.

In the very heart of this city, the Alamo—sacred to every Texan—seems to bridge the gulf of centuries and to glorify in perpetuity the memory of its defenders. There is something utterly peaceful about its gray old exterior. Weary travelers feel its benign influence, and enter. The homesick boy soldiering in San Antonio is apt to wander by it—he doesn't exactly know why. During the World War, thousands of boys, sent out with mothers' prayers, strolled through it. Mothers who now kiss the stars of gold remember that Son wrote about the Alamo.

A city of tradition. San Antonio as the starting point of a war career! San Antonio is uniquely qualified to be host to the Tenth National Convention of The American Legion in October. To thousands of visiting Legionnaires the journey will mean just another homecoming where warm hearts are waiting.

The convention will be held in the Municipal Auditorium, a magnificent structure built less than two years ago, and dedicated to the men of the World War. The Auditorium has a seating capacity of 7,500 and is only a few blocks from the center of everything.

A huge stadium recently built will be the playground of the convention. Some of the features of entertainment will include a rodeo showing the real Wild West—wilder than even the movies and circus depict—and a bull fight exploited for the education of the tenderfoot. Every citizen, every Texan, led

WORLD NEW

Carter



San Jose de Aguayo, second oldest of San Antonio's missions, photographed before the recent collapse of its famous tower

by the youthful governor, Dan Moody, is eager that nothing may be left undone—that no sight may be unseen.

There's the Alamo first to show. Then the Missions, Fort Sam Houston, Kelly Field, where Lindbergh graduated, Brooks Field, and the other posts. San Antonio as the largest army center of the world is not to be overlooked, nor the fact that it is now the West Point of the air.

"Don't slight the parks and plazas—we have fifty-six of them," a San Antonian admonishes. And then he will point with pride to Brackenridge Park, internationally known for its Japanese sunken garden. He hastens to remind the visitor of the time a Japanese prima donna on a sightseeing tour was taken to the sunken garden for tea. When she saw the flowers, the lilies in bloom, the pergolas, the vines, with native birds of brilliant plumage flitting back and forth, she exclaimed, "Oh, this is Tokio"—and one remembers that this place of beauty was designed by one of the home boys who boasts of no travel.

A city of romance! It was here that Robert E. Lee made decision to join the Confederacy, that Theodore Roosevelt organized the Rough Riders, that Major General John J. Pershing, stationed at Fort Sam Houston, bade farewell to friends to take command of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The Army has always played an important part in the life of San Antonio. Always, there has been the closest bond of kinship. Every branch of the service is represented in the Eighth Corps Area, of which Fort Sam Houston is headquarters.



Mission San Francisco de la Espade, more than two centuries old, and its graceful belfry

The Alamo City is home to the famous Second Division, and here also are the Army's greatest flying schools and aviation fields.

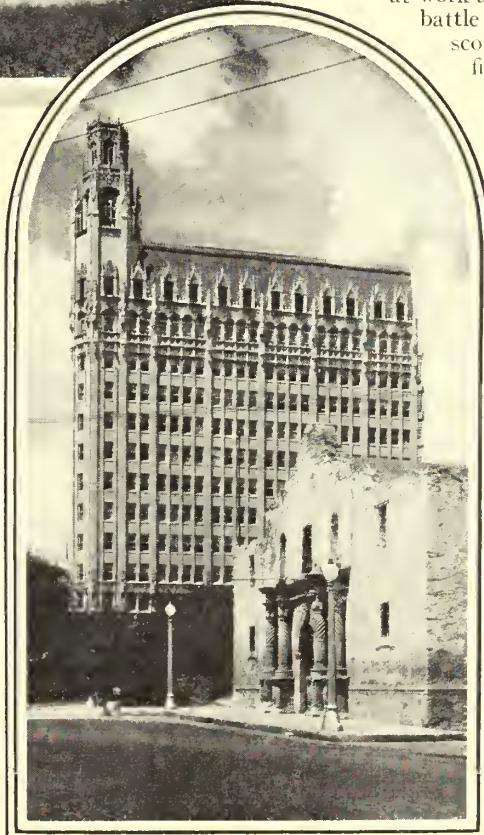
Visitors find interest in watching the Army at work and at play. One day a mimic battle is staged; perhaps on the next scores of planes ascend in impressive fighting formation; on the stillness of night Taps re-echoes.

A charming little river—the San Antonio—in silvery streamers winds its way about the city, with numerous old-world bridges right in the center of commerce. The practical-minded are apt to count these bridges and then to write home of the hundred bridges in San Antone.

O. Henry loved this river, and after a day's grind of newspaper work would stand on one of the bridges and gaze into its calm face. San Antonio is itself reflected in many of his stories. Sidney Lanier, also, during his residence here, particularly loved the Alamo City.

Hugh Walpole found San Antonio charming and distinctive. Last winter when an anxious hostess served refreshment to this distinguished author, he exclaimed, "Thank God! At last in America I have found hot tea!"

The men who had their war training here in 1917 and 1918 loyally remember the Alamo City. They still say: "That's where the



The Alamo, "glorifying in perpetuity the memory of its defenders," with the Medical Arts Building in the background

people invite you and your friends to drop in any time to dinner. They have a way of saying, 'Take two and butter 'em while they're hot,' and when food that best (Continued on page 76)

HERE'S LUCK!

By

HUGH

WILEY

Seventh Episode: THE BATTLE OF BORDEAUX

AFTER the big false alarm epidemic had quieted, and when the Front and Siberia and the good old U.S.A. stuff had dissolved in the early fall rains of France, the Gang settled down to a season of plain hard work.

With their storage depot half completed, contemplating another year or so of prosaic construction, the old timers renewed affiliations throughout the local countryside and prepared for a hard winter. Numerous promotions which involved separation from the outfit were scorned or sidestepped by potential victims; officer material developed enough spontaneous stupidity to justify the cancellation of whatever glowing recommendations the Loot had forwarded through military channels.

Except for Corporal Badger, all of the A. W. O. Lephants—big leave men—came drifting back and the Battle of Bordeaux was resumed with renewed enthusiasm where it had been interrupted by the distant enemy.

Then all set to break their previous records of various sorts, overnight and without warning the Gang were uprooted and planted in a new field of activity where another flock of warehouses and tracks were required.

Among a hundred other minor details, "Round up Corporal Badger," the Loot directed, and forthwith the call for the absentee was relayed through mysterious channels with sufficient velocity and weight to lend the culprit a momentum which brought him back to the fold from the sunlit sanctuary which he had enjoyed on the north coast of Africa.

"What's the big idea?" Corporal Badger inquired, blinking his petulance boldly in Spike Randall's face.

"The big idea is we're goin' to shoot you just as soon as we get some of this local grief off our hands," the Top returned, busy with his duties in the Gang's new environment. "You stick around. There's going to be a muster and you damn near had us balled up the last time. If the Loot hadn't answered when your name was called, about six of us would have gone to jail."

"What about all the back pay I've got comin' for the last five months?"

"One more crack like that and I'll soak you in the jaw. Jimmy the Ink has forged your name for you bokoo times, including one little document that turns your lousy coin over to the Company Fund. We got to make a profit on you some way."

Corporal Badger blinked at the Top in silence for ten seconds, and then began to cry softly to himself.

"Out of here!" the Top roared. "I know you for the stew-



bum weeper you are. Get to hell out of this office. And listen, you sugar-faced wino—don't pull no sob story on this outfit. We're wise to you, and the complaint department is fed up. You been nothin' but a lousy liability since you signed on, and you've dodged your work and for a plugged clacker I'd knock the block off of one Badger casualty and mingle his fragments into the scenery so that your next-to-kin couldn't recognize nothin' but your purple beak. Get to hell out of here, but stick around like I told you."

Corporal Badger blinked the tears out of his eyes and saluted the Top in a military manner. "You remind me so much of an officer when you talk that way." The tearful one reached in his hip pocket and hauled out a compact bale of French currency. "Sir, Corporal Badger requests the sergeant to take care of this roll for him so that Corporal Badger can avoid temptation when the game begins tonight."

"For the love of the holy blond greenbacks!—how much you got there?"

The tearful Badger saluted again. "Sir, there are forty big pictures and a lot of small ones—mebbe a total of fifty thousand francs. I remember I had close to a hundred thousand after I bust the Navy at Marseilles . . . but Africa is so expensive. Then there was the boat I chartered to bring me across, and the airplane from the blue Mediterranean into this drizzly climate—if there's fifty thousand francs there, it will be a surprise—"

"Shut up!" Spike Randall was auditing the bankroll. "Don't bother me . . . go on outside and stick around like I told you. Go report to the Loot. Go anyplace, only get out of here."

After the first count had been verified, the Top breathed one deep sigh. "Better than seventy thousand francs—"

He stared into vacancy for a moment, but his meditation was interrupted by the return of Corporal Badger, who again saluted with the right hand, while with his left he extended a thin blue slip of paper toward his keeper.

"Sir, I forgot about this," he said. "My folks sent me some more money for expenses. I would be much obliged if you would keep it safe for me."

Spike Randall inspected the blue slip of paper, and discovered that it was a draft for a mere five thousand dollars. "Very well, Badger," he said gruffly. "Very well, Mister Rockefeller Morgan



"Soon der war iss finished," an affable German said. At eleven o'clock, faintly from Rochelle and from the harbor at La Pallice came a sustained alarm

*Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops*

Badger. Get out of this office like I told you. Frisk yourself, and if you find any more trifles,—frisk yourself now so you won't have to come back."

Corporal Badger saluted again.

"Sir, I'm sorry to report that that is all I have."

"Then get out."

Saluting again, the tearful one stepped out and experienced some relief when a work detail gobbled him up and relieved him of any further immediate responsibility relative to his checkered career.

Laden with the truant's treasure, Spike Randall sought the lieutenant in the latter's new office at the far end of the Headquarters hut. "Loot," he announced, "the wandering Badger just hove in, all festooned with remorse and cash."

The Top handed over the trophy of his encounter with Corporal Badger. "Over seventy thousand francs, and this check for five thousand dollars."

The Loot smiled grimly. "Our wandering boy is paying a dividend. I'll keep it for him till after the company barks a reply to the roll call at Retreat."

"Mebbe you better bank it permanent for him. He can spoil a lot of organization if you turn him loose with that roll."

"We can't do anything—he's busted his best records starting from zero more than once, and this heavyweight cash from his people shows up every time we get the halter on him."

"Right!" the Top agreed. "That's that. I've got a lot more bad news, Loot."

"Spring it. Grief is my dish."

"You remember that bunch of scab replacements they sent us before we moved up here?—well, there's another mess of 'em out there, just as bad or worse. There's twenty in this detail—and of all the jailbirds and yeggs and dips I ever saw, this outfit cops the ball and chain! They've been here only two hours, but the commissary till has been cracked already and five watches are missing up to date. What are we goin' to do about it?"

The Loot smiled, and something in his smile suggested the triumph of mind over military matters. He reached for a letter on his desk and handed it to Spike Randall. "The Devil takes care of his own. Read that letter. The Department of Criminal

Investigation needs more detectives to cope with the crime wave that's hit the A. E. F. Read what they want: 'keen, intelligent men who can be trusted.' What about it?"

"We win again. This outfit is the keenest bunch of crooks I've ever seen, intelligent enough to lift Isadog's wrist watch off him in the middle of a gesture, and as far as trusting them goes—you can absolutely trust each and every one of 'em all the way from burglary to the electric chair. I'll have a truck ready in ten minutes."

"And we'll boon the D. C. I. with a couple of tons of assorted detective talent. That's that—and tomorrow we forget these military matters and start to work. They're sending us a thousand enemy prisoners, one labor battalion and a smear of Annamites. Have a look at the new plans when you get a chance—fifty warehouses, tracks to serve them, and camp enough to furnish room and board for the hired men. We'll run the same organization here as we did in the Gironde country."

A week later, strung out for a mile along one section of the Gang's new construction project, a thousand fat and sassy enemy prisoners toyed with a piece of new track.

The heavy juggling incident to grading, distribution of ties and rail and spiking the line had been accomplished by singing crews of tracklayers from a blackface labor battalion. Now, free from the menace of cruel and unusual punishment in the form of hard work, the enemy contingent tamped a little ballast under the low ties here and there, heaved out kinks and listlessly bolted up the angle bars.

The thousand enemy prisoners worked under the supervision of Old Pop Sibley, Patsy, and Mike. Superfluous moral support for this trio was afforded by a platoon of British guards whose military bearing offered a startling contrast to the rough-and-ready sartorial equipment of salvaged clothing worn by the trio in charge of the work.

The November morning was clear and frosty. The British guards were gathered around a dozen warming fires. For a while, beginning their morning's work, the prisoners hit the ball with sufficient ardor to get warmed up, and then all along the line the pace slackened until Pop Sibley galvanized the outfit with a heartfelt oration wherein his charges were promised a home-made consignment of the horrors of war.

"Soon der war iss finished," an affable German corporal explained to Pop Sibley. "Und den mit der track no more ve work."

"Hit the ball, you bristle-necked beer keg! You ain't in no war. You're in my army now! Lean on that tampin' bar before I bend it around your belly."

Du lieber Gott in Himmel! Could these American savages never understand any of the finer things of life?

At eleven o'clock, faintly from Rochelle and from the harbor at La Pallice came a sustained alarm. Sirens and whistles shrieked their message loudly enough for all the countryside to hear.

The Armistice was a fact. The war was done.

At first, outwardly cold, the Gang gave no exhibition of the emotions which the eleven-o'clock alarm had awakened, but later in the day when the unreal element of the great event had in some measure disappeared, enthusiastic planning for their immediate future engaged the outfit's attention.

"Couple of weeks more and good morning, San Francisco!"

"It'll take longer than that—a week to get ready and a week to go across the lousy ocean, and mebbe another week after that. I figger us birds won't hit the Pacific Coast much inside of three weeks from now."

"How long is a piece of rope—that's how long it'll take you to git back."

The last man's estimate found verification in an order issued the next day whereby the Gang was transferred to a new and desolate location in the dismal swamps back of Bordeaux.

"Anyhow, this is a good place to rest."

But there were more buildings to be built, and many miles of highway to be patched and the second winter closed in with a work program which promised to add another pair of service stripes to the three which then adorned the arms of the outfit.

"Never mind," the philosophers commented. "The harder they work us the more we play."

Then, under a new regime inaugurated by hard-boiled authority, there was no play. Discipline tightened in the Base and Bordeaux passes were no longer tickets to happiness. "They's a new guy runnin' the police force, and what d'you suppose he did? The first thing he wrote was a order where you git pinched if you're seen with a femme. Walkin' on the street or anyplace else with a gal, and some M. P. gits you. Don't make no difference if it's a lady from the Y or Red Cross entertainer or nothin'."

"That's only half of it. There's another order out that says only perfect little gentlemen git to go home. You got to be an angel or you're gonna miss the boat. Jimmy the Ink says the best-behaved birds go home first."

"That don't bother us none—we got another five or ten years' work on these roads in Sunny France, like a bunch of convicts."

"You hear what the M. P. outfit did to us birds yesterday? Me and Riff and Rags was having a glass of beer in Gruber's, and in come one of Major MacFlinty's pets, and before we got done with him that beer cost all three of us two-thirds off for three months."

"Who the hell is Major MacFlinty?"

"He's the new kingsnipe that's runnin' the police force around the Base."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world he runs his lousy police force! No more Bordeaux for me," another victim announced. "Right this minute the Loot has charge sheets of a courtmartial on his desk that has me workin' for my rations for the next year. And all I done was try to take Madeline out for a ride in a hack. I never knew nothing about

that order about femmes until it bust right in my face, and when it did it blew my name clear off the payroll from now on."

"Well, they give you a vaudeville show every night right here in Camp to keep you pacified, and you got to say they ain't no kick about tobacco and candy any more—"

"Yeah—well, we ain't never had to kick about candy since old man Smith sent the Company that carload, and we manage to thrive up a little tobacco now and then. As far as vaudeville goes, there's plenty of talent right in the Gang. They ain't no funnier show in the world than Isadog and his talkin' dummy act.

They can take their dam imported vaudeville and their welfare stuff and their uplift and to hell with it as far as I'm concerned. When we needed it most they didn't come across, and don't you forget it."

"Anybody ever write a letter to old man Smith thanking him for that carload of candy he sent us when we needed welfare so bad?"

"We was too busy. That was away back in the early days."

"Somebody ought to write him a letter."

"You sound like a uplifter. A letter would be a fat bunch of thanks for a carload of candy. The least we can do is send him a good souvenir."

"Let's pass the hat and send that white man a high-toned ma ble clock for the parlor or something."

"He's got clocks all over his house. Chances is he'd like a good marble statue to stick around someplace. These Frogs are noted for sculpting."

"Sure he would. I saw some swell statues of nude dames down in the museum. Better sculpting than you ever saw on any tombstone in your life."

"Where d'you git the tombstone stuff? Send him a good cheerful statue."

"You birds are all sidetracked. If you want to send him something that ties in with France there's only one thing to send him, and that's Joan of Arc. She's the most historical character the country ever saw. She's just like George Washington. Lots

of class. It's a cinch old man Smith would relish a good Joan of Arc. We could make Cawpril Badger put up the price. He's lousy with jack."

"Does the Loot know about her? I mean, is she a notorious enough character to have the Loot O. K. passes for a couple of squads to go out looking for this statue?"

"Of course he knows about her—everybody knows about her. She got on a horse one night and saved the entire nation of France."

"Well, listen—I don't crave to pollute any pure and holy sentimental ideas with what you might call practical things, but it seems to me if this Joan of Ark is the heavyweight you claim she is, we ought to be able to graft bokoo passes off the Loot to hunt for this statue of that gal."

"Hooray for a big deal! This spikes them M. P. birds. That boy has brains."

"Git a committee."

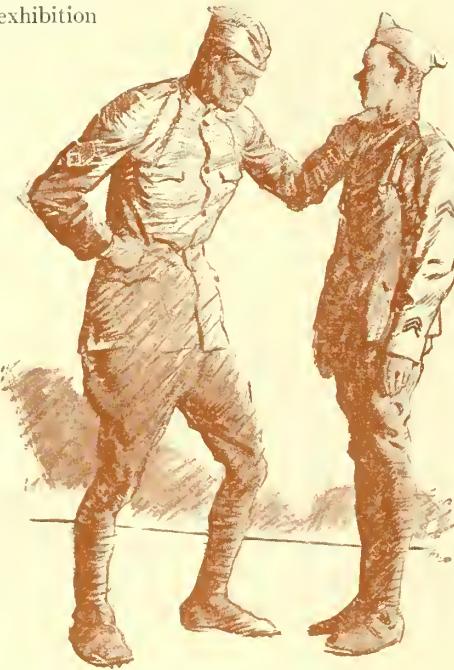
"Nix on the mob scene. Where's Pop Sibley? Let old Pop Sibley spring this on the Loot and he's bound to win."

The plot was amplified forthwith, and after half an hour's coaching Pop Sibley felt himself qualified to recite a plausible tale which would stand up under the Loot's questioning, whereby passes for thirty or forty men could be obtained on the strength of a search for a suitable statue of the heroine.

A twenty-mile radius, four points of the compass, seven or eight villages in and about each point, Joan on horseback and afoot, in marble, concrete, bronze, wood, iron or plaster—there were enough variables to warrant a search which would require the time of at least forty of the Old Guard.

"And listen, Pop, if the Loot craves to know how come we got to spread out so much and asks you why not get a statue from some sculptor that sculps them, tell him that old man Smith is a fanatic on antique statues and don't want anything new. If he gets to wondering about the Company Fund and asks you where the money is coming from to buy it with, tell him we passed the hat and got a thousand dollars."

Reminded of a detail which he had overlooked, the speaker



"The big idea," the top answered, "is we're goin' to shoot you as soon as we get some of this grief off our hands"



summoned Corporal Badger. "Listen, louse," he said, "you got a thousand dollars for this Joan of Arc project, haven't you?"

Corporal Badger nodded affably. "Sure—I still got that blue check that I can get cashed as soon as I get unconfined from Camp. I got to serve another week yet."

"You give Pop Sibley that check right now, and next week when your time is up you go down to Bordeaux with him and give him that thousand dollars. You better give him some more for us birds' expenses. We'll need bokoo jack chasing around on this deal. You better give Pop another five hundred for expense money, and we'll put your name down on the list when we send it to old man Smith with the statue."

"That's all right," Corporal Badger agreed. "I'll donate that much, but just as soon as I get that check cashed I'm going to need a lot of expense money myself. I don't want to be mean about it, but I announce right now that I'm mighty short of cash."

"Yeah, he's down to his last million." A harsh critic voiced the Gang's opinion of the truant Badger.

Immediately after his interview with the Loot, old Pop Sibley returned to the waiting Gang and made his report.

"Loot said yes. He thought it was a first-class scheme and a mighty nice thing to do to send Mr. Smith a old antique of Joan of Arc. He said anything he could do to count on him for. Only thing he said was not to spread out too much at one time. He thought the committee better sort of flock around in one town for a while, and then move on like seven-year locusts to some place else, and not everybody go in different directions all at once. He telephoned down to the Base while I was standin' there and got the brassneck's O.K. on the deal, and all your passes will git the blue stamp."

Old Pop Sibley paused and looked about him. He took a deep breath, and then, "By gum, boys, as fur as we're concerned it looks like this cruel war is over! It is moved and seconded that the general sense of this here meeting is three cheers for Joan of Arc and to hell with the M. P. police force."

The epidemic of Joan of Arc passes began in a comparatively mild way, but within a week it was raging in a manner which did much to offset the strictures imposed by the new regime of Major MacFlinty and his prowling aides.

Pairs, trios, quartets and mob details, concentrated on art for art's sake, rambled safely through the Base, displaying their passes upon demand and gloating heartily after each triumph over Major MacFlinty's pests. Then, comparing notes, a gang of M. P.'s discovered the obvious fact that most of the cares which infested their professional days emanated from one source. A protest, forwarded through military channels, reached the Loot.

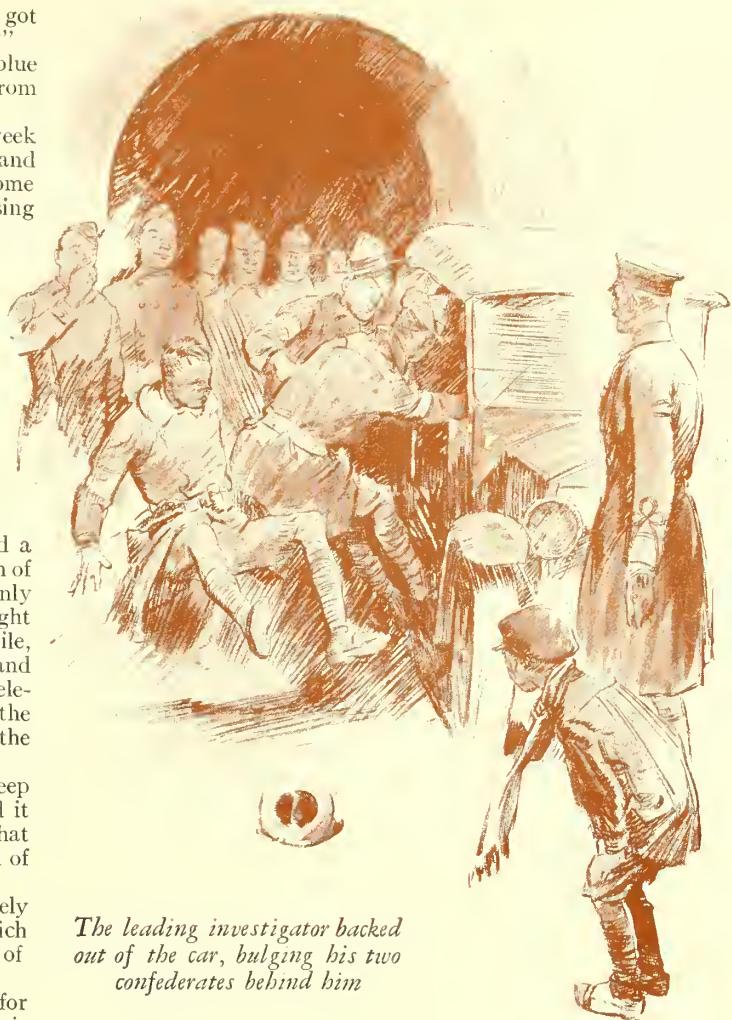
"Round up these Joan of Arc tourists when you get a chance and tell 'em to concentrate on one district at a time," he instructed the Top. "Our little playmates on the police force are getting fed up. They're kicking about simultaneous riots at Libourne, and San Loubes and Cubesac, and you can't blame them for it. Another thing, Spike—it seems to me that the big Joan of Arc campaign ought to begin to show some tangible results."

The Loot's message reached the Gang at a most inopportune time. Most of the Badger money was gone and so was he, but

six heavy winners who had come out of an infantry regiment's payday with cash enough to justify six separate and distinct celebrations, protested that the Loot's untimely advice cramped their style.

At this, rallying nobly, old Pop Sibley came to the surface out of the slough of despond with a gilt-edged scheme calculated to afford the six eager capitalists opportunity to function with true Southern hospitality.

"I got a cheap old antique wooden Joan of Arc on a horse located at Izon," he announced. "The horse comes apart. First there's a hind leg and another hind leg, and his



The leading investigator backed out of the car, bulging his two confederates behind him

belly and his front legs and his neck. Then his head unscrews off his neck, then Joan of Arc is sort of standing up in the stirrups and waving a sword. The sword comes out of her hand, and that arm she is waving the sword with unscrews off her chest. How many trips does that make altogether? . . . Never mind; I know it will take half a dozen trips to get the horse, let alone getting this here wooden lady. You men kin get action. She and the horse is both as big as life size, and there's no reason why you birds can't give a party at that little restaurant in Izon every time we get a leg or a stummick off that horse to bring back here in the Loot's Dodge. We can have just as good a time at Izon as any place in the world. The grub and the likker is first-class, and that back dining-room is big enough to hold everybody that you gents can afford to invite to your party. How about it?"

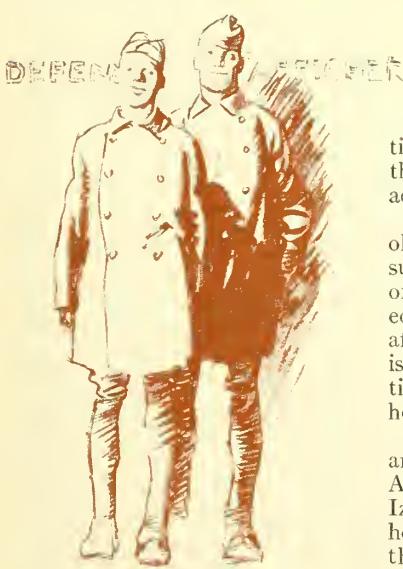
It was obvious that the scheme had its merits, and the Gang realized that the winter of their discontent was to be lightened by six more promising events wherein joy for the moment would be more or less unconfined.

"Let Pop Sibley ask the Loot for the passes," someone suggested. "He can tell the truth and get the Loot calmed down by saying at last we have found the Joan of Arc we want."

Pop Sibley considered the matter. "About how many passes do you figger you need on this horse and Joan of Arc detail?"

After a brief survey of the possibilities, a conservative element cut the wholesalers down to a reasonable request. "Ask him to O.K. three squads. Tell him it's a mighty big horse. Yes, be sure to tell him how big horses was in France in those days."

"Don't tell him nothing about it being wood. Ask him what he figgers a cast-iron horse weighs, so he can sidetrack his brain on the specific gravity of horse-meat and pile driver hammers. The minute he reaches (Continued on page 56)





General view of the City Hospital at St. Charles, Illinois, with (in the foreground) part of the reason why the hospital is run by trustees known as The St. Charles American Legion Hospital Incorporation

SHOULDERS to the WHEEL

By Clara Ingram Judson

HAVE you ever seen your home town? No, I don't mean glanced at it while you went about your day's work. I don't mean looked at it while you were trying to show its best points to a visitor. I mean have you really seen it as it is?—with all the things you love and all that you wish were better. Mostly, we get so used to looking at our daily environment that we never see it as we would a place that was new to our eyes.

One day recently I set out on a journey to St. Charles, Illinois, to see for myself the hospital which the Legionnaires have established there and the unusually interesting community house in which they make their home. As I traveled through the western suburbs of Chicago, these home towns of ours were in the front of my mind. The Legion itself had set me to looking at them by its stressing the importance of bettering our own communities. The Philadelphia convention plainly showed the trend of Legion thinking but the resolutions on community work adopted at the Paris convention last fall, pledging each post to work for whatever it could best do for its own community, took the Legionnaires a big step further.

There has been some pretty careful thinking, this last year, about these home towns of ours; we've had to look and think to discover what they needed most and which of their needs could best be supplied by the American Legion post. I wondered whether the post I was about to visit had been just a little ahead of some in discovering that its town needed a hospital and in supplying that need so ably that news of success was already spreading afield.

Then the train stopped—I had reached my destination.

Have you been to St. Charles, Illinois? If you have, you enjoy being reminded of its comfort and beauty. If not, you must treat yourself to a visit some day, for it is a town you will not want to miss. It numbers some five thousand or more people

and a list of industries long enough to sound impressive; but the thing you will remember longest is its beautiful location. It lies in the center of the Fox River valley—that charming bit of New England which some magic of nature set in the fertile prairies of northern Illinois. To the north is Elgin; to the south, Geneva, Batavia and Aurora, set along the river bluff like jewels on a crown. They are well within the district labeled the "Chicago region". Their industries invite business; their parks and camping grounds welcome tourists and their shaded, well-paved streets entice home-makers to come and stay.

Four members of the post met me at the train; took me to the hospital and told me the story of the past and present of the enterprise and outlined the future—a vision that at first seemed far too much to even hope for, yet even now is only around the corner.

The square, brick building which bears the imposing sign "St. Charles City Hospital" is high on the east bluff of the Fox River, overlooking the beautiful Pottawatomie Park (a well-equipped township park) and miles of rolling prairie across the valley. It is the substantial, homey type of structure of a design popular fifty years ago, built to stand for generations, and it is set in a large, well-shaded yard. The whole place positively makes you comfortable, just looking at it! The high ceiled "parlors" on each side the broad entrance hall have been made into three-bed wards; the sunny "back parlor" on the south is a well planned operating room connecting at the back with a new and well equipped bathroom. Then there is a private room or two, nurses' quarters, a big kitchen and lots of cupboards and pantries. Up stairs there are several rooms so planned that they can be private rooms or two-bed wards, as needed; a very charming nursery and rooms for housing the staff of helpers. It is all so clean and comfortable and homelike in its sunny quiet that it doesn't seem like a hospital—it's simply a very nice place to

stay while getting well, which after all is a pretty good definition of the ideal hospital.

The dinner trays were being served when we visited the kitchen and I involuntarily lingered to watch the skilful nurse as she daintily spread white linen and gay dishes and fixed each tray with the individual touch sure to whet even an invalid appetite.

"You certainly have something here!" I exclaimed as we wandered out under the trees where we could talk without disturbing the sick. "Now tell me about it. In the beginning—three years ago, didn't you say it was?—what had you to start with?"

"Three things," replied Elbert Pike, a Legionnaire trustee of the hospital. "A sign, a sterilizer and debts. The sign was a good one, legible and shining—lots of gold leaf, you know; the sterilizer—well, the doctors told us it was all right. But the debts, something like three thousand dollars of them, were not so good. We soon found that they were the most important of the three initial possessions."

"Then there had been a hospital?" I inquired.

"Yes, under two managers," replied Mr. Pike. "One of our local doctors—there are four—had a hospital for his own patients. But it proved a pretty big thing to carry alone, so a group of public spirited citizens attempted to carry it on as a civic enterprise. It was felt that there should be a place where first aid, at least, could be administered; that St. Charles should not be dependent on even nearby communities for the care of its sick. But it proved quite a drag on even generous supporters. For nearly four years it drifted along, getting deeper and deeper into debt till finally it had to be given up—there's where the Legion came into the picture four years ago this spring."

Bit by bit, with the help of the four members of the post, the whole story of the project took shape. It would have been a wonderful thing had they started the hospital from the beginning, but, as I listened, I came to realize that it was an even more wonderful thing to take over a failing piece of work—a job the community was familiar with and tired of—and to make it go.

Somehow, no one seems quite sure when or how, the idea occurred that the post take over the hospital. Of course the suggestion was not unanimously accepted—such ideas seldom are, and the thing was such a failure then that even the optimists were none too eager; no one cares for debts even when a fancy gold sign and a sterilizer goes with them. For months the interested members of the post worked at the idea, getting people interested, getting Legionnaires elected to the hospital board, making plans and seeking advice. One does not get the idea that there were no difficulties—indeed, I heard of obstacles both major and minor, far too numerous to set down, which were met and overcome. But obstacles seemed to make it more interesting and as they got going, the men became so intent upon success, so sure of the rightness of their cause, so clear in their vision of what they meant to do, that obstacles simply didn't matter.

"Doesn't it give you a thrill," I remarked thoughtfully, as Mr. Pike paused in his story while Mr. Munn, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, looked up some data, "to see how, up and down all over our country, Legionnaires are doing fine, big, civic things, just as you people are doing this job here? It seems to me there is more and more of it all the time."

"To be sure there is," he agreed enthusiastically, "and for two reasons. First, the Legion is growing up. Ten years ago the average age was twenty-five years; they acted like frisky colts and cared exactly nothing about civic affairs. Now the average age is thirty-five. Legionnaires are the active business and professional men of the community; responsibilities have steadied them; ten years do something to a man—just the years alone, you can't help it. The other reason is the Legion itself. This idea of having a civic project has opened our eyes at just the right time to produce results. You'll see a lot more in the next five



There aren't any better hens in or near St. Charles than those in this pedigree brood of Mrs. Callender's whose principal job is supplying that indispensable of a hospital menu—fresh eggs. Left, first babies to be born in the hospital after the Legion took it over, and just old enough to get sore if you think they are babies

years. The boys are no longer playing at living. They have grown up."

But we had to go back to the hospital story and the information Mr. Munn had located. It was in the spring of 1924 that the post took hold and right then and there the St. Charles City Hospital began to climb out of the hole. A new board was organized with seven members, four of whom were members of the St. Charles Post; and the new enterprise was given the imposing title of the St. Charles American Legion Hospital

Incorporation. Embodied in the charter is the stipulation that there shall be four Legionnaires in every seven trustees; that any member of The American Legion who needs hospital service and has no funds for payment shall be given thirteen weeks' free service and that neither creed nor lack of funds shall prevent the sick from being cared for. That was a beginning.

The next thing was to find a building. The lease on the property then used could not be renewed so it was necessary to find new quarters. After much looking, arrangements were made for the purchase, by contract, of the present building. The price agreed upon was \$12,000; the principal and interest was to be paid in monthly installments of one hundred dollars each, which would require about fifteen years to complete the contract. The post had on hand about \$1,200 cash, two hundred dollars of which they gave to the hospital as a gift, the \$1,000 they loaned in two notes which have already been once renewed. This \$1,200 was spent for necessary repairs and alterations, including a new bath room, needed to convert the residence into a hospital.

The Legion Hospital corporation

(Continued on page 62)

BATTER UP!

The Old Sand Lots They Ain't What They Useter Be
By Wallgren



The old back-lot games have been improved considerably in the last few years since The American Legion has been sponsoring boys' baseball teams as a means of teaching practical Americanism



Thousands of teams in the Junior Baseball League are organized and directed each year by the Legion's ten thousand posts. This year, with the support of the National and American Leagues, the activity is being promoted on a much larger scale



The Legion believes that the principles of good sportsmanship, as developed by the playing of baseball, are close akin to the principles of good citizenship—and that junior teams should be heartily supported in every community



The season will close in September with a Junior World's Series. Every boy who has played in the League as well as those who have participated in any way will find that they have been made better Americans

A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

THAT CLEAN BLADE, Senator Walsh of Montana, is the kind whom we want to understand us and does not. He

Our Kind of Politics

deprecates the Legion getting into politics through its stand on national defense and foreign relations. But

this is the non-partisan politics of the nation among nations in which veterans are expert. Our armed forces and our foreign policy are not Republican or Democratic but American.

SENATOR WALSH THINKS that the Legion should confine itself to justice for disabled men and their families. All

Senators Must Learn

that has been done in this respect the Legion has won; and, besides this, it extends the knowing hand of personal aid. It looks ahead to preventing another war; to the universal draft which will make all serve in the common cause and allow no slacker to profit by others' service.

AND THE EVENING STAR of Washington, close under the political guns of the Capitol, does not understand us.

Editors Must Learn

"The Legion vote," it says, "has become something to be reckoned with and seems bound to become of increasing power as time goes on. Veterans' organizations have always risen to political power and there is every reason to believe that the Legion will surpass its predecessors." Surpass but on a new line which will be a great good.

IN THIS POLITICAL convention year, there is to be an all-American convention. It looks like 800,000 members

We Keep On Growing

before we meet at San Antonio—on the way to a million in healthy growth. A million men in the prime of life trained to march in step. Yes, a million voters. But they are to be used only by the United States, never by a political party or faction. A power unique in our history. Keep it so.

AMONG THE DELEGATES to the great political conventions will be Legion members back of every candidate presented.

Remember, You Delegates

Each Legionnaire, by completely divorcing his Legion self from his political self, will be able to make his party's rule the better for the nation—thus holding the respect which he most prizes, that of his fellow Legionnaires. As a Legionnaire he may sit in only one national convention this year, that at San Antonio.

"THE PUBLIC DOES not take much interest until the two candidates are nominated," said a party worker to me.

Who Will Be the Two?

A thousand delegates will do the choosing in either national party convention. Yet they are only agents. Pressing them on the floor and in every conference are the more than fifty million voters who may elect the choice of the rival convention if yours does not choose a worthy man.

ALL DELEGATES IN either convention who fail to get their man nominated may take some consolation that the beaten

It Might Be Worse

politician's fate is not so bad as in other countries. In the Russian Soviet wrangle for power, Stalin sends Trotsky to Siberian exile; Pilsudski gives Polish congressmen, who displease him, the air; while Mussolini confines his political enemies on an island.

SIR HARRY LAUDER had kept the house roaring; he had responded to encore after encore. Suddenly he turned

Hardboiled in Lye

very serious. His thought was on the disabled men who occupied two rows of seats, as his guests, and on a tragic memory. "He was all right," said a woman as the audience rose, "as long as he was funny." "I've heard enough about the boys in France," said the man with her, "but his only son was killed in France." She replied: "All the same, I'm off the boys-in-France stuff." Even under the white lights of Broadway, where they boil them in lye, this female of the species would be easily the prize winning piece of sole leather.

THE ARMY'S NEW listening device can pick up a plane fifteen miles away and follow its course. A new four-inch

Bursting Them High

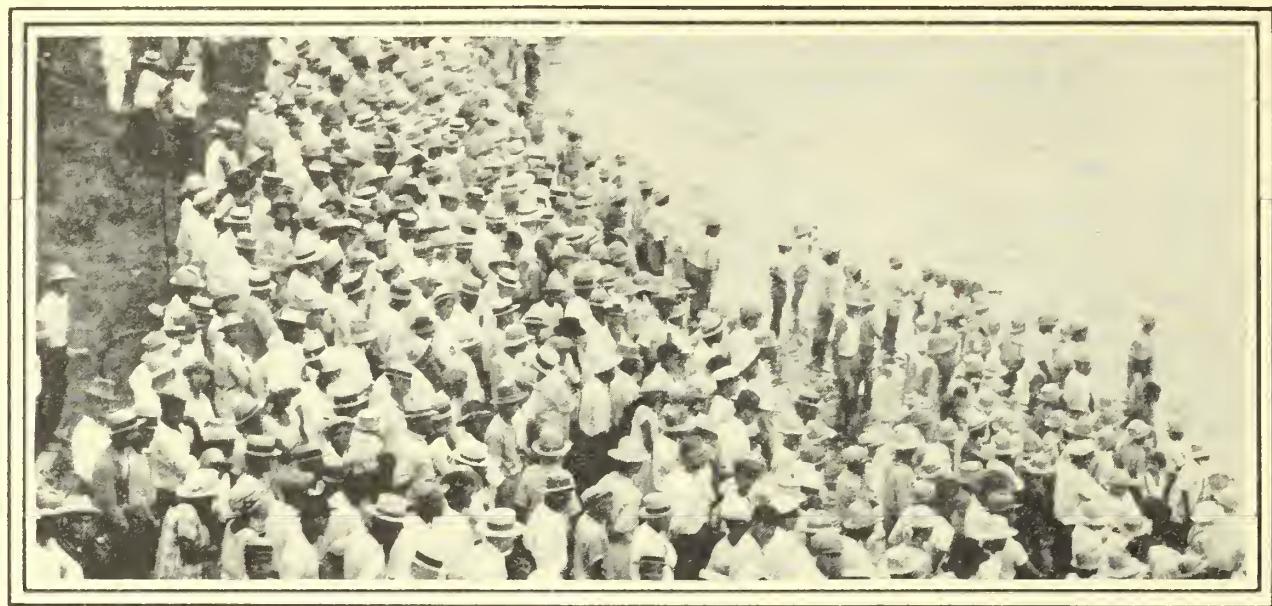
anti-aircraft gun can fire fifteen shells a minute six miles in the air. That will make the airmen think. But, by land or sea, the nation which is weaker than its enemy in aviation may be handicapped, outmaneuvered and pay in human lives or disaster.

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES asking that I shall not be afraid to be sentimental. Does he mean that I lack sentiment,

Gush and the Goods

or that I appear to have it but to hold it in? The latter, I hope, for my own good opinion of myself. When sentiment passes we shall be machines measuring everything in dollars and cents and success at any cost. No day goes by that it does not play a part in our lives; that it does not yield [Continued on page 68]

MY ANNUAL REPORT



Tahiti throngs the beach to see if there's really anything to this aviation stuff

OME five years ago I received a letter from America notifying me that I had been appointed a member of the World's Board of Aeronautical Commissioners, and that my province was to be the islands of the eastern Pacific south of the equator. My duties, I was told, were to keep a careful record of all aerial activity in this zone, and to make a yearly report.

I did not seek this responsible position; nevertheless I was eminently fitted for it, and the moment I received my engraved certificate as a Commissioner I set resolutely to work. From that time on I have kept a careful record and each year have sent in the following accurate report:

Aircraft factories organized	00.00
Commercial air-lines established	00.00
Air-mail routes in commission	00.00
Planes actually in service (all types)	00.00
Total miles flown in Commissioner's zone	00.00
Total miles flown by World's Board Commissioner	00.00
Deaths in service	00.00
Accidents in service	00.00
Expenses incurred in service by Commissioner	1 franc, 50 centimes (for postage)

(Signed) JAMES N. HALL, W.B.A.C.

In the South Seas, where the climate is so mild and pleasant that one is not stimulated to any great amount of exertion, either physical or mental, it would be hard to find a more agreeable occupation than that of World's Board Aeronautical Commissioner. Day after day, week after week for five years, I have been sitting on my veranda with a tall iced drink at my elbow, engaged in my duties. I had hoped to be thus pleasantly employed for an indefinite time to come, but recently this delightful routine of duty has been broken into. One day only a few weeks ago who should stroll up the flower-bordered path to my little bamboo observation-post but William B. Leeds.

It is quite unnecessary, I imagine, to explain to Americans who William B. Leeds is, so I won't. Being himself an aviator, he knew, of course, that I am a World's Board Aeronautical Commissioner for Tahiti and the islands of the eastern Pacific.

He said, "Good morning, Commissioner. Busy?"

I admitted that I was, but added that I was never too busy to have a yarn with a fellow aviator. We had a long and pleasant chat about one thing and another, but all the while I was anxiously waiting for what I feared would come. And it did come. Presently he said: "You know, I think I'll send a wireless home for a seaplane."

"Good Lord, Leeds!" I said. "Don't do that!" Then I showed him a whole drawerful of my advance reports as World's Board Aeronautical Commissioner. I had them all made out for the next twenty-five years and explained that if he were to bring a plane to Tahiti I'd have to destroy these reports and start all over again. "For just as sure as you start things moving in aviation in this part of the world," I said, "others will follow your lead, Leeds, and there will be no end of things I'll have to do. Now I've had a very pleasant time of it so far, so whatever you do, don't spoil it for me."

"You've had altogether too easy a time of it, if you ask me," he replied. "I consider it my duty to see to it that for once you earn at least a part of your salary. And tell me this: Do you know of any other place in the whole world where flying conditions are more satisfactory than they are here?"

I had to admit that I didn't. The broad lagoons of these islands, protected by barrier reefs from the swell of the open sea, offer perfect landing-places, and the climate is ideal for flying the year round. Nevertheless I did everything I could to dissuade him. I told him what a lonely part of the Pacific this is, and reminded him that if he should happen to have engine trouble and be compelled to come down at sea, the chances of his being picked up were practically nil. But I might just as well have saved my breath. Leeds said that he meant to stay at Tahiti for two months and he didn't propose spending all that time sitting under coconut palms when he might be having a wonderful time flying over them. "And I'd like to see you get out of that easy chair," he added. "I'm going to give you something to report whether you like it or not."

The more I argued against his proposal, the more determined he became to carry it out, and the upshot of the matter was that he went straight from my World's Board office to the wireless station at Point Venus, and sent a message, via San Francisco, for a seaplane which was to be shipped to him on the next south-bound steamer.

But evidently, despite the immense activity in aircraft construction in America during the past year, production has not yet reached a point where a first-class seaplane may be had at a moment's notice. A message came back that none were available within the time specified for delivery. My hopes rose again, but unfortunately William B. Leeds is not a man to take no for an answer. For the next three days the wireless station was kept busy sending and receiving messages in his behalf to and from aircraft factories in all parts of the (Continued on page 54)

Bursts and Duds



MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Visitors were present.
"Daddy, may I have a dime?" asked little Georgie.
Dad obliged, with a smile.
"This time you won't make me give it back after the company's gone, will you, daddy?" was little Georgie's loud remark.

THE CROOK!

"There!" exclaimed wifey in disgust.

"I knew that overnight friend of yours wasn't to be trusted. I've just counted the towels and one of them is missing."
"Was it a good one?" inquired semi-interested hubby mildly.
"It was the best we had. It was the one with 'Grand Palace Hotel' on it."

IN 1958

Some thirty years from now there were—will be—were—oh, have it your own way—a mother and child in a Hollywood hotel lobby.

"Bobby," the mother asked, or will ask, as the case may be, "why don't you offer some of your candy to that little girl sitting next you?"

"Sh-h, mother," either cautioned or will caution the bright tot, "that's Mary Pickford."

WASTED EFFORT

Two attorneys, one decidedly glum of countenance, met on the street.

"Well, how's business?" the first asked of the dismal one.

"Rotten!" the pessimist replied. "I just chased an ambulance twelve miles and found a lawyer in it."

TOTALLY LOST

"I'm having a terrible time teaching that youngster of mine right from wrong," complained Myra, a young mother.

"Why, my dear!" ejaculated Rita, her dearest friend and severest critic. "Have you forgotten entirely?"

THE LESSER EVIL

Mr. Peck, grinning happily, encountered Mr. Bick on the street.

"I didn't get home until four o'clock this morning," he announced, "but my wife didn't say a word and socked me. Ha, ha!"

"But what are you so cheerful about if she struck you?" asked Bick.

"Well, she didn't say a word, and that's something."

OILING THE SKIDS

Delilah: "Come on, Samson, old kid, and let me give you a mean bob. With that thatch you are sporting, you look as if you had just blown in from the hinterland. I'll turn you into a sheik that will make the cuties hold their breath."

She did, and how!

His next appearance at the temple brought down the house.

THE SUPERSYXTY

"I have a friend who always crosses his bridges before he comes to them."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the enthusiastic motorist. "Tell me, what sort of car does he drive?"

DOING HIS STUFF

"What's all that uproar back in the wareroom?" asked the high-power salesman, as he breezed into the office.

"Oh, that's all right," said the stenog. "Those goods you sold us came in this morning, and the boss said he was just going to step back and give them a cursory inspection."

CRUEL PROCRASTINATION

"Darling," smiled the unusually mean and close-fisted Mr. Klickster, "I've decided to give you a new Ford car."

"Oh, goody!" cried the delighted and surprised Mrs. K. "Will it be one of the new models, Charles?"

"Better than that," still smiled Mr. Klickster. "It will be one of Mr. Ford's next new models."

PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

The attorney for the defendant had

made himself obnoxious by interposing foolish objections at every stage of the trial and, when the jury quickly returned a verdict of guilty, the client realized that his lawyer's tactics had gone against him.

There was a moment of silence after the judge delivered the sentence, broken finally by the prisoner's sarcastic query, as he leaned toward his attorney:

"You're so damned good at objecting, why in hell don't you object to that?"

URGENT NEED

"What makes you think we need the biggest navy in the world?" asked Glynn.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Flynn. "Look how many admirals we've got!"

THE ORIGINAL VERSION

Elise: "Have you heard the story that's going around about Eunice?"

Grace: "Heard it? Why, honey, I started it."

PLENTY

The Spatts had been at it again.

"And furthermore," said Mrs., concluding her long tirade, "you certainly aren't much of a husband."

"Well, my dear," Mr. retorted wearily, "I can truthfully say that you are a lot of wife."

LAST CHANCE

"Gosh!" mourned Rob. "My wife is always looking on the dark side of things. Are there any women optimists?"

"Sure!" retorted Roy. "The beauty parlors are full of them."

THE NOBLE ART

A near-champ in the heavyweight class was proceeding along the street when he came to two small boys engaged in a wrangle.


"I'll pop ya in de beeker!" declared Willie.

"I'll hang one on ya chin!" threatened Junior.

"Dear, oh, dear," sighed the professional pug. "Wot's de younger generation comin' to, anyways?"

INTERPRETIVE

It was at a masquerade.

"Have you seen 'Thelma?'" asked one of the guests when they met in the smoking room. "She's here as the Essence of Innocence."

"Is that what she's representing?" the other retorted in amazement. "I thought by the brevity of her costume that she came as the Spirit of Forgetfulness."

KISSING FOOL!

She: "Don't you know there are germs in kissing?"

He: "Say, girlie, when I kiss I kiss hard enough to kill the germs."

A MODIFICATION

Johnson: "Before Jim's wedding he was always saying marriages were made in Heaven."

Bentley: "He still says they're made there, but never without adding that Heaven can't be the place it's cracked up to be."

(The barrage lifts to page 80)



KEEPING

Ponio!

NATIONAL Commander Spafford and National Adjutant James F. Barton went to Texas this spring to learn how Department Commander Walton D. Hood and the rest of the shorthorn Legionnaires are getting ready for the national convention in San Antonio from October 8 to 12. They found that not only San Antonio but all Texas as well is determined to provide a glamorous national convention that will differ from preceding conventions to the same degree that San Antonio and Texas differ from older and more standardized cities and States.

Mary Carter's article, "Where Old World Meets New," in this issue, describes some of San Antonio's attractions and indicates the extent to which the flavor of the Old Spanish civilization still exists among skyscrapers and brilliant modern plazas. National Commander Spafford and National Adjutant Barton found plenty of evidences of the mingling of the old and the new which is a part of San Antonio's charm.

National Commander Spafford, who had grown quite used to the West's five-gallon hats of white felt, found a different sort of headgear in San Antonio, the huge basket-like hat of Old Mexico. Mr. Barton, not so long ago from Des Moines, Iowa, proved that he could make a plausible cowboy. On a visit to a ranch near San Antonio he climbed into a cow-puncher's full costume, gallivanted about on ponies and roped a steer or two.

Both Commander Spafford and Adjutant Barton agreed that San Antonio justifies all claims made for it as a city deserving a visit even without the added attraction of a national convention of The American Legion. The city's growing fame as a tourist center and an all-year-round national resort make it a mighty suitable place in which to hold America's greatest national pageant, a national convention of The American Legion. It is just the sort of city that is worth an annual-vacation visit. The Legion's National Convention Bureau at San Antonio has been urging Legionnaires everywhere to postpone annual vacations until the convention period and then take two full weeks, covering not only San Antonio while the big show is on but also much of Old Mexico and vast Texas before and after the convention. All Texas cities are arranging to entertain visiting Legionnaires and special tours into Mexico are to be announced. The San An-

tonio Convention Committee has prepared a 100-page souvenir book describing San Antonio's historic attractions. The book will be sent free. Address requests to American Legion National Convention Bureau, Gunter Hotel, San Antonio.

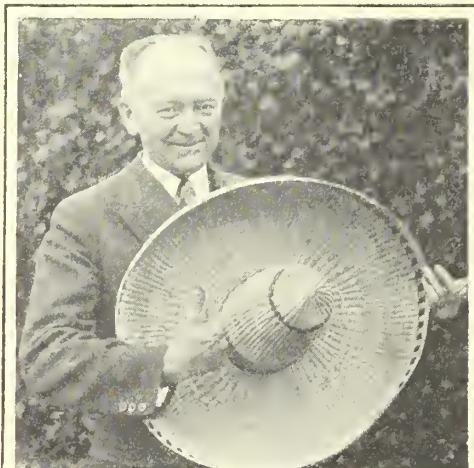
The Southwest's Day

TEXAS was the first department in the whole American Legion to climb over its last year's membership, a feat it accomplished in March. That accomplishment may be taken as an index of what Texas will do in the national convention parade. That parade, incidentally, will be the whole Southwest's, just as the parade at Philadelphia two years ago was primarily New England's and the whole East's and the parade at San Francisco was predominantly the Far West's. The Legion may look forward to a spectacle of a new sort when the big delegations of free and easy Texans, with their broadbrimmed sombreros, swing into line with the delegations of all the other States.

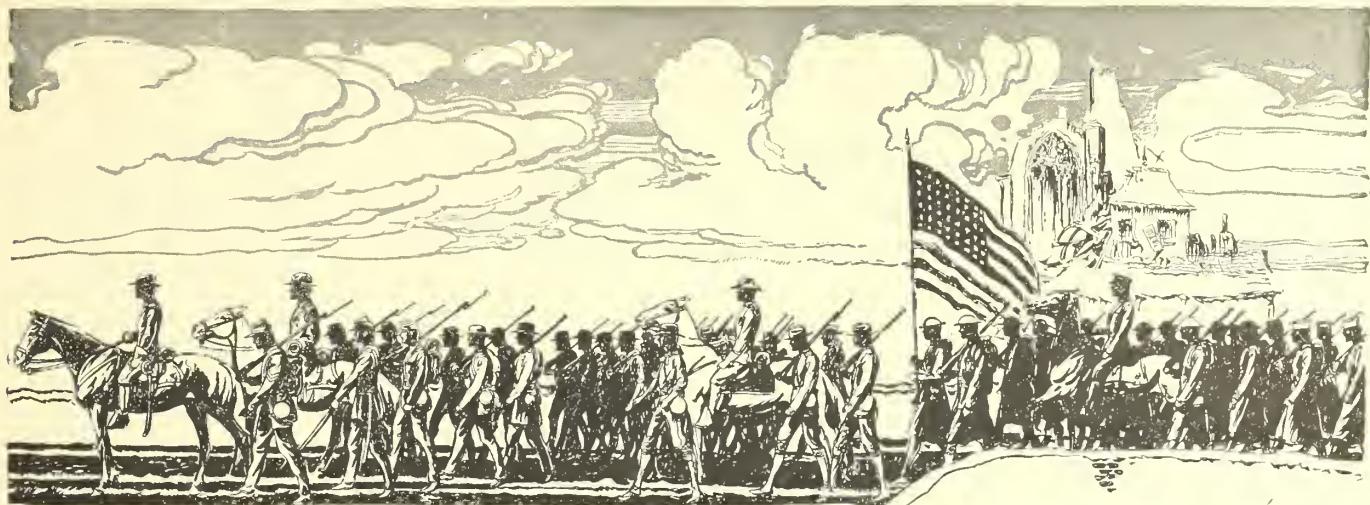
Among the prominent features of the parade will be massed units of the Second Division and other military organizations from Fort Sam Houston, the country's largest Army concentration point in peacetime. Many of these units will compose the honorary escort for National Commander Spafford and the Legion's distinguished guests. The Grand Marshal of the parade will be Past National Commander Howard P. Savage of Illinois, who led the Legion on the pilgrimage to France last year. Past National Commander Savage will have as his honorary staff the eight Legionnaires who have won titles as the greatest individual member-getters in 1928. The reviewing stand will be on the historic Alamo Plaza, where Governor Dan Moody, himself a Legionnaire, will have his place. It is expected that many foreign dignitaries, representing FIDAC, will also be in the reviewing stand.

Waffle Battery

THEY have a flair for doing spectacular things in Texas, as National Commander Spafford discovered at the very moment he entered the State. When he arrived at the town of Raymondville, in the upper end of the Rio Grande Valley, early on a morning in March, National Commander Spafford



National Commander Spafford sees in San Antonio what the well-dressed bull-fighter wears when he isn't working. A good convention souvenir!



STEP

found forty-eight members of Meuse-Argonne Post drawn up to receive him, each man bearing a huge American flag. The massed colors were whipped by a strong wind and the sunlight lent brilliance to the ceremony. In addition to the color guard of forty-eight, Meuse-Argonne Post had sixty-two other members present to greet Mr. Spafford. The post had enrolled 110 members in its town of three thousand persons. Let Post Commander V. Sabin tell more about that welcoming.

"The color guard was drawn up in two lines," writes Mr. Sabin. "National Commander Spafford passed between the two lines from his train to the escort of automobiles which had been assembled for him. Forty-eight guns were fired in salute. The entire post marched behind the National Commander's car to Post Headquarters where breakfast was served to everybody.

"The breakfast consisted of Jello, breakfast food and whipped cream, waffles, baked eggs and fried bacon. The party was served in less than forty-five minutes. To accomplish this, twenty-one waffle irons were hooked up in battery formation. At each waffle iron one member of the Auxiliary poured the batter and another removed the finished waffles and placed them on plates which had been heaped with fried bacon and eggs. A third member of the Auxiliary carried the filled plates to a table between kitchen and dining room where three Auxiliaries passed out the plates to the lines of hungry men. A special coffee detail also helped."

Post Commander Sabin, in addition to being the master of ceremonies, was his post photographer. He adds:

"I was quite busy taking twenty-seven still photographs, 150 feet of standard-width motion picture film and 250 feet of narrow-width film for our post's photographic archives which we recently started. At one time I had my Graflex attached to the leg of my standard motion picture camera, the little Filmo attached to it and running merrily while I was cranking the big machine."

Lighting Its Way

SPRINGFIELD (Massachusetts) Post values the good opinion which other Springfield organizations and most Springfield citizens have of The American Legion. It has determined to cultivate public esteem in a most practicable way. To enlarge their field of knowledge concerning the Legion, the post has

provided subscriptions to the Monthly for a group of ministers and judges and other leading citizens. It has also ordered that the magazine be sent to hospitals, clubs and fraternal organizations of Springfield. It provided twenty-five one-dollar subscriptions in all for individuals and organizations.

Twin City Post of East Chicago, Indiana, is another post which believes in letting the leading citizens of its community know more about the Legion. By paying for eighty subscriptions, it has made sure that the Monthly will go to the libraries and schools of East Chicago and into homes of judges and editors and other community leaders.

Morgan-Ranck Post of Ocean City, New Jersey, has subscribed to the Monthly for every Gold Star Mother in its community.

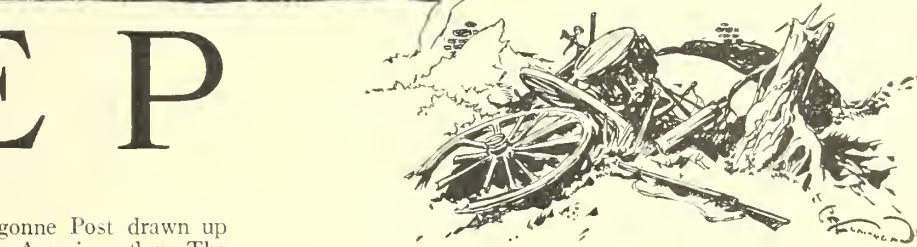
Planning

LORADO TAFT'S article in this issue, entitled "That All Men May Know," mentions many World War memorials of surpassing merit which have been erected by communities with the advice and help of posts of The American Legion. The memorials described will have especial interest for posts which are still considering the problem of a suitable memorial in their own communities. Supplementing Mr. Taft's advice comes a report of a community memorial project which was unusually well carried out at Winnetka in Mr. Taft's own State of Illinois.

Ten of Winnetka's sons died in the World War. The town recently erected in honor of these men a monumental flag staff, which rises above a platform

on which stands a cenotaph featuring a commemorative tablet. The monument stands at the crest of a mound on the village common which for many years has been the site of patriotic ceremonies and community festivals. A committee of citizens had charge of the selection of the memorial and raising of funds with which to pay for it.

The committee instituted a competition among designers and architects. The jury for this competition consisted of E. H. Bennett and John Root, eminent architects of Chicago, and an artist, Mrs. Franklin Rudolph of Winnetka. Ten or fifteen



"Hop on your pony and ride to San Antonio." National Adjutant Barton in the role of Iowa Jim during his visit to Texas and Texas Legionnaires

KEEPING STEP

designers and architects, all from Winnetka, submitted designs. The winner of the competition was Legionnaire Samuel S. Otis, a young architect trained in the architectural school of Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The task of raising \$40,000 was placed in the hands of a large committee, with the real task of the undertaking resting primarily in a smaller body known as the Winnetka Memorial Trustees, of which George B. Massey was chairman. Winnetka has 10,000 inhabitants and contributions were obtained from 3,800 persons. In the campaign, school children, all churches, and many organizations took part.

Five carloads of Tennessee marble were used in building the monument. The monument consists of a platform, steps, benches, cenotaph and flagstaff. The cenotaph is a massive and unusually beautiful work, bearing on panels the names of the dead and a memorial inscription. The staff is cut from the huge trunk of an Oregon fir and has a bronze base weighing more than one and a half tons.

Encircling the cenotaph is a carved marble frieze, the work of Leon Hermant of Chicago. This frieze symbolically tells the story of sacrifice.

Winnetka Post played an important part in carrying through the whole project, although the beautiful work exemplifies the spirit of the entire community.

Hawaii by Airplane

WITH National Commander Spafford using an airplane regularly in flying from State to State to keep his speaking engagements and with Legion airports multiplying throughout the country, almost anything new aeronautically tends to seem commonplace. Nevertheless there was real novelty in the adoption of an airplane by the Hawaiian Department of The American Legion to bring all the Legion posts of the Islands into shoulder-rubbing distance of one another. Department Adjutant John T. Fisher tells about it and describes what was probably the most unusual meeting ever held by a Department Executive Committee.

"When Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger winged their way two thousand miles over the Pacific to the Hawaiian Islands last summer," writes Mr. Fisher, "many Legionnaires must have wondered what further miracles the future could hold. The giant tri-motored Fokker plane had proved it could do in a matter of fact way the things done by the magic horse or the magic carpet in the stories of the Arabian Nights."

"American Legion posts are scattered over five of the six islands of Hawaii. Department officers have found it hard to visit all posts because of time and distance. Thanks to the big Fokker, however, we have just completed a tour which included visits to most of our outlying posts. On February 23d the tour started. On that day Department Commander James R. Mahaffey, Finance Officer Irwin Spalding and I stepped aboard the plane at Wheeler Field on the Island of Oahu.

Lieutenants John S. Griffith and Clyde K. Rich were our pilots. With us also were Staff Sergeant Hobson D. Sage as radio operator and Staff Sergeant Alfred Shuttlewood as mechanic. There were also several others in our party.

"One hour after taking off we were over the Island of Kauai, the most northern of the group. Legionnaires from all parts of Kauai attended a meeting and banquet in our honor. On the following day we started back to Wheeler Field. As we sailed along

eight thousand feet above the earth, Commander Mahaffey called to order a special meeting of our Department Executive Committee.

"The second trip of our airplane tour was made to Hilo, 250 miles away on the Island of Hawaii. All the other islands were visited by our official delegation later."

Americans All

ON THE island of Kauai are 150 miles of roads connecting towns and beaches with names that puzzle motor tourists from the mainland. Today signboards bearing The American Legion emblem mark all the roads because Legionnaires of Kauai Post have the friendship of the schoolboys of the island. Thirty-two schoolboys made the signs with the help of the Legionnaires and the county engineer and his staff. Visits of Legionnaires to the schools while the signs were being built have been followed by many later visits by other citizens as the island's 30,000 residents learned of the accomplishment. Although the schoolboys represent many nationalities, in work and play they are Americans all.

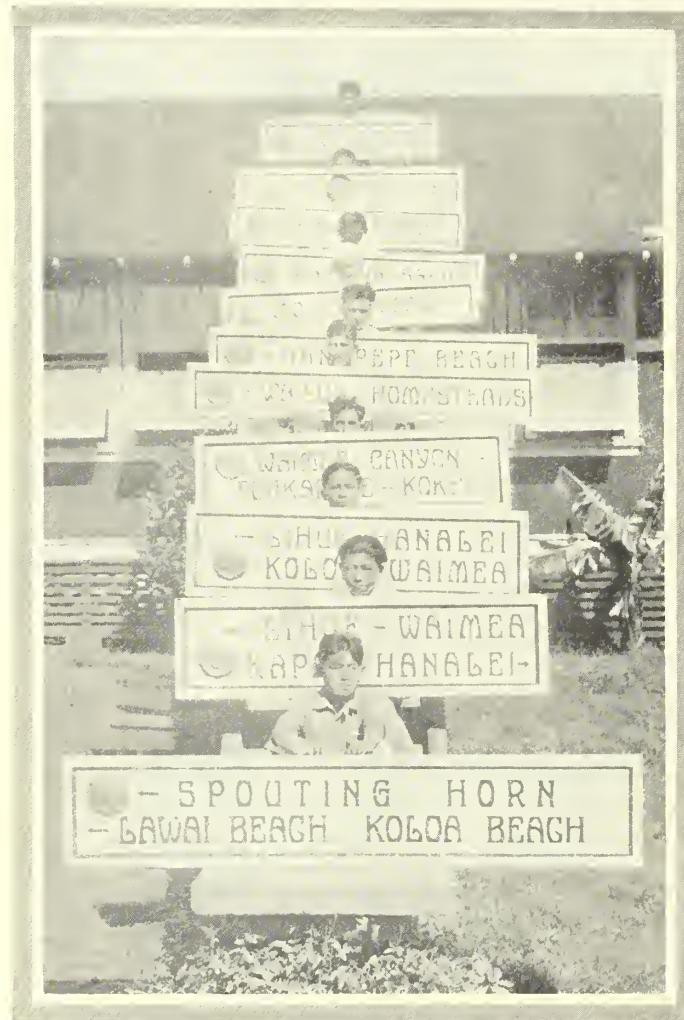
Hitting the Ball!

KENTUCKY, famous for its fast horses, also has a speedy breed of Legionnaires. Remember, Kentucky was the first State to complete its quota of the

Endowment Fund, and now the old Blue Grass State comes in first with its quota of Junior Baseball teams. Under the leadership of Tommy Hayden, the fast-stepping Department Adjutant who is also holding down the job of athletic officer, Kentucky organized its quota of boys' teams in something like five days flat. A hook-up with the Louisville *Courier-Journal* helped put the movement over in quick time. Hayden states that he will have at least 200 teams playing in his State before entries close for the Junior World Series sweepstakes.

But Kentucky isn't the only State which got off to a flying start in Junior Baseball. Up in South Dakota where kid baseball has been a major sport for several years, Frank G. McCormick, one of the original promoters of the activity in the Legion, has things going at full speed. Five or six hundred teams in his State looks like a conservative estimate to McCormick.

Stub Allison, who learned about Junior Baseball in South Dakota in 1926, is in charge of the program in Wisconsin and is getting the Badger youngsters out on the diamonds in droves. Dr. Ben H. Saunders, athletic director for Minnesota, isn't going



These Hawaiian schoolboys built markers bearing The American Legion emblem for 150 miles of roads on the island of Kauai. Kauai Post Legionnaires helped the boy builders

KEEPING STEP

to let South Dakota to the west of him, or Wisconsin to the east, show the way for his Gopher Gang and has completed effective plans for the competition in his State.

Jumping down to Alabama, the crack of bats can be heard around Birmingham and in many other cities and towns as the Legion teams are getting ready for four district tournaments to be played in July to decide the four teams which will compete in a final tournament for the State championship. "Fish" Crockett, Department Adjutant, and C. D. Ford, Americanism Chairman, are directing the competition in Alabama. Col. Baylee, baseball chairman for Birmingham Post, has organized a league and plans twenty-four teams in Birmingham.

In Florida arrangements have been made for tournaments in each congressional district, the winners to meet in a state tournament. Max Holtsberg, of Fort Pierce, is in charge of the work down there. Tampa has thirty or forty teams in sight while Jacksonville is planning for twelve to sixteen. Usher Winslett, owner of the league club in Maccon, is heading up the Georgia program and from the enthusiasm of Georgia Legionnaires is going to have little trouble putting the program across.

Pittsburgh came through with thirty teams as a starter for the program in Pennsylvania and is going after more. Legionnaire Schmidt, athletic officer for Philadelphia County, estimates there will be 200 teams playing in his territory before the entries close.

A Legionnaire by the name of George H. Maines has the big job of organizing Junior Baseball in New York City and says it looks like he is going to have 500 teams on his hands. It is to be remembered that a team from Yonkers, which seems to be somewhere in the vicinity of New York, copped the junior world championship in 1926. And Maines hasn't stopped at the mere job of organizing the vast army of boys in the country's metropolis. He has interested some of the active big lights of organized baseball in the Legion's program and with what results!

"Babe" Ruth, home-run king, has agreed to present a trophy to the boy in the Legion's Junior Baseball League who slams out the most home-runs during the season. There's enough incentive to start any boy to organize or join a team. And Ty Cobb, the Georgia peach, is offering a silver cup to the boy with the highest batting average when the season ends. And Connie Mack, himself, is offering a third trophy to be given to one of the championship teams.

Illinois, which had the largest Legion membership in 1927 and therefore has had the largest quota of Junior Baseball teams assigned to it, is hitting the ball hard. The movement is going over in Chicago and Cook County with all the unrestrained enthusiasm that those Chicagoans put into everything they do.

The Legionnaires of Columbus, Ohio, worked up such interest in their county tournament that the mayor of Columbus issued a proclamation calling public attention to the activity. Columbus had thirty-five teams all organized and registered almost before the diamonds were ready for play.

In Indianapolis, Dale Miller, a well-known figure in amateur athletics in the Hoosier State for years, has launched an intensive drive for registration, which he expects will bring fifty teams into the competition in the city.

These are just a few of the high lights in the Junior Baseball program. In practically every State in the Union the boys are out on the diamonds under Legion leaders and are practicing hard for State competitions which have been scheduled in most departments for July. State champions are to be decided by August 1st, then come the regional tournaments, to be followed by the east and west sectionals and the Junior World Series.

Worth Getting



One million little boys and girls, who were unborn in 1918, are proud that "daddy fought in the World War." Bert Carpenter Post of Iron Mountain, Michigan, exhibits (above) its quota of those who are growing up to inherit the ideals and principles of The American Legion. Below, the first unit of the unofficial American Legion Junior Auxiliary, organized by George N. Althouse Post and its Auxiliary unit at Norristown, Pennsylvania



AS THIS is written the National Legislative Committee in Washington is confident that the Tyson Bill for the retirement of disabled emergency officers of the World War will pass the House if it can be brought to a vote in that body. Twice before, in February, 1922, and in February, 1925, the Senate adopted the bill by big majorities. The Senate passed the bill at this session on March 15th, without a record vote. Whether or not the bill has been passed by the time this is read, Legionnaires will find it worth while to get a copy of the remarks of Representative Roy G. Fitzgerald of Ohio on the bill, made in the House on January 30th and published as a pamphlet

by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. A letter to the Government Printing Office will bring it to any Legionnaire. The pamphlet, of forty-eight pages, presents the history of the bill and the Legion's arguments for it.

Look 'em Over

IF YOU have lost track of your old colonel, you may find him on the rolls of one of the newest posts of The American Legion, a mighty snappy outfit which has for its permanent home a city in France which was once a temporary home for a goodly percentage of the A. E. F. Riviera Post of Nice, France, obtained its charter early this year, and among those who signed the application for the charter were Major General John Biddle, seven colonels on the retired list, one former navy commander and two retired majors. Here's the list, so you may hunt for old friends: James G. Bootes, Joseph L. Knowlton, Leroy B. Delaney, Ellsworth B. Bush, Cecil E. Howarth, James P. Haye, C. Thorndike, John F. Hanson, Alfred Sharon, Edmund S.

KEEPING STEP

Sayer, John Biddle, Edmund L. Zane, W. F. Beechler, Walter F. Upham and Sterling Holt. Prospective members not on hand to sign the application were Admiral Niblack, U. S. N., retired, and Major General Omar Bundy.

Horses

AUGUSTUS Peabody Gardner Post has its home in South Hamilton, Massachusetts, and South Hamilton has a population of only two thousand. But if you happen to be in the neighborhood of South Hamilton about the Fourth of July of any year you'll think that half of Massachusetts has decided to move to the town. You'll see roads crowded with automobiles and, if you follow the crowds you'll arrive at the big field where Gardner Post is holding its annual horse show.

The post's first horse show was held in 1925. In 1926 several thousand automobiles were parked about the show grounds and the attendance this past year was even larger. The State's best horsemen attend the show. The crowd always gets its biggest thrills from the steeplechase, run over a mile and a half course and taking the jumpers over hedges and ditches.

Uncle Sam's Colleges

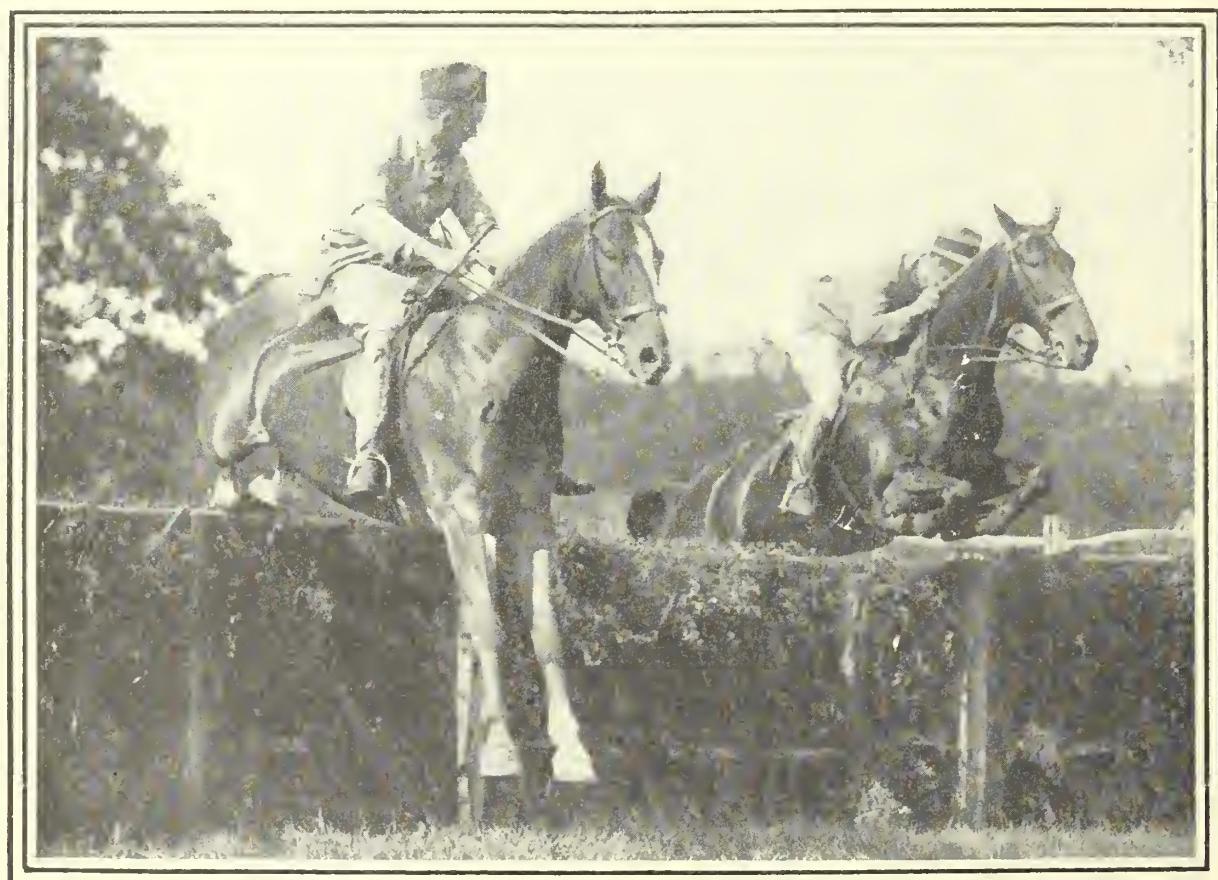
TEN years ago when the casualty lists were coming back from France, hundreds of American boys were left fatherless. Some of them were too young to understand what it would mean to grow up without a father's care and watchfulness. Some of them were just old enough to remember a father's farewell parting in the early days of the war. Today American Legion posts are letting these boys know that Uncle Sam would like to adopt them as his own sons, that he wants as many of them as can do so to go to school at the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

On June 8, 1926, Congress passed an act authorizing the appointment of twenty sons of deceased World War army service men to West Point and twenty sons of deceased naval service men to Annapolis—sons of men who died before July 2, 1921, of wounds or injuries or disease contracted during the World War.

In 1927, five sons of World War veterans qualified in the mental and physical examinations and were admitted to West Point, and only two were admitted to Annapolis. A number of applicants recently stood the examinations for 1928 entry. Legion posts have the opportunity of compiling lists of deceased service men's sons in their communities for the purpose of telling the boys interested when and how they may apply for the 1929 examinations. The Adjutant General of the Army, in Washington, D. C., and the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, will furnish pamphlets giving information regarding their respective schools.

Chess to Boxcars

NOT rarely college professors look over the students crowding their classrooms and amuse themselves by speculation or prophecy about future careers. Had a graybeard of the faculty of Columbia University cast his attention in philosophical mood to a certain somewhat cherubic and roly poly, quite versatile and always busy youth, named Pelham St. George Bissell, about the year 1907 he might have been a bit puzzled to chart his destiny. For Mr. Bissell's college life was many-sided. For one thing he was an editor of the *Spectator*, the university's daily newspaper, produced each day in the week under a different editor. For another thing, Mr. Bissell was a member of the university rifle team and its manager as well. Then too he was a prominent member of the Societe Francaise, composed of students having an aptitude and natural liking for French literature and French life in general. Capping all



Some of the entries taking one of the jumps in the steeplechase, the principal feature of the annual horse show conducted by Augustus Peabody Gardner Post in South Hamilton, Massachusetts. Neater work, even, than the Prince's, as displayed in picture sections of recent newspapers

K E E P I N G S T E P

these other activities, Mr. Bissell was a member—manager also of the university's chess team. He was not the best member of the chess team, however, for there was another member, belonging to the class of 1910, named Jose Capablanca, even then showing signs of the genius that was to win him world fame at chess. Other activities also Mr. Bissell took part in, but this isn't a statistical sketch.

Perhaps, noting the aptitude of Mr. Bissell for many things, the faculty graybeard might have deduced that he would some day become a lawyer, and an exceptionally able one. He could not have guessed, however, that a war was coming on and the same Pelham St. George Bissell would be among the first to fight for his country. Nor could he have guessed that, the war being over, Mr. Bissell would rise as a leader in The American Legion and become Chef de Chemin de Fer of La Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, The American Legion's honor and playground society.

When the Forty and Eight elected Mr. Bissell Chef de Chemin de Fer at the Promenade Nationale held at Paris last September, it honored a man who had fulfilled the promise of his versatile university days.

Incidentally it selected a leader who needed ask no odds of any other Forty and Eighter in dealing with the intricacies of the official language of the honor and fun-making society. For Mr. Bissell, then as in his days in school, spoke French well enough to give addresses fluently—an asset during the many days of ceremonies and entertainments in the capital of France. He even spoke French well enough to get by with Paris waiters without hoisting distress signals or lapsing into low-gearred guidebook jargon, the way most other Second A. E. F. pilgrims did after realizing that their alleged mastery of a foreign tongue had slipped away from them in ten years. It was not for nothing that Mr. Bissell had been a leader of the Societe Francaise in his university days.

Mr. Bissell's days at Columbia were in keeping with a family tradition of scholarship. Ever since Captain John Bissell, coming from Massachusetts Bay, had settled at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1628, Bissells had been leaders of the educational, religious and business life of New England. Pelham St. George Bissell's grandfather had given Bissell Hall to Dartmouth College, his alma mater. Mr. Bissell's father, an Episcopal clergyman, had been graduated from Columbia.

In 1909 Mr. Bissell received his A. B. degree from Columbia. In the following year he received his Master's degree, and in 1912 he was graduated from Columbia University School of Law. Indicating something of his trend during his later school days, his thesis for his Master's degree had for its subject "The Socialism of Karl Marx Contrasted With That of H. G. Wells." This, at a time somewhat earlier than most of the world was interested in the social theories which later were, during and after a World War, to be subjects for examination by everybody.

Young Mr. Bissell hadn't kept his interests wholly academic while he was in school. At the age of 18 he supplemented his studies of politics by serving as a watcher at the polls in Water Street, New York, in the service of the Republican party. Those were tough and rough days in Water Street, with Tammany running the whole show. The Tammany workers were not above playing practical jokes on serious-minded youths of the opposition. But the "boys" liked Bissell well enough to invite him to the annual Tammany Dinner, no small victory under the circumstances.

In 1910 Bissell married Mary Valentine Yale Bissell, who belonged to a line of the family widely separated from his own. Two children had been born when Mr. and Mrs. Bissell found themselves in Italy in 1914 as the World War broke. Italy, of course, was still theoretically aligned with Germany, a member of the Triple Alliance, and at first it seemed the Bissells could not proceed to France. But they managed that feat, proceeding hastily from Venice to Paris by way of the Mont Cenis tunnel. At Modane, on the French border, they had the unexpected thrill of seeing a German spy arrested almost in the act of bombing the tunnel.

On the day the United States entered the World War, Bissell took his examination at Governor's Island for a commission in the Infantry Reserve Corps. Successfully evading an effort to commission him a captain in the Q. M. C., Bissell, with the aid of an efficiency board, succeeded in getting a commission as first lieutenant of infantry. He was assigned to the 77th Division, helping muster into service at Camp Upton the first soldiers of the division. Later at the same camp, after his long career with the 77th in France, he mustered out of service the last men of the division to arrive back home.

Bissell served as Communications Officer with the 77th in the A. E. F., participating in the operations in the Baccarat sector, the Vesle sector, the Oise-Aisne Offensive and the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. While in the Argonne he was officially commended by the Commanding General for his work in maintaining communications. He returned home as a captain and later was commissioned a major in the Reserve Corps, a rank he still holds.

After resuming his law practice, Bissell, in 1921, was appointed a special attorney in the Customs Division of the Department of Justice. In this position he acted as government attorney in many important trials of customs cases on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in the Northwest and on the Gulf of Mexico. He also acted as counsel to the Appraiser of the Port of New York. In 1924 he resigned his government position to re-enter private practice in New York City.

Mr. Bissell was one of the organizers of Greenwich Village Post of The American Legion and served as Post Commander several terms. From 1922 to 1923 he was a Vice Commander of New York County. Continuously he has held many important



Pelham St. George Bissell, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, with Mrs. Bissell and their sons and daughters. The Bissells live in the Greenwich Village section of New York City. This photograph was taken at the steamship pier when Mr. and Mrs. Bissell returned with the Second A. E. F. from Paris where Mr. Bissell had been elected head of the Forty and Eight

KEEPING STEP

posts in the activities of the New York County organization. From 1922 to 1924 he served as Chef de Gare of Voiture Locale No. 7 of the Forty and Eight in New York County. In 1926 he was Grand Chef de Gare of the Forty and Eight in New York State. He served in 1927 as Sous Chef de Chemin de Fer of the national organization. When he was elected Chef de Chemin de Fer at Paris he had made seven trips to Europe.

Greenwich Village has continued to be Mr. Bissell's home since his marriage. He lives on West 10th Street near Fifth Avenue and is proud of his unusual family of seven children, the oldest a boy of 16, the youngest a boy of six, the other five being girls.

Mrs. Bissell is Past President of the Auxiliary unit of Greenwich Village Post and all five daughters are members of the unit. Mrs. Bissell is also a Past President of the New York County organization of the Auxiliary, Past Demi-Chapeau of the Eight and Forty, Department of New York, and Acting Petit Chapeau of the New York County Salon of the Eight and Forty. Mr. Bissell's mother, Mrs. Helen Alsop Bissell, is Chaplain of Greenwich Village Post's unit of the Auxiliary.

Mobilization

THE Adjutant of Chicago Medical Post has a tough job. He can never guess how many members will show up for any particular meeting. Night calls have a habit of wrecking plans of physicians everywhere. But there is one day in each year when most of the physicians who are members of Chicago Medical Post do get together, and that day is the thirtieth of May when it provides emergency medical service for Chicago's Memorial Day parade. Members volunteer for this service and are assigned to posts along Michigan Boulevard, down which the parade of veterans passes.

Each year the need of medical aid for the marchers in the G. A. R. section of the Chicago parade becomes stronger. The march covers a section of the boulevard two miles long. Two members of Chicago Medical Post are stationed in each block along the parade route. They use automobiles bearing large

placards labeled with the post's name and the cars are privileged to pass through police lines. The police distribute ambulances at quarter-mile intervals for the conveyance of the sick or injured to hospitals.

In the summer of 1926, Chicago Medical Post had a test of its ability to mobilize for special service, when the Eucharistic Congress was held at Mundelein, Illinois, and vast crowds attended the ceremonies held in the open air.

When the final trains were leaving Mundelein with the crowds of Eucharistic Congress attendants, Dr. P. J. H. Farrell, Post Commander, sounded recall for a miniature army of Chicago physicians, the members of Chicago Medical Post's Emergency Unit, who had served throughout the Congress, ready to give help in any widespread emergency. It happened that the Legionnaire physicians had only found it necessary to give first-aid assistance to a comparatively small number of persons, although there were moments, during a downpour of rain and later during a railroad tie-up, when it looked as if there might be a stampede for temporary train loading platforms.

Another noteworthy example of the Chicago Medical Post's relief service was given immediately after the tornado which swept through southern Illinois in March, 1925. At that time three hundred doctors and nurses, headed by Legionnaire Thomas A. Carter, proceeded to the devastated districts on a special train, arriving in the stricken communities from forty-eight to seventy-two hours earlier than other relief organizations. Within forty-eight hours following the disaster every patient in emergency hospitals established in three cities had been given prophylactic treatment for the prevention of lockjaw.

Associated with the Medical Post are the two Chicago nurses' posts, Jane A. Delano Post and Mars-sur-Alliers Post. Joint mobilization and the establishment of emergency hospitals may be accomplished swiftly after any catastrophe.

Post Commander Farrell has had unusual experiences in emergency relief work. He was one of the first physicians to arrive at the historic Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago in 1903 when more than 600 persons were trampled or smothered to death. At the time of the San Fran- (Continued on page 70)



While East Lynn (Massachusetts) Post of The American Legion stands by as an honorary escort, aged members of Post 5 of the G. A. R. render their annual tribute to their departed comrades in Pine Grove Cemetery. This photograph was taken on Memorial Day last year.

THEN AND NOW

Ever Hear of the Cavalry?—Baseball at Any Cost—Wooden Guns Which Wouldn't Shoot—Paging a Wounded Doughboy—Outfit Notices—Add Another French-Born Mule

CAVALRY in the A. E. F.—that is, American cavalry—was to the men in the lines more or less of a myth. Invariably just preceding D Day of some offensive, rumors were rampant that a regiment of cavalry was in the rear of the outfit, ready to help the doughboys in cleaning up the unknown territory in front of them. And now, after all these years, we are assured by Vice Commander Walter L. Leschander of Arthur L. Peterson Post of Long Beach, California, that that branch of our service was represented overseas.

We're finally smoking out some of the outfits that have been too modest or whose members have been too lazy to tell how they helped win the war. The gobs are coming through, now and then a Marine pipes up, and the signalmen have been heard from. But how about the nurses?

Didn't they have any exciting or amusing experiences?

But now to get back to the cavalry, we'll listen to Leschander:

"Like possibly ninety percent of your correspondents, I come to you with a complaint. Here it is:

"Do you know that there was such a thing as cavalry in the war and in France? I have never seen anything in your columns proving that fact, and so for your information and for the information of the Then and Now Gang, I want to state that there were four regiments of cavalry in the A. E. F.—the Second, Third, Sixth and Fifteenth Regiments. And, they weren't all M. P.'s either!"

"My regiment, the Third Cavalry, was one of the early units of the A. E. F., arriving in France during the early part of November, 1917, and staying there until June, 1919. Although I wasn't with them continuously, I know of many thousands of horses and mules to which we played nursemaid and valet so that they could continue in service.

"The Third was composed of about ninety percent Regulars, which probably accounts for its non-participation in the post-war news. But the men had a job and they filled it. It doesn't seem as if their particular job was very glorifying but the same effects were felt from the Jerry shells when you were leading horses along the front as were felt if you were dismounted. The only difference was that you couldn't be like the colored soldier who 'didn't want to be bothered with no hoss!' You had to hold your place and trust to luck not to be hit.

"I wonder if this letter won't awaken some of the cavalry-men who were there and who had such a good and easy (?) time and get them to contribute a little?"

CARL B. TAYLOR of Dade City, Florida, told in Then and Now in the March Monthly of the thrill that he and other men in his outfit, the Ninth Infantry, Second Division, got upon seeing a makeshift American flag displayed in a small Belgian village on their hike to the Rhine. While some French and Belgian flags seemed available in even the smallest villages on the route of the Occupation Army, American flags were at a

premium and some of the local efforts to reproduce the Stars and Stripes were crude but at the same time inspiring. The stars in these home-made flags numbered anywhere from three to fifteen, and the stripes from five to a dozen—often incorrectly assembled—but the thought was there.

We hoped for an interesting follow-up on Taylor's contribution and the illustration on this page shows that we weren't disappointed. William H. Steele of Bucyrus, Ohio, ex-corporal, Company C, 308th Engineers, is the man who dug down into his war archives and produced the snapshot, which came with the following letter:

"I noticed in Then and Now in March that Legionnaire Taylor of Florida told about the home-made American flag which his outfit saw on their hike up to the Rhine. I saw similar flags displayed on our march to Germany and in the town of Villette, France, managed to take the enclosed snapshot.

"This picture, I feel sure, will tell more of the efforts made by the French and Belgian villagers to honor the American troops by displaying their conceptions of the Stars and Stripes than pages of writing could."

BASEBALL! It's a good subject most any time and particularly now when the myriad of teams throughout the land are getting well into their pennant strides—including the Legion's Junior League contenders. So:

"After reading Lafayette Schank's account in March Then and Now," announces John G. Straub of Cleveland, Ohio, "about the nearest-to-the-front baseball game, I want to put in a bid.

"Our regiment, the 30th Engineers, was brigaded with the British. The fourth platoon of Company A was with Company L, Section 52, Special Brigade, Royal Engineers, and we were located at Sains-en-Gobelle, not far from Lens, Loos and Vimy Ridge.

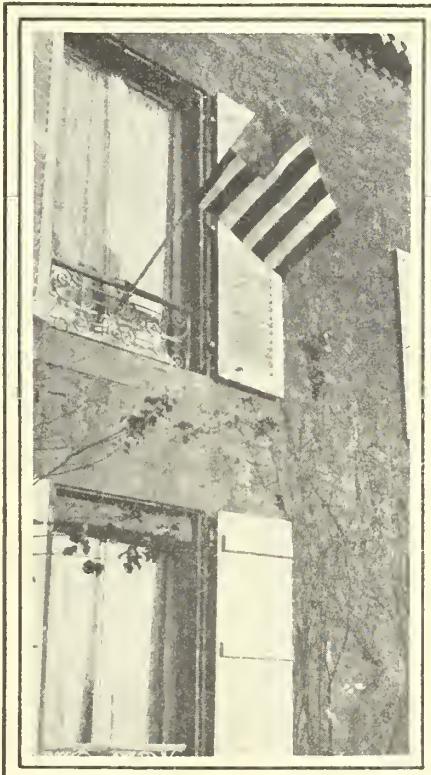
"Now the B. C. of our outfit was near the outskirts of this town. We had been shelled out of Mazingarbe and sought refuge here away from Fritz's gas shells, so we in turn might give him a dose.

"Near Sains-en-Gobelle was a regiment of Canadians and some of them came and asked me about a ball game. I turned them over to Lieutenant George Noble and he saw the Town Major in regard to getting the soccer field from the British. The Town Major agreed that we could have it at four o'clock

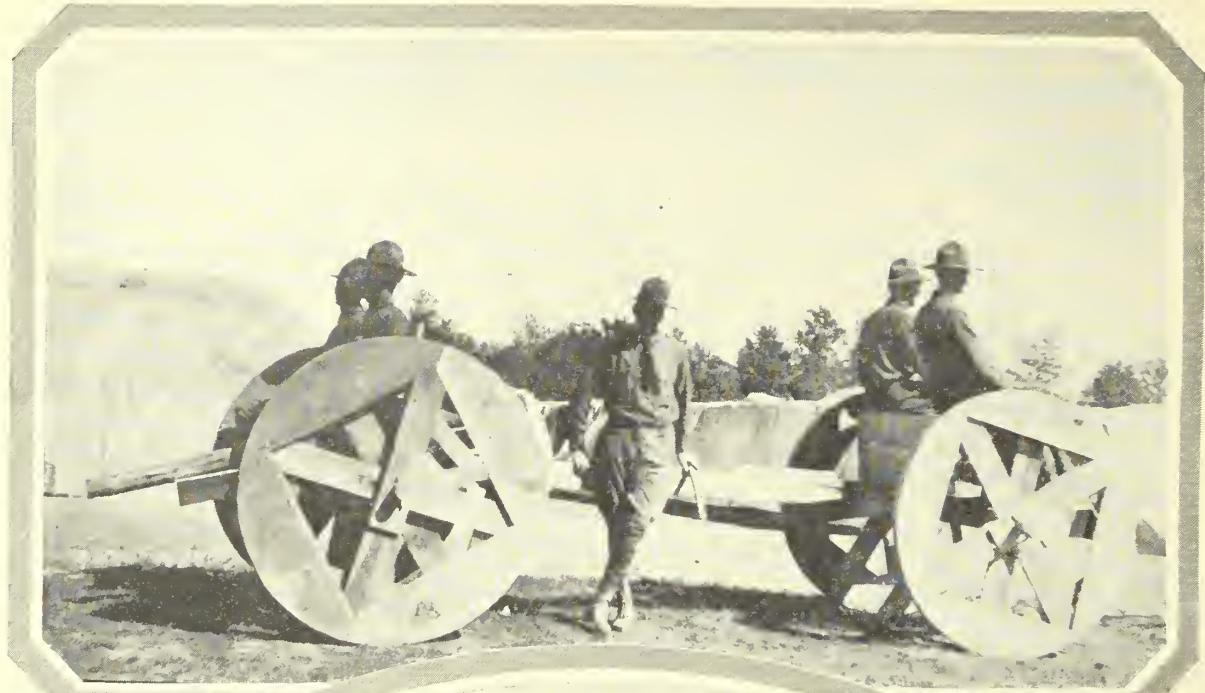
on the afternoon of the following day.

"Everything was ready, but the British would not give way. Blows followed and a general free-for-all ensued. A Canadian major rushed up, grabbed at his men and exclaimed, 'Which side are you on?' One of the Canadians replied, 'We're with the Yanks.' And then the major said, 'So be it. There'll be baseball today.'

"Private Zick of Company A, 30th Engineers, and Sergeant O'Conner, Company B, formed the battery for us; I cannot remember who for the Canadians, but this was, no doubt, the first baseball game played between Americans and Canadians in



Nine stars and nine stripes—somewhat jumbled—but the spirit is there. Villette, France, displayed this home-made flag in 1918 to honor the Americans. William H. Steele of Bucyrus, Ohio, took the picture



France. It was staged in March, 1918.

"After all, the British troopers enjoyed the game as much as we did, although a question was overheard: 'When you hit the bloody ball, why do you run?' It wasn't cricket, you know!"

"We were under enemy fire at Mazingarbe—five kilometers from the lines—and under observation from Fritz's balloons. It seems folly now to have allowed such a crowd to collect under this observation. This territory was later taken by the enemy in the spring drive." Pop-bottle barrages are the worst encountered in games now.

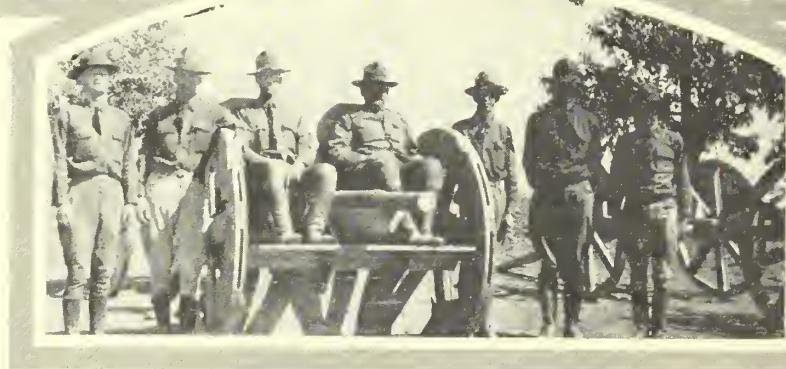
FROM Pennsylvania, we hear from a former Rainbow Division man setting forth the claim of his outfit for the nearest-to-the-front ball game. Roy Fetzer of Allentown, member of Fullerton (Pennsylvania) Post of the Legion, submits this testimony:

"During April, 1918, in the Baccarat sector in Lorraine, a team representing the 149th Machine Gun Battalion (Pennsylvania) played a ball game with members of Company A, 167th Infantry (Alabama). It was a full nine-inning game, interrupted in the fifth inning by enemy shell fire and again in the eighth inning by enemy airplanes which flew too low, and was played at Bargette Cottage near St. Maurice.

"We lacked regulation baseball uniforms but otherwise it was a real ball game. The buglers' semaphore flags marked the foul lines and the rooting was real U. S. A. stuff. If any of the players are still alive and kicking, they can verify this claim.

"During the month of July, 1918, our impromptu ball park is reported to have changed into enemy territory."

BEER-KEG horses on which the Artillery Section of the Officers Training Camp at Camp Sherman, Ohio, trained in 1918 are not the only horrible example of our country's unpreparedness when we entered the World War. The beer-keg horses, on one of which Legionnaire Lawrence V. Sheridan of Indianapolis was mounted, were pictured in *Then and Now* in January. They brought in several interesting comments.



Could a red-leg sing "And those caissons go rolling along" on contraptions such as those pictured above? Not pioneer-day carts, but the "guns" used in training the Artillery of the 87th Division in Camp Pike, Arkansas, in 1918. Ex-Captain William Cawley, now of Austin, Colorado, submits these exhibits of non-preparedness

As fitting companions to the beer-keg horses pictured, William Cawley of Austin, Colorado, former captain with the 335th Field Artillery, 87th Division, dug out snapshots of similar training atrocities of which the wooden horses might have proved appropriate steeds. Captain Cawley's contribution to the cause of preparedness is reproduced on this page and this is what the captain has to say about them:

"The wooden guns and caissons were used in Camp Pike, Arkansas, to give the cannoners the fundamentals of gun squad drill, both in action and on the march. It was hard, discouraging work to make the men realize that this training was getting them anywhere for the big task ahead.

"Many times I was deeply humiliated when visitors came to Camp Pike, stood, watched and laughed at us trying to train men on these contraptions. I am deeply interested in preparedness and wonder if it will ever happen again. The Legion is doing good work along this line, but we have a lot of gas to burn yet.

"I suppose some former officers and men of the 335th Field Artillery will smile when they see these pictures. I would like to hear from them."

IF THE gobs think that they aren't getting enough publicity in *Then and Now*, suggests Vice Commander Earle J. Tower of Guy Drews Post, Manitowoc, Wisconsin, "why don't some of them settle once and for all this much-debated question as to whether or not sharks will attack men?

"I note in the volume, 'Officers and Enlisted Men of the United States Naval Service Who Died During the World War,' that Ernest Ely of the U. S. S. *Dale* died as a result of a shark attack.

"This ought to make an interesting account if any of his shipmates can confirm it."

And now it's up to former gobs who served on the U. S. S. *Dale* to make report for the benefit of the whole gang. The item referred to by Comrade Tower follows: "Ely, Ernest,

water tender, United States Navy. Enlisted: Washington, D. C., August 11, 1915. Died, U. S. S. *Dale*, May 30, 1917. Cause: Attack by shark."

While Tower failed to tell us his service connection, we assume he is an ex-Navy man. At any rate, we'll say that we have a letter from another ex-gob, Bob Wilson, who reports himself a Legionnaire since 1919, and whose address is P. O. Box 22, Niles, Michigan. Wilson makes an offer which will interest particularly former members of the crew of the U. S. S. *Mercy* and disabled doughboys who returned from overseas on that ship.

"As the patent medicine spieler says, 'I have nothing to sell. I'm merely advertising!'

"While on the best ship in the Navy, the U. S. S. *Mercy*, we made five trips to France and I figured that a small book covering these trips would be of interest to the crew aboard as well as to those doughboys whom we brought back as patients. So I got the old Graflex on deck and took some snapshots to illustrate the said log and then had printed as large a book as I could for the money I had.

"Now I have some fifty or sixty of these logs left and there are quite a few buddies who did not get one—some because it was after our third trip that it was published. If you will put a note in *Then and Now*, I'll not only send the remaining books out free while they last to anyone who was on the *Mercy* as crew or patient, but will pay the postage."

And there's food for an argument in that "best ship in the Navy" statement of Wilson's!

To tell about the friend-in-need picture which is shown on this page, we'll have to do a little back-tracking in *Then and Now*. Over a year ago—in the February, 1927, issue of the *Monthly*, to be exact—Legionnaire Elmer J. Larson of Omaha, Nebraska, told about helping a wounded comrade to a dressing station in Beauclair, France, on November 4, 1918, while the 355th Infantry of the 89th Division was fighting just beyond that town in the Meuse-Argonne front. Larson reported that while he was taking this wounded man to a first-aid station, some unknown person took a picture of them with an ordinary Kodak. Larson added, "I'd give my right ear for a print of that snapshot."

As it happened, Larson didn't have to sacrifice his ear. That issue of the *Monthly* had scarcely been distributed when several letters came to the Company Clerk, including one from ex-Lieutenant Colonel Burton A. Smead of Denver, Colorado, former Division Adjutant of the 89th, telling us that he had a collection of prints of action pictures which had been snapped in that vicinity at that time by Major Dana Wright, a general staff officer attached to the 89th Division. Colonel Smead was in charge of the Advanced Message Center of the division, located in Beauclair. In his collection, the colonel reported, was one picture such as Larson described and when he sent it to Larson, it happened to be the very one he wanted. So, as we said, Larson kept his ear, and after these intervening months, we got an opportunity to reprint the snapshot.

Now comes a follow-up job in which we are hoping for just as good co-operation from the *Then and Now* Gang. Larson—and the Company Clerk and the Gang, for that matter—would like to know who this wounded soldier was, or is. The picture, as stated, was snapped on the morning of November 4, 1918, just northeast of the town of Beauclair in the general direction of Laneuville and Stenay, between Beauclair and the Forêt de Dieuleu, locally called Bois de la Haie. The soldier (wounded in the leg, as the bandage shows), was undoubtedly a member of the 355th Infantry, 89th Division, and probably belonged to the First Battalion, commanded by Major Thomas F. Wirth, although he might possibly have been a member of the Second Battalion, commanded by Captain Neville C. Fisher.

At the time of this incident, Larson was a runner for the Second Battalion and was carrying a message, asking for more

artillery support, to the Advanced Message Center. He assisted the wounded soldier from a point a few hundred yards northeast of Beauclair to a first-aid station in a church near the north end of that town. If the wounded soldier himself doesn't happen to see this inquiry, probably some of his former comrades can identify the man from the picture or from the foregoing account. We'd like to solve this problem. Major Dana Wright, the photographer, by the way, was at last report a sheriff of Stutsman County, North Dakota.

LITERALLY hundreds of books pertaining to almost every phase of the World War, from diaries of individuals and collections of service poems to official histories of units ranging from platoons to divisions, made their appearance within two or three years following demobilization. This was possible because of the fact that official reports and records and personal notes were readily available.

It is to be noted, though, that most writers who have covered American participation as a whole in the World War, have been more leisurely producing their works. A proper perspective was needed and the ten years which have passed since the war have provided this perspective.

The latest publication which has come to our attention is a book entitled "A. E. F.—Ten Years Ago in France." It is the work of a man who can be depended upon to know of what he is writing, a man who rose from Division Commander to command of the first American Corps to be organized in the A. E. F. and who stepped from that responsible position to the command of the First American Army on October 16, 1918, in the midst of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He was the first American general officer in the World War to be advanced to the rank of Lieutenant General. That man is Hunter Liggett, now retired and living in San Francisco.

General Liggett's account, while necessarily covering most of the tactical phases of the A. E. F.'s operations, at the same time discloses many interesting facts which are not generally known. The general finds ample space to relate many amusing anecdotes of unusual incidents which came to his attention. The book is without question one of the most readable and entertaining volumes on American operations in the war. It is written in a friendly style and is, indeed, a reflection of the author himself. The book is well supplied with illustrations and maps of the various sectors in which

American troops operated. Copies are available through the Legion Book Service of the *Monthly* at three dollars.

THE membership roster of the active *Then and Now* Gang—those readers who have contributed to this column—is growing by leaps and bounds and the Company Clerk is always glad to greet new members. This is particularly true when the new member is a non-Legionnaire, of which we have had several in the past year. So now we take pleasure in presenting a man who during the war was too young for service but who since the war enlisted in the Regulars and is still on active duty, Sergeant Robert F. Fay, Headquarters Battery, 16th Field Artillery, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

"I was told," wrote Sergeant Fay, "that Mlle. Verdun, the mule mascot of the 15th Field Artillery which was born in France and brought back to this country after the World War, was introduced to your readers in the March issue of *The American Legion Monthly*. I was told also that a true picture of this famous animal and the history of her life was wanted.

"I was a member of the 15th Field Artillery from 1924 to 1927 in Camp Travis, Texas, and got to know Mlle. Verdun very well. In 1927 I was transferred to my present outfit. I am enclosing a picture of this famous animal which was taken during the summer of 1926 when Verdun was all set to take part in the Fourth of July parade in San Antonio, and also the official history of the critter. The history was issued as an official bulletin some years ago."



Ex-Runner Elmer J. Larson of Omaha, Nebraska, helping a wounded buddy to a first-aid station in Beauclair, November 4, 1918, while the 355th Infantry was in action. Who is the doughboy with the wounded leg?

The picture which Sergeant Fay sent to us appears on this page. The history varies somewhat from the first information regarding the mule which was included in March Then and Now. The following salient facts are taken from the official bulletin:

"Mlle. Verdun, mascot, 15th U. S. Field Artillery, is not only the most aristocratic equine in the United States, but insofar as army mascots are concerned stands pre-eminently in a class by herself. Foaled at three o'clock on the morning of April 16, 1918, at Camp Cinq Freres, near Aincemont, France, in the Troyon sector, while the Second Division was in a terrific grapple with the enemy, and four hours after her dam, a wheel mare in Battery E, had finished hauling shells into the front line positions, Verdun came to life. The name Verdun was selected because the division was then holding the lines in the vicinity where the famous battle of Verdun had been fought in 1916.

"Carefully fondled and cared for by Stable Sergeant Norman Kendall, aided by a nursing bottle, Verdun soon developed into a real live mascot. Within a few days the division was relieved and with her tiny feet wrapped in burlap she hiked approximately eighty miles with the Battery to a rest area.

Suddenly the division was sent to the Marne to assist in the stopping of the onslaught of the German hordes then headed for Paris. Undaunted by the deafening roar of the enemy guns, she developed rapidly and found a place in the hearts of the men.

"She was a silent witness to the historic performances of the illustrious Second Division at Vaux and Belleau Woods in June, 1918, where her dam was killed in action while again hauling ammunition to the front line positions....

"Verdun participated with her Battery through the Soissons offensive in July and later as the division moved to the St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge and the Meuse-Argonne offensives, she hiked proudly with the outfit. In the march to the Rhine of more than a hundred miles, following the Armistice, she scampered along the column and if mules could talk, could undoubtedly relate many interesting anecdotes of the bewildered inhabitants.

"Finally the day came for the movement home to the States and all animals were turned in to the remount station. Verdun had to go, as strict orders forbade taking animals aboard transports. The men of the 15th decided, however, that Verdun would return home with them. So one day she was smuggled into a Ford truck, driven eighty kilometers and concealed until the regiment entrained the next day. One of the cars in the troop train to Brest contained 30 hommes and 1 cheval!

"Arriving at Brest, further difficulties ensued with embarkation officials who objected to loading the animal. After considerable altercation, they conceded she could go aboard if the ship's captain approved. This obtained, Verdun proudly mounted the gang plank with her outfit for the promised land.

"When the United States was reached, it seemed that Verdun was doomed for deportation. Strict quarantine regulations regarding horses and mules were in force. She was turned over to the ship's crew for deportation. The regiment departed for Camp Mills, New York. But Verdun was not forgotten.

"That night the Army and Navy got together and Verdun soon found her way into a truck and rejoined the regiment just as it was boarding a train for Texas. Upon arrival at Camp Travis, Texas, trouble again stared her in the face for no sooner had the wheels of the train ceased turning than an inspector armed with a telegram from the War Department placed Ser-

geant Kendall and the mule under arrest for violating the United States Quarantine Laws. After Verdun had been locked up in six months' quarantine, she was released to join her battery.

"When Battery E was mustered out on December 15, 1919, Mlle. Verdun was honorably discharged with character 'excellent.' She re-enlisted, however, two days later in Supply Company, 15th Field Artillery."

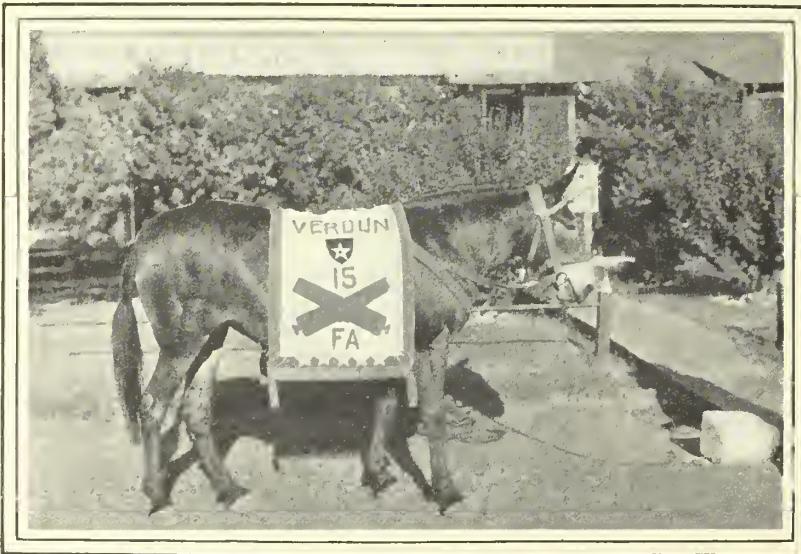
According to Sergeant Fay, the latest report he had was that she was again transferred within the regiment—this time to Battery A—where she is still an honored member.

OFFICIAL accounts, such as the foregoing, should settle all arguments regarding the date and place of Mlle. Verdun's birth, but we promised in the May Monthly to let ex-Sergeant Carl O. Thoren, formerly of the 15th Field Artillery and now living in Fort Allegheny, Pennsylvania, advance his arguments. Furthermore, the sergeant's letter contains other interesting information regarding animals in the A. E. F. Here 'tis:

"I am going to try to give you more complete data on the mule Verdun, mentioned in Then and Now in March. In the first place, I believe the place of birth to be incorrect.

"When our regiment was stationed at Val de Hun, France, for training, we received our quota of animals for the outfit. In this quota were seventeen iron-greys which were bunched to form some one section of a Battery.

"At the time it was considered bad to be encumbered in any way with a white or grey horse at the front, so there was a little doubt about disposing of the grey horses. In fact, I think the Battery Commanders were going to draw lots to see who was going to have to accept this mythical white elephant. I had it figured that with a black harness criss-crossing those iron-grey hides (a sort of camouflage idea), they would be less visible than a solid black or bay, so asked for the



Here we have none other than Mlle. Verdun, the famous A. E. F.-born mascot of the 15th Field Artillery. Still attached to the same outfit in Camp Travis, Texas, Verdun is shown all slicked up for the Fourth of July parade in San Antonio. Sergeant Robert F. Fay, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, tells us the picture was taken in the summer of 1926

greys. Perhaps I can claim the distinction of being the only chief of section in France with a complete section of iron-greys.

"Anyway, among those greys was Verdun's mother—one of a lead team ridden by a lad by the name of Tabor up until the time we expected the event of Verdun's arrival. She was then turned over to Stable Sergeant Kendall and given the lightest duty and the best care by him.

"Verdun was born in the grounds of a chateau near Chateau-Thierry, not far from the Triangle Farm, in May or June, 1918. [Here's the variation in the accounts—wonder if there were two mules born in Battery E?—C. C.]

"These statements can be vouched for by Captain J. Waters and Stable Sergeant Kendall, both of Battery E, 15th Field Artillery, at that time.

"Incidentally, Verdun was named long before his (her?) arrival, as we thought it an appropriate name—that town being near the place of our first engagement."

Will Captain Waters and Stable Sergeant Kendall please submit their testimony?

CONTINUING the promises made in this department last month, we turn the microphone over to Glen F. Bailey of Maquoketa, Iowa, ex-Lieutenant of the 15th U. S. Cavalry, to permit him to present his entry in the mules-born-in-the-A. E. F. contest. Our first report in this discussion was that Verdun was the *only* mule born in the A. E. F. Last month Ralph Elder of Mitchell, Oregon, introduced photographic evidence, supported by his report, of the mule born in Company B, 10th Engineers.

Ladies and gentlemen of the Then and Now audience, we present Legionnaire Glen F. Bailey:

"As a regular reader of Then and Now since its inception, I have enjoyed it immensely and this is the first time that I have taken exception to anything in the department.

"However, the story of the only American mule born in France reported in March from Major General Shanks' book must not go unchallenged. General Shanks has been misinformed. To be explicit, I served as a lieutenant with the 15th U. S. Cavalry for seventeen months in the A. E. F., manicuring horses and mules, and know whereof I speak when I tell you that a fine grey artillery mare, recently unloaded from a ship that brought her from America, was given the surprise and insult of her life when she foaled a coal-black mule colt. This happened at the Remount Depot at Merignac, near Bordeaux, one April morning in 1918.

"We had also at the Remount Depot several horse colts that possibly were foaled as early in the game as the one reported by Company F, 10th Engineers, in the March Monthly. At least they were of good size and ready to wean in April, 1918. Some of the Third Cavalry, whom we relieved, should be able to give us more definite information.

"As proof of the mule foal, I am submitting a snapshot of it posing with its mother and Lieutenant Perry Gibson. Gibson is now on the St. Paul, Minnesota, police force. [The picture appears on page 75.—C. C.]

"We gave some of our colts to some American friends about six kilometers away, near a hospital, in exchange for some forage when an order came out against having colts in the Remount."

IN transmitting the artistic picture which decorates this page, Louis H. Shimer of Norman-Barnes Post, Covington, Kentucky, who served with the 1100th Aero Squadron, Air Service Headquarters, S. O. S., gives this interesting information:

"The photograph which I am sending with this letter is a little different from the general run of interesting pictures which have appeared in Then and Now.

"This remarkable charmille or alley of clipped lime trees, located at Marmoutier, France, is said to be one of three in the world. The trees are about two hundred years old.

"Marmoutier, site of the second community of monks organized by St. Martin, 371 A. D., in what is now French territory, is on the River Loire, a few miles from Tours.

"The picture was taken with one of Uncle Sam's cameras by someone in the Photographic Section of the Air Service. While at Air Service Headquarters in Tours, I bought the picture but do not know the name of the fellow needing the extra francs."

Frank E. McDermott of North Abington, Massachusetts, very generously tells the Company Clerk that "the pictures in Then and Now stir up vivid memories in the minds of those of us who were unable to make the Second A. E. F. pilgrimage."

Credit for these pictures must be and is hereby given to the Then and Nowers who submitted them. We want more of them. Group pictures are taboo because they appeal only to the men shown in them. Snapshots of unusual scenes or incidents of service usually ring the bell.

CHAMONIX in the Alps, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Nice on the French Riviera, Pau in the Pyrenees, Biarritz, Annecy, Aix-les-Bains, the Rhine Valley, and the ultimate—Paris—all sound more or less distant now to the great majority of veterans of the great guerre; but in 1918 and 1919 it was a different matter. Some six hundred thousand of the two million Americans in the A. E. F. got to know well one or more of the thirty-nine towns in the twenty-six Leave Areas conducted for the Army by the Y. M. C. A. And, boy, wasn't there a difference between a restless so-called rest camp and a Leave Area?

A little more than two months ago—March 24th, to be exact—three hundred of the fifteen hundred workers in the Y who made vacation trips possible overseas for the tired-out doughboy and Marine, gathered in New York City to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Leave Areas. General Harbord, General Bullard and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., were among the distinguished guests. A souvenir booklet, "The Leave Areas of the A. E. F.," reviewing this splendid work of the Y, about which only a can't-be-pleased-with-anything soldier could have kicked, was published for the occasion.

Franklin S. Edmonds, one of the (Continued on page 74)



Tree-lined roads and community forests are common to France, but above we are introduced to a charmille or bower of lime trees at Marmoutier, France, near Tours. Louis H. Shimer of Covington, Kentucky, informs us that it is one of only three of its kind in the entire world.



All that remains of the St. Francis dam at the mouth of the San Francisquito Canyon, California. Before the wall of water, leaving death and destruction in its path, had completed its sweep through the valley, Legion rescue and relief crews were rendering all possible first aid

The DAM has BROKEN!

By E.H. Risdon

LONG after midnight the telephone bell began ringing in the darkened home of Post Adjutant Jack Younce at Ventura, on the Pacific Ocean, and Younce wondered just what time it was as he stumbled toward the phone without stopping to switch on the lights. "Wrong number, perhaps!" The thought flashed swiftly through his mind, but was lost in an overpowering premonition—the feeling everyone knows answering an after-midnight telephone call that has broken off sound sleep. Younce pulled the receiver off its hook.

There was a buzz on the line and a confused murmuring of voices. Then clearly a voice over the wire—

"Hello, hello—Mr. Younce! The dam has broken—the St. Francis dam!"

Younce's mind flamed fully awake. He had a vision of a huge horseshoe-shaped bulk of concrete, in the California mountains, bulging and toppling backward. He saw a seventy-foot wall of water surging down a narrow canyon in the darkness toward thousands of homes, toward isolated ranch houses, toward a dozen towns. Even at that moment, sixty miles away, that onrushing wall of water must be engulfing hundreds of sleeping families, roaring and rumbling a warning to other doomed families between Francisquito Canyon and the mouth of the Santa Clara River near Ventura.

Younce looked at his watch as he switched on the lights. It was three o'clock. Three o'clock and the dam had broken at one thirty in the morning! An hour and a half of destruction already. The flood would be racing down the valley for several more hours before it would reach the Pacific Ocean at Oxnard. Younce snatched a list of names and addresses from his desk and went back to his telephone. He was still wearing his pajamas but he knew he had more important work to do than dressing.

Rapidly, one after another, Younce called telephone numbers in exchanges far up in the Santa Clara Valley. Each call was answered by a Legionnaire. To each man Younce said only a few words—the same message that he himself had received just

a few minutes earlier. He knew that each call meant lives saved. He knew that the Legionnaires he reached by telephone would help spread the alarm throughout the valley that was now awakening from sleep, terror stricken. He knew that the roar

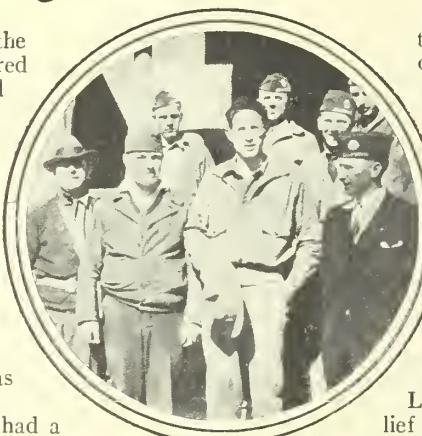
of the oncoming flood was being heard from afar by many he had just warned by telephone. He kept on telephoning. He stayed at his telephone until the operator told him the wires up the valley had finally gone—the poles and lines had been added to the crest of the flood. Then Younce pulled on his clothing.

Younce was only one of the many key men who demonstrated in the darkness of the greatest flood disaster California has ever known the helpfulness of The American

Legion's nation-wide system of emergency relief units. Mr. Younce's post, Ventura County Post, was only one of the scores of posts which rallied for rescue and relief work while the flood was still rolling down the valley and into the ocean. It cannot truthfully be said that the plan of defense against disaster which Ventura County

Post and other posts of the California district about Los Angeles had set up, in keeping with the Legion's national plan, appreciably lessened the toll of life in the flood disaster. No prearranged plan could have saved the hundreds of unfortunate men, women and children whose homes were in the upper canyon in the very shadow of the dam which broke. And no prearranged plan could have saved all those whose homes were on the banks of the Santa Clara River at such towns as Saugus, Fillmore, Piru and Santa Paula. How many lives were saved by Legion warnings, nobody can estimate.

The flood surged from mountains to ocean in a few hours of darkness. The crest had passed into the ocean before the adjacent sections of California had awakened to the disaster. All that lay within human power was to search along the course of the flood for possible living victims of the flood, to bring forth the dead from the thick covering of mud which marked the path of the flood and to administer to the physical wants of



A group of workers at the Legion relief station at Santa Paula

those who had been spared. It was in the work after the flood that the usefulness of the Legion's emergency relief plan was most fully demonstrated.

So quickly did the Legion workers rally that more than fifteen members of the Oxnard District were assembled at the Montalvo Bridge, between Oxnard and Ventura, when the flood swept down at 4:45 a. m., crumpled the bridge and bore it away. From all over the Santa Clara Valley came Legionnaires, answering the calls sent by telephone.

After his telephone connections were severed, Post Adjutant Younce drove his car up the valley, along the course of the flood. From Piru to the north to Oxnard on the south, Legion relief preparations got under way. Meanwhile all Legion posts of Los Angeles County were also rallying, sending organized details into the zone of destruction in and below San Francisquito Canyon just below the site of the dam. Everywhere the Legion details helped in the work of seeking survivors, giving first aid to the injured, patrolling roads and towns to keep out sightseers who were interfering with the emergency work, establishing kitchens for the refugees and stations at which food and clothing were distributed. As usual, these Legion efforts were all effective before the American Red Cross forces could arrive in the stricken area. In most cases the Legion's work later was merged with that of the Red Cross.

While the Legionnaires nearest the disaster were rallying for the urgent tasks of early morning, Sidney Hotchner, Chairman of the California Department Emergency Relief Committee, was sending from his office in San Francisco an appeal to all posts in the State to render any help possible. He requested Adjutant T. R. Ferguson of Hollywood Post to establish a clearing house for contributions of clothing and food received from distant posts and to co-ordinate the efforts of the scores of posts which sent delegations to the scene of the disaster.

Mr. Hotchner's efforts and those of all the posts gave fresh proof of the importance of establishing in advance of any possible emergency a comprehensive Legion plan of meeting it. The methods followed were those which have been mapped out for use of Legion posts everywhere by the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion. Copies of the emergency relief plan, including detailed advice on assignments of specialized duty of groups within each post, were mailed to all posts after the plan had been presented by National Commander E. E. Spafford at a conference attended by Commanders and Adjutants of all departments. This conference was held at National Headquarters in Indianapolis last December.

Most relief work centered at Santa Paula. More than one hundred bodies had been recovered here and the homeless and destitute were cared for at the relief headquarters of the Santa Paula District in a school building, where The American Legion Auxiliary, under Mrs. Muriel Wright, (Continued on page 73)



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A Cry That Has Echoed Through the Ages

The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean," pleaded the lepers when the Man of Galilee walked among them nearly 2,000 years ago. And in His great compassion He laid His hands upon them and gave them comfort.

But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years, more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean." Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Hartford, or better still, send your check to the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

Address all Communications to

LEONARD WOOD MEMORIAL
1 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY



The Life and Death of Dick Yeager

(Continued from page 19)

named Roman Nose who took his time and did his work carefully. The next report of their whereabouts came from the vicinity of Sheridan Post Office. By now Dick had shot a couple of settlers and the countryside had turned out with more zeal than might have been the case had the fugitives confined their marksmanship to the Federal authorities.

Three settlers from Sheridan who had been regularly deputized as peace officers saw a light covered wagon with sheets drawn, accompanied by a man on horseback. It was going south. They circled around in front of it, hid their horses and crouched by the side of the road. When the horseman who was riding in advance of the wagon came up they covered him.

"Put up your hands!"

The person addressed was little more than a boy. He looked surprised.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am not the man you want."

The wagon was seventy-five feet off. It halted and two men leaped out and fired at the deputies with rifles. Meantime the youth slid off his horse and standing behind it fired two shots. The deputies fired in return and the young fellow dropped his gun and crawled to the edge of the road. The fight with the pair by the wagon went on. One fled and the other fell, wounded. He got up, fell again, and rose a second time, saying:

"Boys, I give up."

"What's your name?" demanded one of the deputies.

"That's all right," said the prisoner as he limped beside the figure lying in the road. "Is that boy dead?" he asked.

"I think he is," said the deputy.

The wounded man threw himself across the body.

"The poor kid, the poor kid," he sobbed.

The third man was caught, the corpse put in the wagon and all taken to Hennessey where the three were identified as Bill Doolin, Dick Yeager and Ike Black.

It turned out, however, that they were simply three young farmers from Old Oklahoma returning from the gold excitement on Boggy Creek. The dead boy and the severely wounded one were John and William Willett, brothers.

"What did you want to start shooting for?" William Willett was asked in the course of an official inquiry following the discovery of the deputies' error.

"When a man points a gun at your brother what else is there to do?" said Mr. Willett.

This incident increased the prejudice against Yeager and Black, who decided to retreat back into the hills. The whole intervening country was in arms against them. The day after the affair near Sheridan Post Office the desperadoes were surprised while asleep with their horses picketed to the saddles. A ring

of two hundred men surrounded the sleepers. When one of the posse fired prematurely the outlaws woke up, but their horses ran away. Yeager and Black, however, shot their way through the ring and escaped, using only one revolver apiece as they carried their boots in their left hands. Black was hit again and when last seen his face was covered with blood.

On the following day Yeager stole a twenty-six-year-old horse and a cart and rode through a line of vigilantes playing a French harp. The day after that the two were together again on horseback. In the foothills of the mountains where they expected to find safety they ran into ten men led by Deputy Marshal Jack Ward and beat them off in a fight in which Yeager seemed to bear a charmed life. He dismounted and returned the officers' fire standing. Yeager was a big man, six feet tall, and made a fine target. "I hit him three times myself square in the chest," said Mr. Ward. "I saw the dust fly and the impact knocked Dick down." Mr. Ward thought the bandit must have worn a bullet-proof vest.

The outlaws made the mountains, and the enthusiasm of the pursuers declined. Finally Mr. Fossett, his son Lew and Deputy Bill Banks rode into the hills alone to drive the bandits back onto the prairie, where a thousand men had spread themselves to shoot the quarry down. Lew Fossett and Ike Black had gone to school together in Caldwell, Kansas.

The three picked up the trail from a broken shoe on Yeager's horse and followed it for three days. Four times trailed and trailers zig-zagged from Greener Cañon to Amos Chapman's ranch and back. The pursuers' horses were worn, but the horses of Yeager and Black were worse worn, when in desperation the harried men decided to take their chances once more in the open country. Their idea seemed to be to break through to the Indian Territory.

The pair did not appear on the prairie with their old-time dash. They were wounded and weary. They slunk up draws and stream-beds and even tried to disguise themselves. Yeager rode behind whipping Black's exhausted horse along. They were afraid to stop at settlers' shacks for food or fresh horses.

Finally they had to take a chance, and rode to a shack that stood off the road in an angle of a cornfield. It was the first day of August and the corn was high. They said they were officers and asked for horses, but were told there were none. They asked for food and were told to come in. They said they would eat outside and the food was brought out. They sat down by the well to eat.

Half a mile away a man was ranging the country with a telescope. He saw the pair approach the shack—Yeager

riding back, barely able to make Black's horse move under the lash of a whip. A posse of fifteen men collected and two of them crept through the corn to within a few yards of where the outlaws were eating. They lay on their bellies and fired without warning. Black was killed and Yeager was terribly wounded in the bowels. But he whipped out his pistol and laying down a barrage crawled into the corn. He was not followed.

A mile away the crippled outlaw called at the house of a country doctor. "Doc, I've just been in a fight with Dick Yeager. Fix me up."

The doctor bandaged the wounds and gave Dick a horse. In a few hours, however, the bandit was in too great pain to ride. He abandoned his horse and commandeered a boy with a light wagon which carried him fourteen miles and then stuck in Skeleton Creek. Dick continued on foot, using a forked stick as a crutch.

About sundown on August 4th Sheriff Thralls of Enid saw Dick hobble into a cornfield near a lonely dugout owned by a settler named Daly. The posse approached the dugout with great caution. When they got there it was empty.

At that moment Yeager and Mr. Daly were on their way to a neighbor's.

"Old man," Dick had said to Mr. Daly, "I want a horse for two or three days to do a little business."

"I have no horses to hire," said Mr. Daly. "Who are you?"

"Dick Yeager. Where are your horses?"

Mr. Daly's horses were a poor lot, though. Dick asked where better ones could be had and Daly said at Mr. Blakesley's on the next claim south. The two mounted nags of Daly's and rode to Blakesley's, where Dick got supper and picked out a big roan draft horse. He had been gone only an hour or so when Thralls and party arrived at Blakesley's.

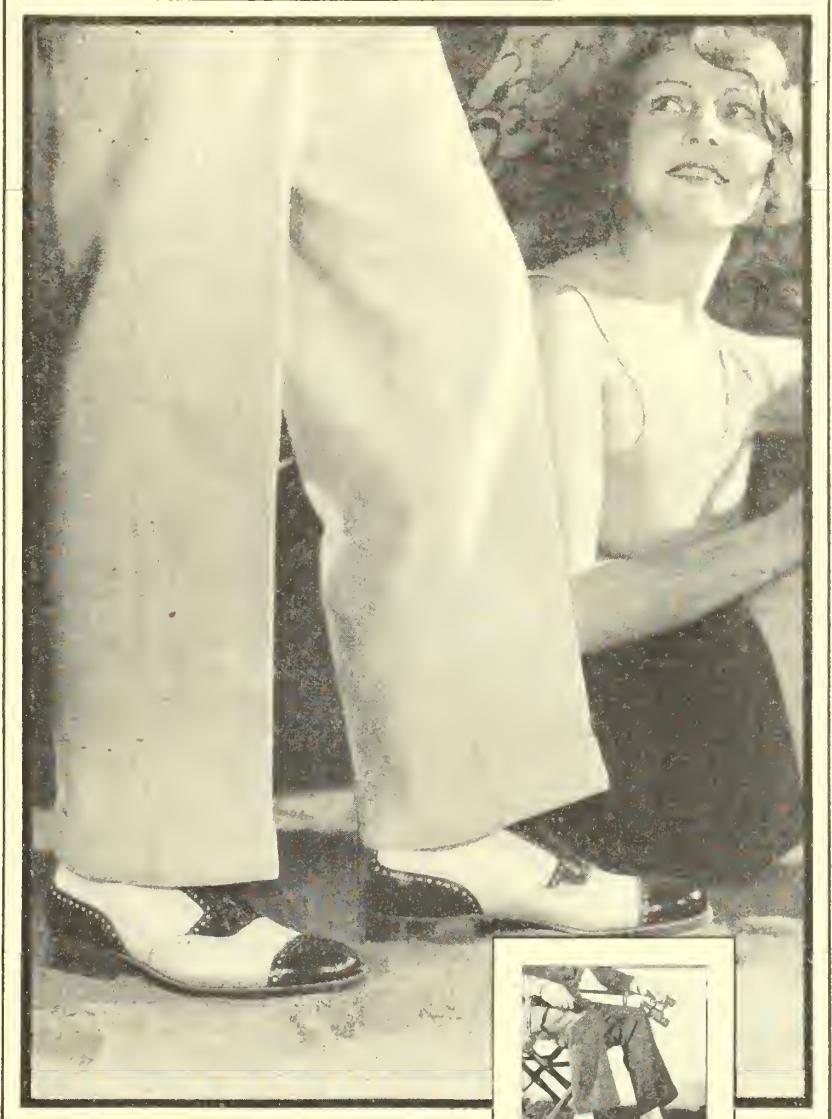
The track of the big horse could be followed in the moonlight, but it was slow work. Moreover the trail twisted about crazily. The fact was that Dick was almost delirious and hardly knew what he was doing. Nevertheless he covered eighteen miles before he had to quit riding, apparently at about two in the morning. The horse was found but Dick's footprints could not be picked up. Posse moved in every direction for the rest of the night but the trail had been lost.

The next day was Sunday, August 5, 1895. Shortly after sunup Sheriff Thralls and his tired followers were riding along a road—a mere trace on the prairie—when someone saw a man bob over the skyline a good half mile away.

The officers finally found a trail they took to be that of the stranger. It was of a man who was lame and stopped every few rods to rest. It led along the bank of a creek. Jailer Woods of Enid, Special Deputy Sheriff Ad Polk of Enid, who was a famous rider and a crack shot, and Deputy Tom Smith of Hennessey were sent to follow it while the others waited on the road.

The three (Continued on page 50)

WALK-OVER SHOES



The man at the beach is wearing the "Traymore," which retails at \$9.00.



*Advertised in *Vanity Fair* for June is the "Belmont," a Walk-Over Custom Grade model at \$12.00.*

**Will she
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If you haven't seen "The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," by William Arnsworth Wilson, by all means get a copy. It is mailed free upon request.

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MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

only woman desperado that I ever knew with a man's courage and as dangerous as any man. Dangerous in a man's way, not a woman's, understand. No, Dick Yeager was not of that breed. Another cowboy who went wrong and decided to shoot it out in the end: that was Zip Wyatt, or Dick Yeager as he called himself."

Nelson Ellsworth Wyatt, to give Dick his baptismal name, was twenty-six years old when they caught him. He was born in Indiana of poor and respectable though almost illiterate parents. As a child he emigrated with them to Kansas. He was not a wild boy. The wild one of the family was Jack—Texas Jack—who became a successful gambler and was killed in a shooting scrape in Fort Worth. When he was seventeen or eighteen Zip was accused of stealing a horse. Zip's father always denied his son's guilt in this particular, but was not in a position to hire a lawyer. Accordingly Zip lit out for the Indian Territory and went to punching cattle. There he got to stealing horses and stock for sure and at the time of the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1893 he was known as a small-calibre outlaw who had probably killed a man or two of no importance. The most noteworthy piece of work attributed to him, except after his capture, was participation in the Rock Island train holdup, and Mr. Fossett casts doubt upon that.

These are the facts as nearly as I can establish the facts. They are not impressive. They show Mr. Fossett to be within the record when he calls Dick a second-stringer—just another cowboy gone wrong. That is about all there is to relate on the score of Dick's career as a record of constructive accomplishment.

But when posted as one of the Rock Island train robbers it would be a loose statement to say that Dick did not rise to heights commensurate with the dignity of the accusation. Oklahoma has known no greater man hunt. With only a definite supernumerary like Ike Black in his train and the world against him Dick Yeager confounded his pursuers for one hundred and twenty-five days hand running. During that time he was not out of danger for an hour. He fought a dozen pitched battles and was victorious. When Black was killed he fought alone in the face of no discernible chance of winning.

Such enterprise furnished good substance for legend and explains much that has been said and written of Dick Yeager that is without foundation of fact. The myth weaving began while Dick was lying in the Garfield County Jail. One stimulating report was that he had a fortune buried in the Gyp Hills. To say the least, this rumor did not retard the elaboration of plans for his defense in court. There was talk of importing a famous criminal lawyer from the East (Indianapolis) and of the greatest murder trial in Oklahoma history. The train of lay visitors that streamed through the stifling cell—airless and fetid with gangrenous smells and hung with (Continued on page 52)

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Processes of our own mills and bleachery give "B. V. D." nainsook unmatched durability. And "B. V. D." tailoring—with its many special reinforcements, its lock-stitching throughout, and its thorough finish—contributes to "B. V. D.'s" remarkable resistance to wash and wear.

Measured by length of satisfactory service, "B.V.D." is the least expensive underwear.

INSIST on this red woven label.



Men's Union Suit \$1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c

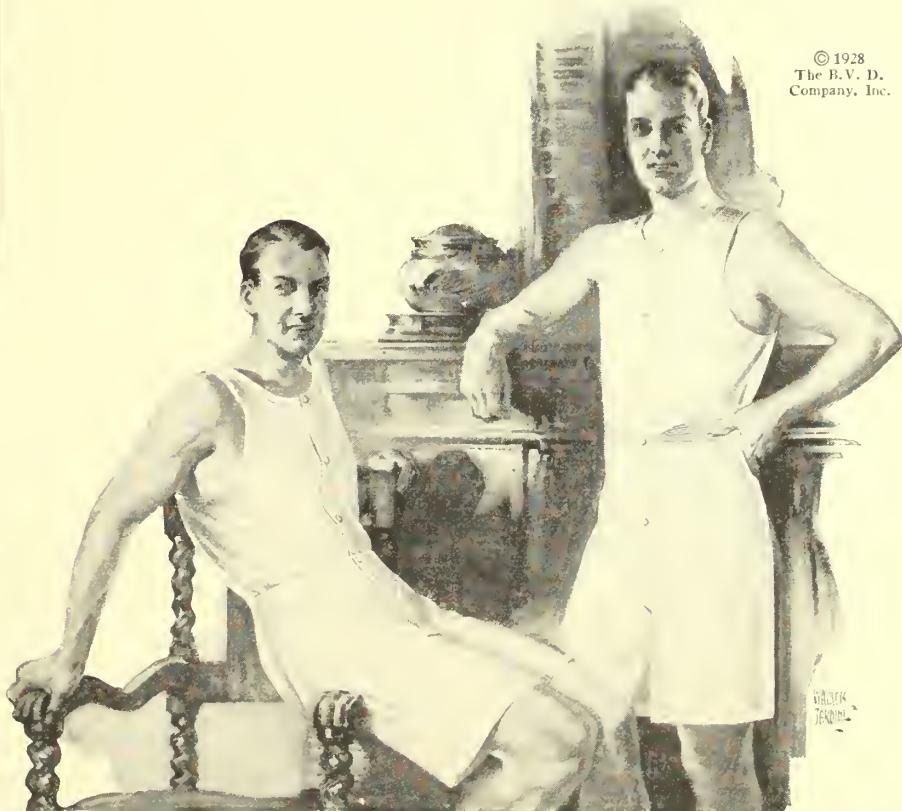
Youths' Union Suit 85c

Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.

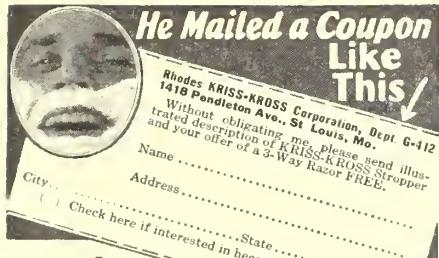
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

THE B.V.D. COMPANY, Inc., N. Y.
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The Life and Death of Dick Yeager

(Continued from page 51)

wet blankets in an effort to reduce the temperature—was frequently interrupted so Dick could confer with counsel.

Dick delighted in joshing the lawyers. In the course of his conversation with W. S. Whittinghill it developed that Dick had gone to school to Mr. Whittinghill in Indiana. Dick stopped the interview at this point.

"How many men did I tell you I had killed for sure?" he asked Ad Polk.

"Eleven was your last estimate," said Mr. Polk.

"Get my gun. I want to make it a dozen."

Another lawyer Dick conferred with was the one who owned the farm where Ad Polk was working before he transformed the fugitive outlaw into a prospective client no less eagerly sought.

Dick gave this lawyer his pistol as a retainer fee. It was a cedar-handled, single action .45. The lawyer kept it in his desk for two or three years and then gave it to a married sister of Dick's who wanted a memento of her brother.

There was no trial. From the first the doctors had said there would be none, as by no conceivable means could Dick Yeager live. But Dick seemed to embarrass these predictions, getting stronger and more lively from day to day. On the evening of the thirty-fifth day, however, he had a chill.

"Dick," said Dr. McKenzie, who was one of the pillars of the Baptist church, "this is your last night on earth. Is there anyone you wish to see or anything you wish to say?"

"Nobody to see, Doc, and nothing to say."

Excepting profanity those were the last rational words of the ex-cowboy. His fever was rising. He was soon delirious and in a few hours he was dead.

The next morning was Sunday. A pine coffin in the natural wood was placed in a spring wagon. A man with a pick and shovel got in and sat on the coffin. When the cortège moved off to the pauper's field the jail pup trotted behind it in the hot dust.

A Foolish Young Couple

(Continued from page 9)

raging sea called matrimony. Sixty a week, maybe seventy-five, ain't so much, you know. Not that it's what I'd call poverty, but here you're marrying a girl that's used to pulling down forty or so herself, and been able to buy herself pretties when she wanted them. You won't be able to bring her home many pairs of silk stockings on your salary. You ought to think of that, son, and wait a bit."

"She's going to work, too, keep right on at her regular job," said Jim.

"Yeah. I know all about that, only—it ain't so good. A man had oughta be the boss in his home, and how's he gonna be the boss if he don't put up the dough? All of it! Besides, a man don't want a wife all tired out from working in a business—"

"I suppose it'd be better if she was tired out from dishes and sweeping floors," said Jim.

"That's all right, feller, don't be sore at me. I wish you luck, anyway," said his chief.

And old man Hardy himself.

"Well, bless my soul. Engaged! Going to be married! My heartiest congratulations, Miss Torrance," said the junior partner. "I'll hate to lose you, but—love must have its way."

"You're not going to lose me—if you'll let me have my job," said Ruth, coloring.

"Well, bless my soul," said her employer. "Now, I'd have thought that a lovely little girl like you would have married extremely well."

"I'm marrying well, beautifully!" cried Ruth.

"Of course. But I mean—so you'll continue working?"

"We need to. My husband—my fiancé—works here. He's Jim Allison, in the bookkeeping department. But we—I mean—my salary—and his—"

"My dear little girl," said Hardy, "I barely know Allison, I have had good reports of him, and I'll give him a raise, of course, only—a wife is a wife and can be nothing else. A woman's share in matrimony cannot easily be divided. Part-time wives and part-time business women don't make successful homes. I'd advise you to wait—"

"After all," said Ruth, "my marriage is my affair, isn't it?"

Old Hardy looked at her, at this girl who rebuked him at the possible cost of her job.

"I'm sorry, Miss Torrance," he apologized. "My heartiest congratulations to you."

And so they were married—married, because it was not the vacation season, and you can't expect a big business concern to let its employees take off time in the middle of the January sales—on a Saturday afternoon, at the little church around the corner.

Then back to the Thirty-fourth Street flat from which Jennie had moved to Kansas City, to begin life together.

It was fun, this living together, happily arguing over whose turn it was to let the other fellow wash the dishes, fighting joyously for the privilege of doing services one for the other. Walking to work together, meeting for lunch, waiting outside the store for each other, walking home, jointly cooking dinner,

or, maybe, when they felt extravagant, going to a restaurant before they attended the inevitable movie.

Life and youth and love: they had them all, and shared them abundantly with each other.

And then, one morning, Ruth didn't feel like going to work, and—and—she couldn't go to work again for months and months. Not if she wanted the young life that creation had entrusted into her keeping to be a healthy young life.

Take forty dollars away from one hundred and five, and what have you? Sixty-five, you answer. No, indeed. What you have is less than enough to pay the rent, the milk, the ice, the food and—the doctor! Not to speak of the hospital bill ahead of you, and the trained nurse that you must have for two weeks after you leave the hospital. . . .

"How are we going to get by?" Ruth anxiously asked.

"Why, you blessed lamb-girl, I've saved money. I've got nine hundred in the bank—"

"But when that's gone? With me not working, and never going to be able to work again! Because I'll never turn my baby over to the care of anyone else," she cried defiantly. "He's mine, and no one else—"

"We'll do—well," said Jim.

"I shouldn't—ever—have married you," wailed Ruth. "I—ought to have known better. My parents—your parents—"

"I'm not sorry, sweetheart. I'm glad," said Jim.

"You're just kind—and brave," said Ruth.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"For you—not for myself," she told him. "Because—I love you—Jim—I love you so—"

So little Jim came into this world. And two weeks later his burly father called at the hospital and took the little mother and the little son home. Not to the Thirty-fourth Street apartment, because that was much too expensive now with only one salary to support three where formerly there had been two salaries to support two. But to an apartment up in the Bronx, hours, it seemed, in the subway from Lieber and Hardy's.

Listen to his silly wife talking to a girl from Hardy's office.

"Wait? Don't be silly, you stupid thing. If you love him, marry him right away. Don't wait for him to earn more money. You'll miss—you'll miss—"

Hear Jim talking to a young chap in the book-keeper's office.

"Haven't got money enough? Don't be an idiot. If you love her, and she loves you—get married. Suppose you are poor? What of it? If you're happy—Lord, feller, you don't know what you're missing—"

No, I wouldn't call Jim and Ruth sane. They have deliberately given hostages to fortune, have set their feet upon the road of hardship, but—I'd rather be silly and live in Heaven than sane and live alone. For happiness is a most elusive thing, and it is well to seize upon it while you may.

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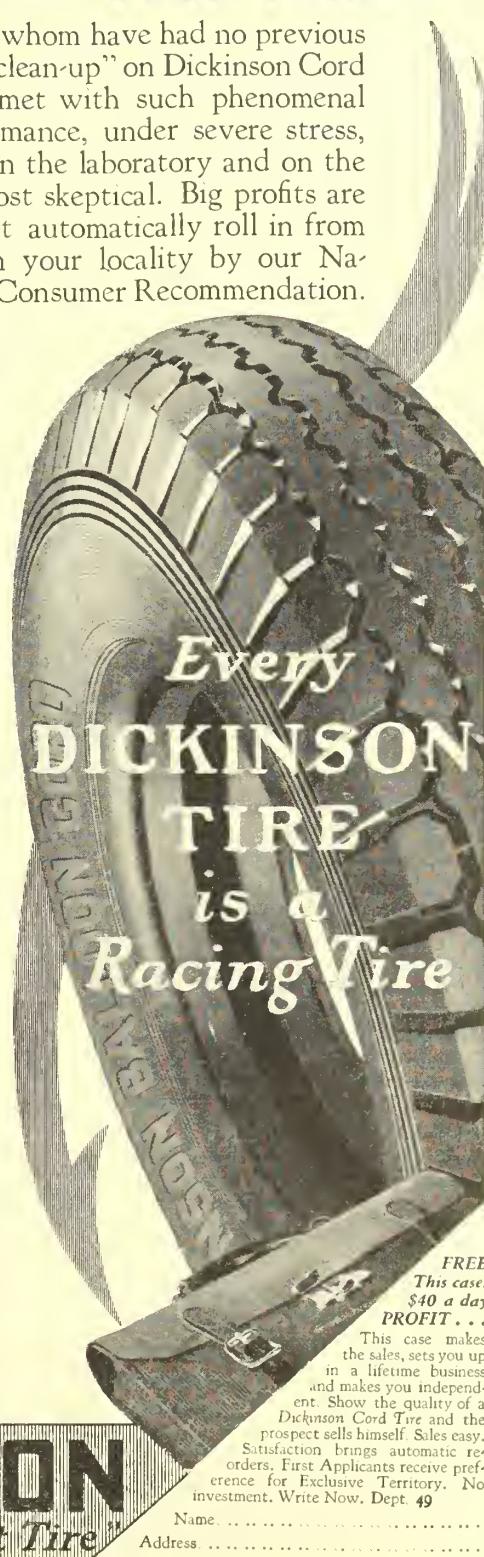
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My Annual Report

(Continued from page 32)

U. S. A. At the end of that time his wireless bill totaled \$369.75. That sum would keep a World's Board Commissioner in luxury for at least a year in the South Seas, but Leeds went quietly on sending messages. He said that he meant to fly at Tahiti within the next thirty days if he had to build the bus himself out of an old automobile engine, piano-wire, packing-cases, and used biscuit tins.

Well, all the replies were the same in substance: "No planes available such short notice." The time at his disposal was running short, for it was then December 20th, and the next steamer for

Tahiti was due to leave San Francisco within a week. Then, of a sudden, he thought of his friend and old flying-instructor, A. L. Caperton of New York, and immediately he sent him the following wireless message:

"Dear Cape: I'm at Tahiti, an aviating paradise, and not a bus within four thousand miles. I want one, a seaplane, of course, and it must be shipped by the next south-bound steamer which leaves San Francisco December 28th. Get one for me, will you? A good one if possible; but if you can't find a good one, anything that will fly. Come along with it and we'll see Tahiti from the air. Don't fail me."

This message brought results. Caperton didn't fail him. When the Union liner *Makura* arrived at Tahiti on January 7th he was the first man to come ashore, and the first piece of freight to be landed on the wharf was an old Curtiss land-machine (a WACO IX). Caperton was very apologetic. He explained that it was the only bus of any description he had been able to find. He'd had a pair of pontoons built for it, but wasn't sure whether they would work or not.

Meanwhile the news of its arrival had already been broadcast, by coconut radio, to the most remote native villages on the island, as well as to all the adjacent islands. The coconut radio, so-called, is a purely native method of news dissemination that has been in operation for centuries, long before our modern wireless was even dreamed of. No one knows precisely how it works, but the service is so efficient that the events of

one village are often known in some other village, forty or fifty miles away, before they have actually taken place. The arrival of Leeds's seaplane was known to the inhabitants of islands all over the eastern Pacific almost as soon as we ourselves knew it, and the following day vessels of every description—trading schooners, cutters, sailing canoes, crowded with natives—began to arrive from all the adjacent islands. As for Tahiti itself, the round-the-island road was choked with people all bound for Papeete, where the plane was being assembled. Although I have lived

in the South Seas ever since the war, I have never seen such a throng in the little island capital as gathered on this historic occasion.

With the assistance of some local automobile mechanics, Caperton quickly assembled the old Curtiss.

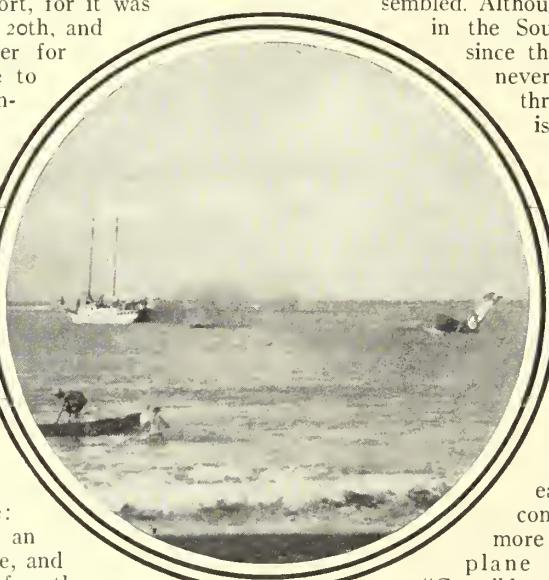
Leeds looked eagerly on, becoming more and

more hopeful as the plane took shape.

"Cape," he said jubilantly, "I believe she'll fly! We may not break any world's records in her, but we'll have some fun anyway."

Meanwhile, in my official capacity I circulated among the dense throng that packed every inch of available space along the waterfront, listening to the comments of the natives. Not, I imagine, since the arrival of Captain Cook at Tahiti, in 1769, has there been so much excitement on the little island. Old men and women who had not gone beyond the limits of their villages in many years had come to witness the great event, but not many of them, I think, really believed that that strange looking craft would be able to rise from the water. I heard one grizzled patriarch say, "Well, even though I see it fly, I won't believe it!"

The excitement increased as the moment for the first trial approached. At last everything was in readiness and Leeds and Caperton climbed aboard. The engine sputtered for a moment, then every cylinder chimed in beautifully; the old bus must have felt as strange in the water as a chicken would that found itself suddenly converted into a duck. Nevertheless she glided smoothly over the still lagoon, and at length rose cumbrously, slowly, but unquestionably into the air.



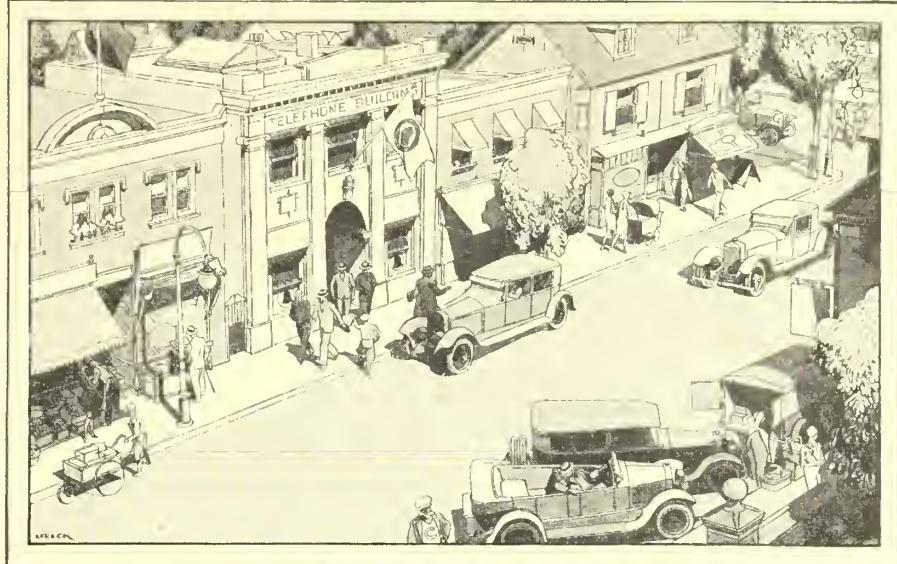
The sad fate of Leeds's ill-christened plane "The Spirit of Tahiti"

Well, it was a great, an historic event in the life of our sleepy little island world. As one of our leading citizens said, it marked an epoch. It certainly marked an epoch in the professional career of the World's Board Aeronautical Commissioner. For the next three days I was kept horribly busy observing the Progress of Aviation in French Polynesia. I hadn't a moment of repose, not even at siesta time. Everybody on Tahiti wanted a ride, and, Leeds and Caperton being extremely gracious and accommodating men, nearly everyone had a ride. There was flying at all hours of the day, and without a hitch until Leeds happened to remember that he had not yet named his Flying Marvel. So he and Caperton got together and decided to call her "The Spirit of Tahiti."

That was a fatal mistake, as I might have told them but didn't. "The Spirit of St. Louis" was a splendid name for a plane—it couldn't have been better. And "The Spirit of New York," or "The Spirit of Chicago," or of Detroit, or San Francisco—they are all excellent names. But to call a ship "The Spirit of Tahiti" was asking for trouble. For the spirit of Tahiti—of all the South Sea Islands, in fact—is never to do today what you can put off doing until next week, and never to exert yourself unduly on any occasion.

The moment the old Curtiss was christened "The Spirit of Tahiti" she lost all the American enthusiasm and energy she had brought with her; she was bound to lose it. Of course, neither Leeds nor Caperton knew this. In fact, Leeds thought she would do even better now that she had been christened. But I have lived in the South Seas long enough to know that a plane with that name would never fly if there was any getting out of it. And I was right. The very first attempt Leeds made in her after the christening ceremony, "The Spirit of Tahiti" wilfully cracked up to save herself the exertion of flying. The mishap was not in the least Leeds's fault. There was a coral mushroom in the lagoon which rose to within three inches of the surface. Leeds didn't know it was there, but "The Spirit of Tahiti" made straight for it in taking off. She struck it just as she was about to rise, and that was the end of all aerial activity in this part of the Pacific. But my advance report for 1928 had been ruined.

Luckily it wasn't the end of Leeds. He got rather wet, of course, but was not otherwise inconvenienced. What he said on this occasion it is not necessary to include in this report. He threatens to return next year with a real seaplane and to visit all the archipelagoes within a thousand miles of Tahiti. In that event the World's Board Aeronautical Commissioner for the Southeastern Pacific will have something else to report. But 1929 is still a long way off. Meanwhile I can again sit on my veranda, reading Joseph Conrad, watching the aerial activities of butterflies among the hibiscus blossoms, and listening to the cool trade wind rustling the fronds of the palms.



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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 27)

for his slide rule, tell him there's three squads in the Joan of Arc Committee."

"The Loot won't reach for no slide rule—he'll squinch his eyes up and figger within a pound of what the horse weighs in his bean. You got to make it snappy while he's thinkin'."

The first raid was a success, but after the fifth request for passes for the Joan of Arc detail, "What's the big idea?" the Loot inquired. "How many encores are you playing on the Joan of Arc bet?"

"Lieutenant, the first trip we got a hind leg and the second trip we got another hind leg of the horse—"

"I've heard all of that. What the hell kind of a centipede is that horse? You've brought five hind legs in so far. Round up the rest of that animal and make it snappy. The provost marshal is on my trail right now, and if we crave any standing in this military community we've got to tighten up."

Subsequently, in council, "What's eatin' on the Loot, do you suppose? You think Major MacFlinty has got his goat?"

"Nobody ain't got his goat, but listen, Gang—Jimmy the Ink told me that yesterday when the Loot was riding that little welfare queen to the Chapeau Rogue for lunch in his rubber-tired hack, he got messed up with three of the MacFlinty rattlesnakes and had to yell loud enough for the Base Commander to hear him before he got loose."

"You mean them birds pinched the Loot?"

"Not only pinched him, but held him till the old General told 'em to lay off. Chuck said the layout had the Loot flabbergasted. First time it ever happened."

In the ensuing silence old Pop Sibley clucked a couple of times. "Boys, that there outrage is news to me," he announced; and then, "The time has come to strike a blow fer freedom! I got an idea and it's a whale. My motto is, give me liberty or send me home!" Outburst of cheering. "Git calm;—Rabble, I need Isadog and another desperate volunteer to help guide us children of sorrow out of the wilderness. Who'll come along, survive or perish, to help me eradicate these here M. P.'s that have us free men hogtied with chains of slavery?"

A hundred voices answered in unison.

"You sound like you used to before you got military. Isadog, you win without no contest. Front and center. Chuck, I got to use you and the Loot's Dodge—stand out here. Jugger, you never yet laid down against no odds. You're elected! Gents, Jugger and Isadog, Chuck and me hereby swears to do or die. If our foot slips, lay a little wreath of roses on the jail. If we got any luck you can bet your last clacker the MacFlinty police force will be a bitter memory when we finish, instead of

the heart-breakin' scourge that now makes life a burden."

"What's the layout, Pop?"

"Spill it, Pop, so we can watch it work."

"Nary a word—if she fizzles, visit us in jail. If she don't, drink hearty when this battle cry of freedom has give way to peace on earth from here to Bordeaux."

Early in the afternoon on the following day, when he had secured the Loot's car on the strength of a promise that the big Joan of Arc campaign was at last drawing to a close, old Pop Sibley and Chuck, accompanied by Jugger and Isadog, rolled to Bordeaux.

They went through Bordeaux without stopping, and after the stone bridge across the Garonne had been passed they headed straight for Izon. After one brief but copious slug of cognac in the back room of the inn at Izon, they proceeded to the house at the edge of town where their trophy had been discovered and where the statue of the heroine, minus her horse, awaited whatever events the future might add to her checkered career.

Not so large as a ship's figurehead, somewhat larger than a cigar store sign Indian, the figure, carved in wood, had been executed in three sections and a sword. The statue came apart at the waistline. The sword arm, uplifted, was attached to the torso by three rusty screws, but these yielded presently to Chuck's mechanical talents and within half an hour after their labors began the quartet had the heroine packed compactly in the tonneau of the Dodge.

"That's that," Pop Sibley observed. "Lay that blanket over the statue. Better put that long sword in the back seat."

When this was done, "When do we eat?" Isadog inquired. "How about them rations you mentioned, Pop?"

"Boy, don't you take no chances and eat on a empty stummick. It's mighty apt to spoil your voice. We got some visitin' to do before we eat."

A stirrup cup at the inn, and then the party journeyed back to water level by way of San Loubes and Genicart. The latter camp, which had sheltered them months before when they first arrived in France, was alive now with troops waiting to return to the United States.

Evidences of intense military discipline were visible on every hand, and the old timers in the Dodge shivered with apprehension and breathed deep sighs of relief when they were clear of its perils. "Let's git where they ain't so many military soldiers and have a drink."

"There is soldiers everyplace. Git into the back room of the joint at Lowzac and it'll be safe enough."

In this sanctuary, after an hour had passed, "Allay, you birds!" Pop Sibley ordered. "It's gittin' late. We're gonna eat at Gruber's."

Entering the Dodge, "Isadog, this fog is pretty damp. You better sit up in the front seat with Chuck so you won't catch cold. Go easy on them cigarettes. You don't want your voice to git husky for a while yet."

A little later, with the Dodge and its cargo parked in front of the restaurant, the quartet dined leisurely at Gruber's.

At nine o'clock Isadog looked at his watch. "Pop, hadn't we better get goin'?"

"Take it easy and don't git nervous. We only got ten minutes' work up at the Double-Track Tunnel before the big play begins, and we don't want to start nothin' till ten o'clock. Accordin' to MacFlinty's new rules, his M. P.'s don't bother you till after ten o'clock. Take it easy. Ask Alexander to encore the coonyak."

At twenty minutes before ten the quartet resumed their journey. Leaving the brighter traffic lanes, Chuck drove through dark streets until he came to the house under which lay the vaulted cavern which early in the game had been christened the Double-Track Tunnel.

"You birds wait here in the car for me," Pop Sibley directed as he climbed out to the narrow sidewalk, "and for the love of the holy goldfish don't git premachoonly pinched while I'm inside. I won't be more'n ten minutes. If the M. P.'s prowl up, tell 'em you're waitin' fer a quartermaster general. They can't pinch you now anyhow for ten minutes yet, and I'll be back by that time."

After a quick inspection and a word of greeting from the vigilant guardian at the outer door, Pop Sibley was admitted to the establishment, where, all night long, a slightly artificial Bacchanalia did the best it could to forget the cash register.

Midway of a long dark hallway Pop Sibley encountered a shriveled female member of the kitchen detail. "Listen, Cheery," he said, handing the woman a five-franc note, "tell Miss Madeleine to venay ici toot sweet."

Of a certainty and with great pleasure. The brave one, meanwhile, would remain where he was?

"Ah oui, ah oui, I will rest ici," Pop answered, listening to a muffled tumult which lifted from the cavern of gaiety deep below the street level.

Following her guide, a moment later Madeleine appeared in answer to old Pop Sibley's summons. "What a pleasure to greet again one of the long-absent engineers. And the others—your brave associates?"

"All the time bokoo work, Madeleine. Bye and bye mebby we come back. Listen, Cheery, here's fifty francs." Then, lapsing into Pidgin English, "I likee ketchum your coat, savvy? You lend me your coat tonight for theater show us boys is giving, and we bringum back next week. I likee ketchum one lady coat, one hat for lady actress in show."

Madeleine remembered the early days of the Battle of Bordeaux and expressed her sympathy for the enterprise. "Of a surety you may borrow my coat and my hat." She left Pop Sibley standing in the dark (*Continued on page 58*)

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C. M. CLEARY

184 W. Washington St., Dept. 736, Chicago, Ill.

Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 57)

hallway, and returned a moment later with a scarlet cloak and a woman's hat from which burst a brilliant cerise explosion of ostrich plumes. "Voila, mon ami."

"Bokoo mercy, Madeleine. Them are swell. Next week you ketchum."

"Any time, at your pleasure. I have others."

"Baw swaw, Cheery," Pop said, bowing with some ceremony. "Us boys sure miss you and your friends. Mebby this dang war will straighten out so we can have some more parties sometime. Bong noor, Cheery."

Retreating back down the dark hallway, Pop Sibley surveyed the street through the loophole in the outer door. Finding his way clear, he crossed the sidewalk in two steps and climbed into the Dodge. "Isadog, git in the back seat here with me! Jugger, you sit up there with Chuck from now on."

When the exchange had been made, "Drive up the street till you come to a dark place," the master of events directed. The car stopped for two minutes in a dark section of the narrow street, and then in response to Pop Sibley's command Chuck headed around two corners and started for the center of town.

Under a flickering light Isadog looked at his wrist watch. "Five minutes after ten," he announced. "Curfew has rang. We're on our way—where do we go from here?"

"Head fer the Green Cat," Pop Sibley ordered. "They'll be lots of the MacFlinty hornets in front of that joint. Hook that side curtain so the light can't shine so strong into the back seat. Isadog, you and Jugger hit up Sweet Adeline so as to finish it just as we land in front of the Green Cat. Then start Madelon—and don't fergit to bear down heavy on the femme voice. All set. Start the music. When the pinch comes let me do the talking."

Singing. "Yooo-re the eye-deal of my heart . . . Sweet Ad-o-line." Pause. More singing. Now a shrill feminine voice broadcast the listening world with items relative to Madelon. Patrons of the Green Cat, and other inmates, sat up and took notice. From the sound of the vocal offering outside of the Green Cat, here were two or three birds whose hunt for trouble had ended in an overwhelming success. "Mebbe they ain't soldiers!" Disappointing thought. "Mebbe they're officers like us."

"They're soldiers and soured—and S. O. L. as hell!"

A stampede for the exit of the Green Cat ensued, led by the younger officers. "This gonna be a grand show. Big event!"

When the commissioned spectators got to the sidewalk the first act was well under way. An M. P., leading six of his fellow sleuths, had dived for the Dodge and the inquisition was doing fine under the leadership of the military

Chesterfield. "What outfit you birds from?"

Pop Sibley went on record with a statement of fact.

"What the hell you doin' this far from home at this time of night?"

"What time is it?"

"Nix on that stuff. Who's that femme that was leadin' all youse Caruso guys?"

"She wasn't doing no singing. She isn't—"

"The hell you say! Lissen—you're pinched! You're all pinched and so is the femme." The leader of the local reform movement stepped to the running board of the Dodge and from this vantage point he issued a few orders. To a pair of his accomplices, "Git the Major on the phone and tell him I'm taking this mess to the Casino. This femme stuff is mighty raw,—just what he was roaring about yesterday. Ask him to come down to jail and deal the cards f'r this layout." To Chuck, "Head f'r the hoosegow, you. Casino de Lilas,—you know where it is, and you'll know it a lot better before mornin'."

On the way to the Casino, between lamp posts against which Chuck did his best to pulverize overhanging sections of his conductor's anatomy, the M. P. did some thinking. Once his captives were delivered to the Casino much of the personal credit for the capture would be lost. The thing to do was to turn them over to Major MacFlinty without employing any middlemen. No agents. Direct to consumer. Here was the important Test Case which the unpopular police organization had hungered for. This might make history—with a promotion for the Vigilante who had engineered it. Enlisted men, using official transportation and rioting around with a female. The M. P. announced himself to the sentry at the Casino. "I've sent for the commanding officer—these are hard birds and I'll hold 'em right here in the car until the Chief looks 'em over."

A burst of high-pitched laughter from the lady in the Dodge ended in a wild shriek and a maudlin chatter of French epithets whose venom fairly shriveled the quivering ostrich plumes on her borrowed hat.

"Git calm, you! Youse guys in the back seat wid that dame—make her shut up!"

Orders is orders. Singly, and then working together, Pop Sibley and Isadog tried to quiet the feminine cyclone seated between them in the back seat of the Dodge. "Whoa, mon cheery," Pop requested in a gentlemanly tone, and then, at the top of his lungs in a stentorian mob rumble that roused lots of folks in Southern France, "Whoa, woman! In your hour of ease, on-sartain toy, and hard to please, the boys in blue were striving, upon the burning deck, put down that knife you coward, they'll be no strike tonight help help grab her neck

choke her!"—to all of which, from Jugger and Chuck, there came an accompaniment of snarls and yowls, while high above the din the shrill voice of the lady raged in the sulphuric soprano of an agitated cougar.

The crowd of assorted spectators rallied nobly.

Then, under Chuck's masterful control, the Dodge backfired a carbon-clouded salute, and while reserve M. P. forces trotted up with their sidearms ready for action, down the street in his limousine came the hardboiled master of military law and order—"MacFlinty the Major who made you be good."

"O-ten-shun! Gang-way there, you men!" The M. P. who had made the capture in the Test Case shifted a little scenery. A brief interrogation of his good and faithful servant and Major MacFlinty had the situation well in hand. "Get those men out of the car! Get that woman out of that car—check 'em in to the recording sergeant. What these men? What outfit they from? What that woman's name? Get her out here! Sergeant, that woman got a record?"

"What's that dame's name, youse? Get her out here!" ordered the gentlemanly M. P.

"Just like I been tryin' to tell you," Pop Sibley answered in a mild and soothing voice. "They's no lady with us-a-tall. She's only—"

"I'll say she's no lady—tell the Major what her name is. Get her out here. Line up! Come to attention! What's that dame's name?"

A feminine voice seemed to answer the last question as the lady in the back seat of the Dodge spoke her name.

Isadog climbed out of the car and stood at attention beside his three companions.

"Get that woman out here!" The Major repeated his command in a voice that got action. Three active M. P. heroes, striving to please, dived for the curtained section of the Dodge. "Look out she don't stick you—some of 'em carry knives . . . come out here, you! Vennay, toot sweet!"

The leading investigator grunted. Then he woofed like a bear. He backed out of the Dodge, bulging his two confederates behind him. The startled expression on his twisting countenance set into a mask of good hard military disguise. "Sir," he said, saluting Major MacFlinty, "there is nothing but a wooden statue in that car!" The M. P. seemed to go into a trance. He looked at his feet. "But she was singin' and raisin' hell an' wrasslin' with them two birds," he muttered. "Jeese, mebbe I'm cuckoo!" "What's all this? What do you mean?" The Major addressed the world.

Now the M. P. was talking to himself, and here was Pop Sibley's cue. "Sir, that statue is a Joan of Arc antique we boys was getting as a token of appreciation for a man who sent us a carload of candy and the female costume is for a female part in a show we boys are giving Sunday night and I put that cloak around that statue to keep the rain off as these rain— (Continued on page 60)

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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 59)

coats are like a fishnet and rain is mighty apt to swell up a wood statue and it wouldn't hurt the cloak because the show is about a poor ragged woman to keep up us Engineers' morale now that they is no more passes issued to town and—"

"What outfit?" the Major interrupted, looking sour, and planning a retreat before the impending salvo of derision might shoot his dignity out from under him. "Where you men from?"

Pop Sibley was specific in his reply.

"Well—get back to it."

"Major, yessir! And would the Major kindly endorse us boys' passes so we don't git arrested on-root to destination?"

"O. K.—MacFlinty—to midnight" was the endorsement which created souvenirs of the memorable occasion.

"The Major was betwixt a laugh and busing us for life," Pop Sibley explained to the Loot on the following day. "But he acted mighty genteel."

"Which makes my painful duty all the more painful," the Loot commented, resuming work on an epistle destined to

reach the desk of the Base Commander, —and to get results. The results, affecting the enlisted personnel of the Base, excited the Gang's favorable and enthusiastic comment.

"Hot dam, soldier! Read that new order! All-night passes and no M. P. trouble unless you start it!"

"Hooray f'r us Rabble,—me f'r Bordeaux Sunday night and bokoo grand times f'r me and my gal!"

"Hold the deal, wild man. Sunday night, Gang, the least us Rabble kin do is to attend the show right here in Camp in a body," Pop Sibley interposed. "One and all goes to that show as a compliment to Isadog—th' best female imitatin' ventrilielist in this man's army! How about it?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world, includin' M. P.'s, we'll be there with bells on! That bird saved us boys' life. Him and that Joan of Arc heroine licked the M. P. army single-handed and never fired a shot. Never mind the guard—drink hearty!"

(To be concluded)

That All Men May Know

(Continued from page 13)

poor to have its new monument. These are generally made of stone rather than of bronze and often show figures which seem heavy, clumsy and strangely primitive. This new movement is the natural reaction from the over-refined and hysterical art of the last century which produced myriads of monuments with silhouettes ragged as wrecked pinwheels. The new treatment at its best is admirable. One could wish that America might show a few works of the sturdy worth of Jean Boucher's group in the Place d'Iena or his bronze "Poilu" in the École des Beaux Arts; of Henry Bouchard's noble cenotaph in the Panthéon; of Gaumet's spirited artillery relief at Fontainebleau; of the beautiful monument to Georges Guynemer at Compiègne; the massive communal monument at Chaumont; or the strangely impressive stone tablet recently dedicated in Barcelona to the memory of French and Spanish alike. Such works as these would awaken our imaginations and greatly elevate the standard of American monumental art. Paul Cret, the eminent architect, has done much for the battlefields abroad—the subject would require an article by itself. His recently accepted design for Providence, Rhode Island, insures that city one of the most imposing of military shafts. One of the most tasteful of the smaller memorials is in Saratoga Park, Brooklyn. The bronze decorations by Joseph Novelli include two tablets separated by an unusually beautiful "Victory."

The writer receives letters every week

asking for advice. He gives the best that he knows how, often at the expense of much time. Occasionally the problem is important enough to demand inspection and study. Here is a typical request:

"Our post, which has over one thousand members, is the owner of a beautiful burial plot in this cemetery, which will eventually accommodate three hundred graves of deceased soldiers and sailors of the World War. Up to the present year the post has been raising money to pay for this burial site and now that it is paid, it is our desire to erect a suitable memorial. The plot is of good size and it is our desire to have a monument symbolic of a memorial to our deceased comrades, one which the public would clearly know was such a memorial and one expressing an atmosphere of reverence. It should be one of the beautiful landmarks of our city. We plan to expend from \$7,000 to \$10,000 and any suggestion or thought which you would offer would be greatly appreciated."

This was answered with request for plan of the plot which in turn showed need of a personal visit before anything suitable could be suggested. A letter to that effect brought immediate response:

"We are laboring under the impression that you have a group of sculptors who make these suggestions and plans for the promotion of beautiful and artistic monuments and not with the idea of commercializing or rendering such suggestions for any profit. If I am mis-

taken as to this view please do not hesitate to advise me at once."

Still desirous to be of use, we answered:

"My architect-colleague is willing to go to — to look over the situation and report what seems to him most suitable. He is a young architect of excellent taste whom I call upon constantly. His terms are reasonable: \$25 and expenses for the trip. He could go next week."

Prompt reply:

"I received your letter of September 20th. I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for us to accept the kind services of your Mr. J— because of the fact that our Committee has no funds upon which to operate. We have been under the impression that there is a Committee of Artists at the Art Institute who promote matters of civic beauty, etc., under an endowed association. Since The American Legion of our city is desirous of having the benefit of all those advantages, such as the above, we have written to you at the suggestion of Mr. — — — of our city."

The pleasant correspondence was closed as follows:

"Your letter has a familiar sound. I was trying to help you in the very best way—by means of expert advice. I am writing an article for *The American Legion Monthly* on recent military memorials and I find that as a rule they are worse even than the results of the Civil War. The reason is, of course, the usual one that instead of being willing to pay a few dollars for expert advice, committees are buying stock monuments and stock statuary. It is like buying patent medicine at a drugstore instead of consulting an experienced doctor. I note that you propose to raise seven to ten thousand dollars for a monument, but do not see your way to pay \$25 for professional counsel! Do you mind my quoting the incident in my article? No names to be mentioned, of course.

"I do not know of such a philanthropic organization as you mention. All of my sculptor friends are without other capital than their time. There are several young men in my studio capable of modeling a good figure or group at a reasonable price, but what is first needed is a study of the site to determine what would be most suitable. This Mr. J— could do better than anyone else among us. If you realized the importance of it any one of your committee would be glad to pay the trifling amount out of his own pocket."

And so the good work goes on. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" All that can be raised for the monument, but nothing for counsel and design from those who know what it should be. Our larger cities are acquiring a few monuments which are really monumental in character, but many communities continue to depend upon local committees who will conscientiously use their "best judgment" and buy a memorial as they would an everyday cook-stove.

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Population, Two

(Continued from page 17)

Clem truculently, at the same time bestowing on the tramp a long, appraising glance. "What do you want to know for?"

"I'm looking for a place to wash dishes or something—and earn a little grub."

"Keep moving," advised Clem. "There's nothing here."

"Yep," said Bert. "I wash all the dishes."

The two lapsed into silence. The tramp said nothing more; he walked down the street to the stalled car.

"What's the trouble, brother?"

Joe and Tom studied him a moment. Then Joe whipped out a revolver.

"Put up your hands!"

The tramp obeyed.

"What's the row?" he demanded, a sudden taut look on his face.

"Wanted for Murder," quoted Joe. "I noticed your picture back there on the wall of the post office today. Bill

Grant or Geddes, whichever your name is, you're worth a thousand dollars."

The tramp gazed from Joe to Tom and back to the gun in Joe's hand.

"You got me, huh?"

Joe took no chances.

"Hold the gun, Tom, while I tie him up."

After binding the man hand and foot, Joe dumped him in the back seat beside Tom and started back through town to take the road for the county seat. Their prisoner lay in the car as helpless as a sack of mail.

The rattling of the car disturbed Clem and Bert. They opened their eyes and watched it disappear down the road. Clem's gaze came back to the porch and the "Wanted for Murder" handbill.

"Yep," he remarked slowly, "I'd know that fella anywhere if I saw him," and he leaned back against the post to resume his nap.

"Me, too," said Bert drowsily.

Shoulders to the Wheel

(Continued from page 29)

agreed to assume all debts, the monthly payment of one hundred dollars and the assessments on the property which amount to something like three hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Shortly after the new organization got under way, the local Kiwanis gave a fair for the benefit of the hospital and made nearly one thousand dollars which was a big help toward the payment of debts. During the following winter season, members of the hospital board, a few members of Kiwanis, the post and the Commercial Club formed a committee and put on a fair netting something like eleven hundred dollars for the hospital. This is the last public aid which has been received. Since that date the post has been able to manage so that at the time of my visit the current indebtedness (other than for building and assessments, of course) was only about one thousand dollars against which were assets of some five hundred dollars in collectable accounts.

"I'd like to say right here," interrupted John K. Tucker, vice president of the hospital board and an ex-commander of the post, "that I'm proud of the way the people of St. Charles have backed us up. To be sure, we made the plan and pushed it through, but we couldn't have done it alone. Our credit was never questioned; the merchants were wonderful to us and people generally have been interested and helpful."

"Look at the way they furnished the place," said Mr. Munn.

"Didn't you have even furniture?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Only the sterilizer," laughed Mr. Pike. "The Eastern Star and the Women's Relief Corps maintained rooms

in the old hospital and their furnishings were taken over into the new. Then the Odd Fellows, the Moose and the St. Charles Woman's Club furnished rooms; the Lutheran Ladies Aid Society and the Friendly Society (also Lutheran) did a room together and the Young Mothers' Club furnished and maintained the nursery."

I thought of that charming room, small but attractively furnished; its picture-trimmed walls, its row of tiny cribs and its excellent equipment. What a fine thing for a club to sponsor and how skillful of the post to encourage each organization to have a definite and visible share in the whole big project.

The gifts made to the hospital are varied and interesting enough to make a story of their own. There's the woman, Mrs. Joseph Callender, who lives nearby and brings eggs and fruit for the patients and nurses. She makes a hobby of her eggs and the very best go to the hospital—fifteen or twenty dozen of them at a time. Another brings honey, white, luscious and "home grown." A St. Charles dentist regularly shares his garden products, bringing the best pickings from his wonderful garden so that the sick can have fresh food. Another's contribution was six hundred dollars cash—no mean gift, that, as the harrassed board is eager to testify.

But the greatest gift, so far, was from "Uncle Phil." He was a G. A. R. man and up to the time the post took the hospital, he didn't give a hoot about it. But through the post, he got interested and became eager to see it successful. A few months ago, he died and left his entire estate to the hospital. His affairs are not as yet closed up but the board con-

servatively estimates that the estate will net some eighteen to twenty thousand dollars. With this money they plan to buy outright the remaining equity in the hospital property and pay all assessments. The remaining cash will form a nucleus for a building fund. In the meantime, the income from the estate is being used to help pay the monthly installments of one hundred dollars on the purchase contract.

So much for history and figures. What interested me still more was the human side of the story. I couldn't talk to the patients, but I could and did see the superintendent and doctors. Miss Dora Deitrickson, the superintendent, told me about their staff; they have two nurses, one for day and one for night, besides herself; and when the hospital is full they get additional nurses. This conserves cost without crippling the service as good nurses can always be had in Chicago. Then they have a housekeeper, a cook and a janitor. This small staff means that every one has to keep stepping, but no one minds.

Miss Deitrickson suggested that I call on the former superintendent. "I have been on the job only a few months," she explained, "while she was here two years. She can tell you a lot that I have yet to learn. I hear she is just back from her wedding trip." So we called on "Miss Schultz," as they still call her even though she is now Mrs. Paschal, and I found her just the efficient, charming person who would deserve the praise the board give her. She laughed when I asked her how she liked superintending a small hospital.

"The best ever!" she answered. "I never would have thought of leaving but for this," taking in her new home with a gesture. "It's such varied and interesting work—not a hard and fast routine as in a big institution. To be sure I had to be cook and janitor sometimes, as well as buyer and housekeeper, but I didn't mind that. The work is so varied and the post is wonderful to work for."

"You're not forgetting that you people promised me you'd paint the fence, are you?" she asked suddenly turning to Mr. Swanson and Mr. Pike. "That fence needs paint."

"Indeed, no, we'll get at it soon," laughed Mr. Pike and then he explained. "You see, as she says, the fence needs paint. The porch needs some repairs too and there are some odd jobs in the yard. So we've planned to have an American Legion Day soon and do it all up. That would be fun and it would save money."

"I've heard that the Auxiliary talk of furnishing our lunch and holding the paint cans," suggested Mr. Munn. "Maybe we'd better investigate."

"I'll say we had," said Mr. Swanson, "especially the lunch end of the offer."

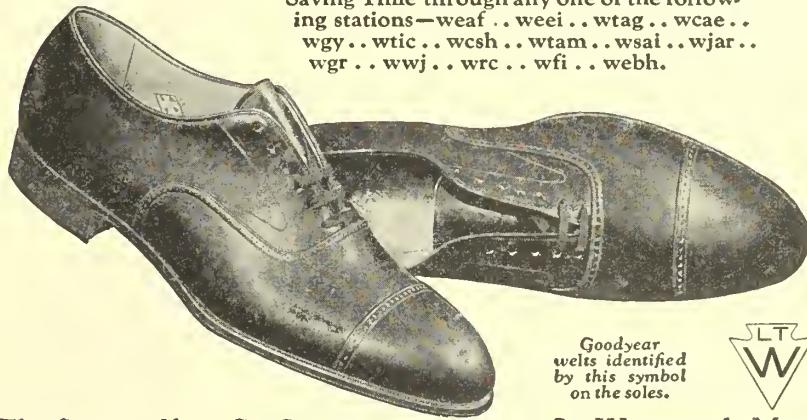
And plans for the big day got under way at once. It was interesting to see the fine spirit with which it was planned. I'd like to have been there to help, but as there wasn't a chance of that, they promised to send me a picture so that you could see the post 'in action.'

As they planned repairs, they showed me this and (Continued on page 64)



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Shoulders to the Wheel

(Continued from page 63)

that they'd like to do. The driveway didn't suit them, they'd like more windows there—but I noticed that the missing things were superficial. The driveway wasn't perfect, but the beds were. And the linens and bathrooms were the best ever. Everything needed was there and the rest is coming in a short time.

As we looked the place over, I was shown how the scheme for a new building—plans are already being drawn—would fit in with the old. The main part of the house will be used as an office and nurses' home. The present service end will be torn down and in its place will go up a wing which will have an up-to-the-minute operating room, a delivery room and two wards as well as several small private rooms.

"Won't that cost a lot?" I asked, remembering the hard time the post has had to work out the present state of finances and wondering at their courage in taking on more burdens.

"Something over fifty thousand dollars," replied Mr. Pike, "but what's that when the people of St. Charles are sold on the local hospital idea as we are? There are public-spirited citizens who have been watching the hospital and when the right time comes will get behind the new building project and push it through. I know our town!"

"I wonder what the doctors think of the whole business," I asked as I glanced toward the operating room and thought of the lives that might perchance be saved by the fact of that room being near at hand.

"They're strong for it," I was assured. One of the four St. Charles doctors is a Legionnaire and was very helpful in working out plans and in putting through the purchase of the present building. The other three are loyal to the last word and do all their work right there at home, give whole-hearted support to the board. Dr. Lambert, one of the four, was kind enough to give me an interview even though it was his "afternoon off" and he had vacation plans. He answered

some of the questions that had been running through my mind.

"Is it worth while to have a local hospital when large centers are so near and fine hard roads connect?" he repeated my query thoughtfully. "Indeed it is! The American Medical Association is continually stressing the need of just this sort of hospital. The cost to the patient is less—here they are charged twenty-two to thirty-five dollars a week and look at the fine care they get!"

Another point.

Good doctors hesitate to settle in a community where there is no hospital as without one their work is much handicapped."

"Can you local doctors take care of all the work?"

I asked.

"We can, mostly," he replied, "but when we need help it is easy to get. Having the hospital cer-

tainly helps there! Specialists are increasingly willing to come from the large centers for consultation or operation and the cost to the patient is no more, and sometimes less, than going to the city.

for comfort and general care, it's vastly better here where the patient can have quiet and the follow-up work of his own physician who knows all the ins and outs of the case.

"What people in general ought to know," he added, "is that a lot of costly equipment is not needed. A private house, slightly remodeled, as the boys have done this here, is ample, at least for a start. The overhead must be kept down if the thing is to be a go."

"How about the equipment for the operating room?" I asked.

"We doctors furnish much of our own," he answered, "leaving it in cases there at the hospital. When a visiting surgeon is coming, he generally asks me what we have and I say about average but that if he wants something special he'd better bring it. But nine times out of ten, he never opens his bag. We have plenty."

"The point is," he added, "to have a small, well run hospital under the man-



Superintendent Dora Deitrickson with one of the newest arrivals in the nursery

agement of some organization like the post—they couldn't be doing better business. And when they are generous about giving credit to helpers, as our boys are here, they'll get plenty."

"Folks surely are fine when you get them going," said one Legionnaire with a pleasant air of reminiscing.

"And how about the doctors?" I asked. "Suppose other posts in other towns wanted to have a hospital too. Would doctors anywhere back the idea as you do here?"

"Why not?" questioned Dr. Lambert. "Of course they would. They want the best for their patients. Give the doctors a fair chance in making plans so that work can be done well; play no favorites and you'll have no trouble—or at any rate, not enough to matter," he added with a friendly chuckle at human nature in general and doctor nature in particular. "A local hospital is what we're coming to and I'm glad the boys have given us a good one at St. Charles."

"When I see how well you all manage your work together on the hospital," I remarked as we drove away from the doctor's home, "I'm not surprised to hear that you have a fine community house. It seems just the place for one."

"That getting-together spirit doesn't just happen," Mr. Munn reminded me, "it must be fostered. Our community building certainly does that. You must see it first—then I'll tell you all about it."

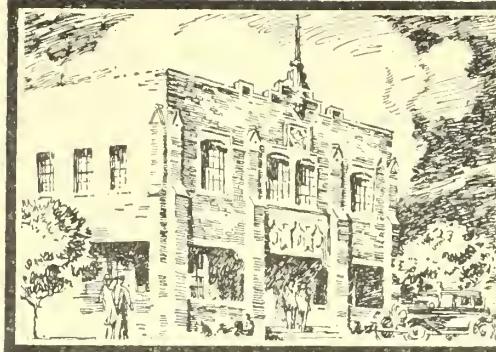
We drove across a wide bridge over the Fox River, passed a six hundred thousand dollar hotel just being erected, along the main street a block or two, south a block and there—before us—was one of the most charming bits of Tudor architecture it has ever been my privilege to see.

Built, English-fashion, of varied materials—brick, stone and timbers, it is big enough to accommodate many, many people, yet small enough to catch the homelike feeling so necessary if one is to have a sense of belonging. One pauses, involuntarily, at the entrance doorway at the right of which is set the great bronze plate inscribed with the name of Henry Rockwell Baker and the names of the men and women—347 in all—who served their country as soldiers and nurses during the World War. A noble list, that, and one of which any town of five thousand can be proud.

Inside, there is a lobby and office and beyond, to the right, a great living room, twenty-five by forty feet, in which a large fireplace, many book shelves and comfortable nooks as well as wonderful chairs, invite one to cozy comfort.

"Can anyone come here and read?" I asked, marveling at the beauty of the room.

"Anyone!" Mr. Munn assured me. "Not only can a person read here or committee-meet or visit (the room was large enough and so skillfully arranged that privacy was secured in many a nook) but there's a fine radio, if you want to use it, here are magazines and there's a kitchen beyond if you want to serve tea to your committee." I could not help a sigh (Continued on page 67)



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Shoulders to the Wheel

(Continued from page 65)

for the easy comfort of it—think of the way some of us have to plan and scheme for suitable meeting places! It is pathetic when one sees how easy it might be—if only every town could have its community house!

"This place belongs to us in more ways than one," said Mr. Munn, calling my attention to the lovely fixtures. "As far as possible all the work and fittings of this building, as well as furnishings, were done by local craftsmen and industries. We're proud of the job turned out, too."

Next to the Lounge is the Assembly Hall, a room large enough for plays, dances or banquets—it was set that afternoon for the dinner given by the Business and Professional Woman's Club and the tables certainly looked as though they were to have a nice party. The Lounge floor is three feet higher than the Assembly floor and the French doors between make it possible to throw the two together thus increasing the seating capacity of the hall. French doors open, too, on a terrace along the side of the hall so there is a fine feeling of spaciousness. At the front of the building, on this same floor, is the room used by the St. Charles Chamber of Commerce and a very delightful room it is, too.

The basement, on the ground level, has a swimming pool, bowling alleys and pool and billiard rooms and the third floor has rooms for Boy and Girl Scouts.

The second floor room, over the Lounge was designed for the Woman's Club and is so planned that on occasion it can serve as a balcony for the Assembly Hall. The Woman's Club room was furnished as a living room the day of my visit but at the time of a large meeting the easy chairs are pushed to one side and folding chairs (very beautiful second cousins to the ordinary camp chair) take care of seating a large group. There is also, on this floor, a smaller clubroom used by various organizations and of course ample accommodations for rest and comfort.

There are two fine kitchens, each with a fine stove, spacious cupboards and an electric refrigerator. I couldn't help observing the housewifely pride with which those cupboards were kept. In this compartment are the Woman's Club dishes; in that, the American Legion's table service; in another the china belonging to another group.

In the front, over the Chamber of Commerce room, is the home of the St. Charles Post. I wish you might have all been there with me to see that attractive room. It is light and cheerful and is furnished with handsome leather chairs. They cost the post eleven hundred dollars—aren't these men energetic to pay for those as well as running the hospital?

"Doesn't this room cost you a lot?" I asked.

"Twenty dollars a month," said Mr. Munn, "that's all. Now that you've seen

the building, let me tell you the story of its being built.

"Years ago, Henry Rockwell Baker was a star football player and one of the best loved boys in Kane County. He died just before the great war, never having had the chance to serve his country as he would have loved doing. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Baker, left childless by his death, conceived the idea of building for him and for the many who actually did have the privilege of serving in the war, a memorial building that should be a real home center for the people of St. Charles. They put up this building at a cost of something over two hundred thousand dollars and gave it as an outright gift to the city, together with an endowment of twenty-five thousand dollars, the income to be used to keep the building in repair."

It is stipulated that any and all may use the house and that fees shall be so small as to barely cover the operating expenses. That is why the post can have such a beautiful room—for twenty dollars a month; and why it can use the Assembly Hall with no rental at all. The Woman's Club pays twenty dollars too, but some organizations pay as low as five dollars monthly for a meeting place.

The swimming pool, alleys and pool and billiard rooms are operated at cost—the fee charged is tiny.

"I wish every post could have such a home," said Mr. Munn as he showed me all the advantages of the Community House. "It's so vastly much better than attempting to have quarters of our own. Here the rooms are always warm and clean and comfortable. We can drop in when we like and have a game together; and we pay only the cost of that game, not the upkeep for the place all the time. A post can always have more recreational facilities, at a lower cost, when they are quartered in a community house; and what is equally important, the equipment can be kept up as it should be. If it weren't for this house, we'd have to spend more on ourselves, I suppose, and then where would the hospital project be? As it is, we can have recreation, nice rooms and everything at the bare cost of keeping them up. That means a lot!"

"Do you think the small rentals charged will keep this house up?" I asked. I knew Mr. Munn could tell me for in addition to other jobs, he is director for the Community House and knows all about its working.

"We are well on our second year," he replied, "and things are settling down for a steady pull. We find we can run the House on its rentals plus the income from the endowment and we can say with assurance that the plan works. It's a wonderful thing for a community to have generous citizens like Mr. and Mrs. Baker who so wisely gave the thing most needed to bring us all together."

"It is some— (Continued on page 68)

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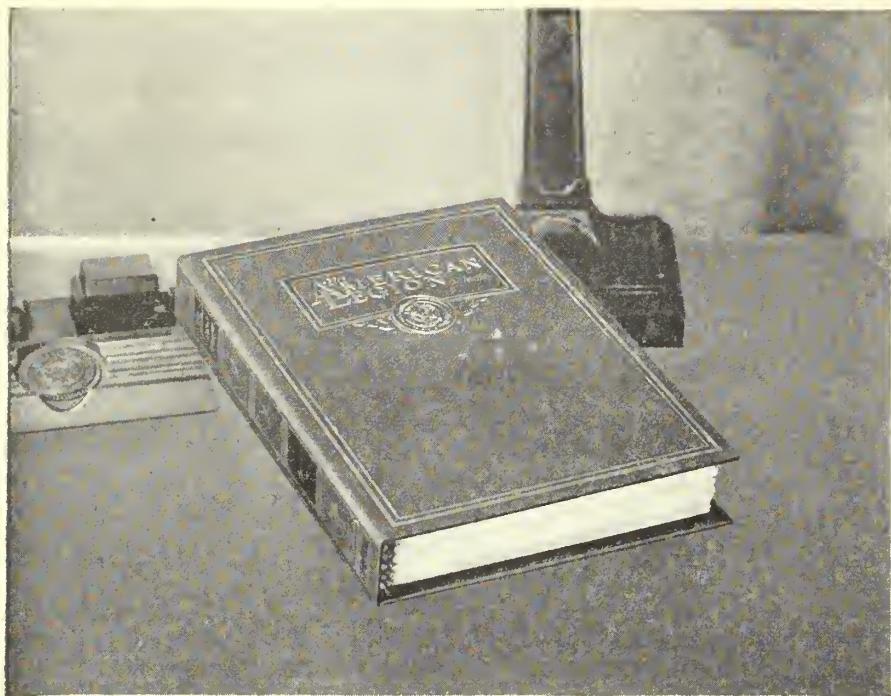
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Shoulders to the Wheel

(Continued from page 67)

thing to be able just to look at a beautiful building like this," I added, as I turned for a satisfying look before leaving.

"It is, in more ways than one," said Mr. Munn, "and the results are far-reaching. See that building there?" He pointed to a shabby frame building across the way. "That is to come down and the building that goes up in its place is to be of Tudor design to harmonize with the Community House. Beauty means something tangible to a town and the Community House is helping us to realize it just as the hospital work is showing us the value of co-operation."

Beauty and Fellowship—ten years ago we didn't think so much about them, did we? But ten years ago something happened and since then the scope of our thoughts has widened. We've learned that whether it's work or play or just plain living, we do better, when we do together. St. Charles is proving this through its hospital, its community house and its other activities just as other towns are proving it all over the country. Together we can have beautiful towns, well cared for sick and wholesome play; together we can do—anything we choose. Posts like the one at St. Charles are pointing the way.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 31)

bounty in something that you read in your newspaper.

I had such bounty on the same day that the correspondent's inquiry came. Collector Rosenbach paid \$70,000 in London for an original manuscript. This recalled how the man who wrote under the name of Lewis Carroll, more than sixty years ago, took three little girls for a row on the Thames River. They were such very charming little girls, and they wanted a story. So he invented one that kept growing and glowing as he went along in answer to "More!" until it became "Alice in Wonderland" which is still read the world 'round.

One of the little girls, Alice, for whom he named it, is an old lady now. She lost two sons in the War. She needed money to provide for herself, and it came by selling the manuscript which Carroll had given her as her reward for her part in the happy conspiracy.

All the professional writers, striving their best, with rich pay as their reward, to write best selling juveniles have not been able to come up to this inspiration which sprang from the call of the three little girls' eager eyes. I like to think of that fanciful lover of children on the Thames making an immortal story.

But that was long ago. They tell us that sentiment has become an outworn fallacy even among children; that the \$70,000 paid for the "Alice" manuscript

is more interesting than how it came to be written. Happily to hand is an answer from a little girl of our time.

In going over the papers in his desk a Legionnaire came across a souvenir of the Paris Convention which he sends to me. It was a letter given to him by its author when he was walking on the Champs Elysées. It was addressed to "all our friends of The American Legion," her message to all "who had come to our succor in 1917" on the part of "a little French girl who had suffered the invasion for four years and who holds the deliverers [of her home village] in eternal memory. (signed) Jeanne Hugo."

Better sentiment this than that of Lord Robert Cecil, eminent pacifist, who recently compared America to the passersby who left the wounded man among thieves and who says that "the United States is binding on men's backs burdens grievous to be borne and not lifting one of its fingers to lighten the load."

Jeanne Hugo's attitude would be more likely than the noble lord's to make us fight again for a cause that was sentimental.

Sentiment is not passing although the old-fashioned Fourth of July oration is out of date. We grow suspicious of eloquence capitalizing our sentiments for selfish aims. We would know if the man urging us to the front is going to remain at home himself. We want the goods and not the gush.

There is sentiment behind all good and happy things, in religion and all that it stands for. A practical age prefers a clergyman who is there in time of trouble as well as in the pulpit on Sundays. The most "hardboiled" of us will suddenly reveal his sentiment in some genuine action.

There is sentiment in the laboratory and factory, which serve us, as well as on the screen; sentiment in all practical efforts for national and social well being; in earning money for our families; in the prosperous man wanting to do something for his home town and to make it practical. The Legion is founded on sentiment. To avoid being "bunked" by sentimental gush is not to surrender sentiment, but to know how to value it.

Whether it is the supreme genius of fancy telling a story to make Alice call for more, or little Jeanne Hugo ardently laboring over her letter to make it beautiful, sentiment is the elixir of life. Without it humanity would be cattling and dogging it in a grim, soulless and mirthless orgy of biting and scratching.

THANKS TO ALL my readers—when I must know better as one said—for reminding me of the slip which made it

appear that Lindbergh was the first to fly across the Atlantic. This high honor belonged to Alcock and Brown. Lindbergh, lone eagle, was the first to fly from New York to Paris. Glory enough for all the human eagles; for Wright, the father of flying, and for Bleriot, the first to fly across the British Channel.

Now, WHEN EACH was so close to his own part, all may realize the broad scope of the Navy's service in the War which

has been so little appreciated. Captain Knox tells the whole completely in a book issued by the Navy

Department. Having read it, the naval veteran should pass it on to his doughboy neighbor so he, too, will know how the Navy saved the War for the Army to win on land.

THE MONTHLY'S WAR Novel contest is open to naval veterans as well. I remind them lest they forget. The romance from home

Why Not a Navy Winner? to camp and then to sub-chasing or convoying is not less than from home to trenches. Not to pipe the old saw about having one in every port, I should say, as there should be a girl in it, that material is not lacking on the salt sea side.

VERY PROPERLY GENERAL LIGGETT calls his new book "A. E. F." Few were in a position to know this big subject

Liggett Tells His Story better than he. Early in France, he was chief of the first combat corps we formed and finally of our First Army in the Meuse-Argonne. His outlook is as broad as it is informed, and fair and human, in a comprehensive and concise account, which is unassuming—for that is Liggett.

FLAGS FLYING, THE whole population in gala attire in that faraway Russian village. Was it in honor of a returning

What It Was All About hero? Oh, no. It was greeting the arrival of the much-decorated wonder, an American tractor, so long heralded. Meanwhile Soviet propaganda keeps right on teaching that America is a land of capitalistic slaves—who, by the way, have, as their slaves, labor-saving machinery.

WHY HAS NOT somebody taken this lead before in memory of the service of the Regulars through the Revolution and

For the Regulars guarding our frontiers to the present? William Green, head of the Federation of

Labor, and a group of business men have started a movement to ensure employment for Regulars when they leave the Army. An old neglect will be remedied.

A STATE'S SIZE in the Senate depends upon its Senator. One more ex-service man in the august body, a pioneer in the

Legion, former Department Commander Bronson Cutting of New Mexico. You always know where Cutting stands. A fighter, gathering enemies as all good fighters do, but always fighting for clean politics.

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 40)

cisco earthquake and fire Legionnaire Farrell commanded a relief expedition of Chicago doctors and nurses which sped by special train to the stricken city, carrying supplies for twenty-five thousand persons.

Chicago Medical Post, of course, ranks as a pioneer among the large number of posts which have organized systematically for disaster rescue and relief work under the national Legion plan, directed by the National Americanism Commission.

Here and There

IN Bakersfield, California, Frank S. Reynolds Post's unit of The American Legion Auxiliary honored the Gold Star mothers and fathers of its community by entertaining them at dinner. . . . At Brooklyn, New York, was held in March the first reunion of a Second A. E. F. group, when Legionnaires who sailed for France on the S. S. *Scythia* last September got together to talk over not-too-old days. They designated Edwin J. Duffy, 89 Berry Street, Brooklyn, secretary to arrange for next year's reunion. . . . Legion posts with musical inclinations have been asked to send for "Stories of America's Songs," a booklet prepared by the National Music Week Committee, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, for National Music Week. National Commander Edward E. Spafford is a member of the committee.

In Burlington, Vermont, when Odilon J. Bertrand, totally disabled member of Burlington Post, was unable to attend the post's big get-together meeting opening its poster campaign, the post arranged a radio hook-up which permitted Legionnaire Bertrand to hear the whole program as he sat in his wheel chair at home. A detail from the post brought to him the same supper which several hundred other members of the post were eating in the post clubrooms. . . . Legionnaires of Lawrence Post of Law-

renceville, Illinois, will do their hunting and fishing this summer on the post's own game preserve in the Ozark Mountains, a ten-acre tract, with cottages, presented to the post by Dr. J. E. Connett. Wild turkey, deer and bear are found on the new hunting ground.

William Russell Post of Vernon, New

the nurses assured the reverent preservation of the flag by presenting it formally to Fort Orange, the largest post in the New York Department.

"Lexington Post of New York City only has two Past Department Commanders on its rolls, but we have a post in Arkansas which can beat that record,"

reports R. W. Sisson of Little Rock, Business Manager of the Arkansas Legionnaire. "M. M. Eberts Post of Little Rock furnished three Department Commanders for Arkansas — James J. Harrison, William J. Winn and John G. Pipkin. And Daniel Harder Post, in the heart of the rice belt at Stuttgart, Arkansas, furnished two Department Commanders — Floyd Wingo, deceased, and Joseph Morrison. . . . Baltimore posts have committees which visit Legionnaires in hospitals, including members who come from all parts of the country to Johns Hopkins and other noted institutions, reports Wallace Williams, Commander of the Department of Maryland, adding that Department Headquarters in the War Memorial Building at Baltimore will extend help and remembrance to Legionnaire patients whose names are submitted by their local posts.

A bank failed in Gonvick, Minnesota, tying up the funds which Gonvick Post had accumulated to build a clubhouse. A few members, undeterred, bought a site for the clubhouse and the whole post formed

PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST AWARDS

THE judges of The American Legion Monthly \$250 Prize Photograph Competition, after examining more than one thousand photographs submitted by Legionnaires representing almost every State and many foreign countries, announce the following winners of prizes offered:

First Prize, \$100: W. B. SCOTT, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

Photograph showing Legionnaires constructing a dike to protect their town from floods.

Second Prize, \$50: MONROE Post, Woodsfield, Ohio.

Photograph of town fire department composed entirely of Legionnaires.

Third Prize, \$25: THOMAS G. WARE, Adjutant, Spokane (Washington) Post.

Photograph of Legion-sponsored Boy Scout troop distributing Christmas baskets.

Fourth Prize, \$15: BECKER-CHAPMAN Post, Waterloo, Iowa.

Photograph of community ice skating rink conducted by the post.

Fifth Prize, \$10: MARY F. MANNING, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Photograph of Auxiliary members serving pie at Kansas Department convention.

Ten Prizes of \$5 Each: [1] LEON ROBART Post, Mountain View, California, Legionnaires painting street signs; [2] HARRY A. WHITE Post, Delta, Colorado, Legion swimming pool; [3] CORAL GABLES (Florida) Post, photograph of clubhouse; [4] W. F. FERGUSON, Brooklyn, New York, night scene of Legion decorations in Paris, France; [5] FERNALD MILLAS Post, Tarpon Springs, Florida, Legionnaire sponge diver; [6] KAUAI (Lihue, Hawaii) Post, Hawaiian Legion-sponsored Boy Scout troop with Legion road signs they made; [7] A. H. FLETCHER Post, River Falls, Wisconsin, Legionnaires wearing whiskers they raised for post show; [8] LOUISE REINHARDT, Oteen, North Carolina, children's party given by Kiffin-Rockwell Post and Auxiliary unit of Asheville, North Carolina; [9] OMAHA (Nebraska) Post, Legion Boy Scout troop getting boxing lesson; [10] EARLE ROOT, Galva, Illinois, sunset scene aboard Second A. E. F. ship, *Caronia*.

In addition to the fifteen awards of cash prizes, the judges have designated a list of photographs as exceptionally meritorious and especially suitable for publication in the Keeping Step Department. Although space will not permit publication of this meritorious list, notification will be sent direct to contributors. Payment of \$3.00 each will be made for the photographs included in this list.

The judges wish to congratulate all who submitted photographs in the competition.

JAMES F. BARTON,

National Adjutant

DAN SOWERS,

Director, The National Americanism Commission

WILLIAM MACLEAN,

Art Editor, The American Legion Monthly

York, asks other posts claiming highest-percentage-of-Second-A. E. F. honors to give way. Its town has 650 inhabitants, the post has twenty members and nine of them made the trip to Paris and back. . . . The Army Nurse Corps of Base Hospital 33 of the A. E. F. carried with it to France in 1918 an American flag which has been treasured since the war by Miss Clara M. Paquet and other nurses who are members of Fort Orange Post of Albany, New York. Recently

a winter working party which cut down trees, donated, and began erection of a log bungalow clubhouse which is giving the post even more satisfaction than it would have found in the more elaborate building originally planned, relates Legionnaire George M. Herberg of the building committee.

Twin City Post of East Chicago, Indiana, has established the custom of presenting on Armistice Day an honor award to the citizen of its town who

during the year contributed most to public welfare. The award is a bronze plaque and a gold medal which can be worn as a watch charm. Post Commander George Huish presented the first award to John W. Lee, leader of children's recreation activities in East Chicago.

Everybody Helped

TUNICA, Mississippi, has only 1,500 inhabitants, too few to attract the attention of Andrew Carnegie at the time he was prodigally distributing libraries among public spirited communities more than a score of years ago. Roger Montgomery Post of The American Legion has supplied for Tunica the need which Mr. Carnegie overlooked.

Last year Legionnaire C. W. Owen, a business man of Tunica, announced he would donate a free room for a public library and would act as librarian if the post would install furniture and obtain the books. A lumber dealer contributed necessary lumber. A carpenter gave his services. So did a painter. So did others. In the meantime, the post library committee had obtained from citizens a collection of more than 400 books.

When forty or fifty persons were holding readers' cards and the success of the enterprise was assured, the post invited the Woman's Club and the town's Board of Supervisors each to appoint a trustee to serve with a third trustee representing the post. Funds were made available for the purchase each month of a few of the latest and best books which were winning national attention.

The library has now won favor with the whole town. It has just begun a campaign for more books, using the slogan "One Thousand Books by August."

Safety and Beauty

MOTORISTS from all parts of the United States drive to Wisconsin on hunting, fishing and camping trips. This summer as the out-of-the-state automobile drivers make their pilgrimages they will see beside the roads at the threshold of town after town a porcelain sign of blue and gold fashioned after the emblem of The American Legion. Each sign bears the name of The American Legion and a simple request. The signs along the many roads leading into Milwaukee say: "Protect Milwaukee Children." The signs at the portals to other cities identify the cities

the motorist is entering and all voice the same plea.

These Legion roadside signs have been erected throughout the State as a part of the community betterment program being carried out this year under the direction of Department Commander Frank J. Schneller. They also reflect the spirit which enabled Wisconsin in 1926 to win the James A. Drain Trophy, awarded annually to the department whose posts make the best composite record of service to the public.

This year also the Department of Wisconsin has undertaken another statewide highway movement. At the triangular intersections of the State's newly-paved roads, American Legion posts are establishing beauty spots, little parkways of grass and shrubbery. This work is being carried out under the direction of the department's Highway Beautification Committee, of which Herman Bogard, of Mount Horeb, Commander of the Third District, is chairman. The committee has been supplying blue prints of the parks for the guidance of posts.

Many Wisconsin posts are systematically planting elm trees along many highways, under a plan approved by the State Highway Commission. This is in keeping with Department Commander Schneller's announced intention of making all Wisconsin a gar-

den. As an additional part of this movement, the Wisconsin Department is planting 25,000 small trees on a 2,800-acre tract of land in the northern part of the State which has been adopted by the Legion as a wild game refuge.

In Line

AFTER a campaign lasting more than five years, Massachusetts recently was added to the thirty-two States and the Territory of Hawaii in which November 11th, Armistice Day, is observed as a legal holiday. In the remaining States, the day is observed officially only by the Governor's proclamation.

In January, 1923, Leo M. Harlow, who later became Department Commander of the Legion, filed a petition that Armistice Day be declared a holiday. This petition was adversely acted upon. The campaign was continued in 1924, in 1926 and in 1927. Victory was finally obtained through an initiative petition filed by Department Commander John W. Reth in December of last year, which would have placed the proposed legislation be- (Continued on page 72)

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1. This payment will cover the right of first serial publication in The American Legion Monthly, but Houghton Mifflin Company's share of the award will be *in addition to royalties* on the sales of the book.
2. Any author, regardless of nationality, may compete in this contest, but manuscripts must be submitted in the English language.
3. To be considered by the judges of the contest, manuscripts must be not less than seventy thousand words in length.
4. Address all manuscripts to the War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
5. Manuscripts will be acknowledged and read as promptly as possible by the reading staffs of Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly, and all possible care taken to protect them against loss or damage. All manuscripts which are considered not suitable to be submitted to the board of judges will be promptly returned.
6. The competition will close at 5 p. m., May 1, 1929. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date. Early submission is encouraged.
7. The judges of the competition will be: ALICE DUER MILLER, novelist, member of the Council of the Authors' League of America; Major General JAMES G. HARBORD, President of the Radio Corporation of America, author of "Leaves from a War Diary," former Commanding General, S.O.S., A.E.F.; RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, R.H.L. of *The Chicago Tribune*; JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor of The American Legion Monthly, and FERRIS GREENSLET, Literary Director of Houghton Mifflin Company. Their decisions on questions of eligibility and interpretations of the rules and their award shall be final.
8. The decision will be reached by the board of judges as soon as possible after May 1, 1929, and public announcement made. The sum of \$25,000 will then be paid outright upon the signing of the contracts, as outlined in Rule 1 above.
9. All manuscripts offered in the competition other than that winning the prize are to be considered as submitted to The American Legion Monthly for first serial publication, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in book form on the author's customary terms or on terms to be arranged.
10. Every contestant must fill out and attach to his complete manuscript at the time it is submitted a special blank form giving the name of the manuscript and the name and address of the author. This form can be obtained by addressing War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 71)

fore the voters of the State at the next election.

An expression from the voters was made unnecessary when on March 30th the Massachusetts House passed the bill by a large majority and the Senate approved it. The bill was signed by Governor Fuller on April 16th.

Pioneer Airport

THE MacDonald-Duncan-Dugger Post of St. Joseph, Missouri, took the lead in its community in establishing a municipal airport in 1922. The port was named the Rosecrans Municipal Airport in honor of Sergeant Guy Wallace Rosecrans, a St. Joseph youth who gave his life in 1918 while serving with the 153d Aero Squadron in the A. E. F.

Today St. Joseph's pioneer air field, now in use by planes daily, is marked by a three-ton memorial boulder bearing a bronze memorial tablet which sets forth the inspiration which flyers derive from the sacrifice of the man after whom the field is named. The boulder was transported to the field by MacDonald-Duncan-Dugger Post and dedicated with ceremonies attended by hundreds of citizens who have been helping the post in its enterprise.

"Our airport is classed as the best municipal flying field in the United States," comments Legionnaire E. W. Remelius, chairman of the post's memorial tablet committee.

Roll Call

JAMES NORMAN HALL easily qualifies as the Legionnaire contributor to this issue who is farthest removed from weekly and monthly post meetings. Mr. Hall forwarded his article from Tahiti in the South Seas. Nearer at hand Legionnaire contributors include Arthur Somers Roche who finds time between short stories and novels to attend regularly the unusually good boxing shows staged by West Palm Beach (Florida) Post. . . . Marquis James belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post in New York City, and Charles Divine is a member of Advertising Post in New York City. . . . Mary Carter is an Auxiliare of San Antonio, Texas, and Mrs. Clara Ingram Judson, nationally known as a lecturer and writer of books for girls, is a member of The American Legion Auxiliary in her home city, Evanston, Illinois. . . . E. H. Risdon is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post and is editor and publisher of *The American Legion Weekly Bulletin* in Los Angeles. . . . Richard Duncan Gatewood, Jr., author of the poem, "The Legion Passes By," is the seventeen-year-old son of Legionnaire Richard Duncan Gatewood, Captain, U. S. N., of New York City. Young Mr. Gatewood wrote the poem immediately after seeing with his father and mother the Paris convention parade.

RIGHT GUIDE

The Dam Has Broken!

(Continued from page 47)

President of Ventura County Unit, issued clothing and operated a kitchen. Within twenty-four hours the Auxiliary workers had collected food and clothing valued at more than \$5,000.

On the first day Commander David Darling of Ventura County Post led a working force of more than 800 men, including many volunteers who were not Legionnaires. Commander Joseph Kimber of the Santa Paula District and Commander Arthur Abplanalp of the Oxnard District shared with the other Ventura Post officials direction of all Legion work west of the Santa Clara River.

By Tuesday noon Legionnaire volunteers from dozens of posts were arriving at relief headquarters at Ventura, while working parties were traveling up and down the river bed searching for bodies. Santa Barbara sent a delegation of fifty. North Hollywood and Lompoc also sent large organized details.

At Fillmore the Legionnaires joined hands with members of the Service Club, an organization composed of veterans of all wars. The American Legion Auxiliary workers conducted a kitchen in a city park here.

On the east side of the river, work was carried on mostly by posts from Los Angeles County. Legionnaires from San Fernando, the nearest east shore city to the stricken area, were in Newhall, one of the stricken towns, before daybreak. Details from Van Nuys and Owensmouth were close behind them.

Within two hours after a telegram telling of the disaster was received, twenty-eight Legionnaires of Community Post of Culver City, California, were on their way to Newhall, where they were stationed for relief work. Splendid co-operation was received from the Culver City Police Department. A bus of the newly inaugurated municipal bus lines of Culver City was ordered into service by Mayor Reve Houck. Preceded by a police car, the bus, loaded with the Legion relief workers, was assured a right of way.

Mrs. Edna Caricofe of Highland Park Post, a nurse during the World War, had opened a first-aid station in an empty store building at Newhall by the time the Legionnaires had assembled in that town.

As this is written, no estimate can be made of the number of Legionnaires who were drowned by the flood. Several hundred persons were listed as dead in the few weeks following the disaster and it is known that many bodies were swept into the ocean and others buried in the mud which the flood left deep all along its course. More than 1,500 survivors were left homeless.

Jack Ely, Past Commander of Van Nuys (California) Post, is one of the dead. He and his entire family died when the water swept over their home in the San Francisquito Canyon. Dan

Emmett, Past Commander of Ventura County Post, was saved from drowning near Santa Paula. His house had been carried far in the flood. He saved himself by clinging to a mattress until rescuers sighted him.

More than five hundred homes were destroyed or greatly damaged in the flood. A huge Los Angeles power plant in the path of the flood was demolished when the 12,000,000,000 gallons of water which had been stored up for Los Angeles' water supply passed over it. Orange and lemon orchards were buried under many feet of mud in a twenty-mile section of the valley. Ten important bridges were destroyed and many state highways were washed out.

What The American Legion did during and after the disaster should furnish inspiration for future emergencies which the Legion's national Emergency Relief Plan is designed to meet. The American Legion was first to arrive in the devastated valley and first to extend rescue work and relief. What the Legion did emphasizes once more its function as a flying squadron for life saving and relief and the possibilities of co-operation, after the first hours of intense work, with the American Red Cross.

The work done in the Santa Clara Valley is all the more noteworthy because it followed a disaster which had been entirely unanticipated. Posts organizing for possible disasters usually are able to determine whether they should prepare against tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, forest fires or explosions, but the organization set up for any particular disaster usually will be found effective in meeting a disaster of a type unforeseen. The main point is that some sort of workable skeleton relief organization should be provided within the post, with definite duties assigned to groups of members. The essentials of the plan of organization prepared by the National Americanism Commission can be adapted by any post.

Under the national plan, the post Emergency Relief Corps is headed by the Post Commander, with the Vice Commander, Adjutant and Sergeant-at-Arms acting as his aides. Members are assigned to four units—patrol, transportation, medical and supply. The names, addresses and telephone numbers (day and night) of the Commander and his aides are on file with the mayor, sheriff and other officials and the telegraph and telephone offices. Names, addresses and telephone numbers of chiefs of the four units and their aides are in the hands of the Post Commander and his aides. A list of names, addresses and telephone numbers of all members is available for instant reference. Many posts have arranged with police or fire officials for a special signal, such as a siren call, whistle or bell, which can be used to summon all Legionnaires to post headquarters.

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Then and Now

(Continued from page 45)

earnest workers in this Department of the Y, collaborated with James A. Sprenger in editing the booklet. It is a splendid collection of reports, accounts and photographs of the work accomplished. Mr. Edmonds, whose address is 1418 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is interested in hearing from those Y workers in Leave Areas who could not attend the meeting or who could not be advised of it because of insufficient information regarding their present residences. Probably some of the Then and Now Gang would like also to reminisce a bit and tell him or the Company Clerk of their experiences in the Leave Areas.

SOMETIMES ago we helped a fellow member of the Gang through these columns in his efforts to collect typical service slang expressions. The response was unusually fine. Now we have a similar request for assistance—this time having to do with service songs and parodies, and we hope the response will be as great. Edward A. Dolph, First Lieutenant, C. A. C., connected with the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, asks us to broadcast this request:

"I am compiling a book of army songs—not the highbrow type, but songs which have either originated with the Army itself or which were adopted by the Army and made its own. I shall have soldier songs from all our wars, a West Point section and a section for regimental songs. Historical sketches and pen and ink illustrations for the songs will be included. Piano scores for them are being prepared by Lieutenant Philip Egner, Band Leader at the Military Academy.

"In order to make the World War section as complete as possible, I am asking that if any of your readers can contribute the lyrics of service songs, with the tunes indicated or the melody only written down, I shall be glad to pay for them. They may be sent to me at West Point, New York."

PAST Commander Joseph H. Lyons of The American Legion of Richmond County, New York, has also made a bid for his outfit in our baseball-in-the-A. E. F. discussion, from his home in New Brighton, Staten Island. He reports:

"I was a member of old Section 32 of the American Ambulance Field Service, later Section 644, U. S. Army Ambulance Service with the French Army, which took the field at Verdun in the summer of 1917. Before going into the lines we whipped together a baseball team, of which I was the catcher, and played several games at Combles, just outside the town of Bar-le-Duc. That was, as I said, in 1917, before the Yank M. P.'s over-ran that fair town of France. The game was something the Frenchmen and Algerians of our 37th French Division, from the general down, marvelled at and couldn't understand.

"In the summer of 1918, while still attached to the same 37th French Division and co-operating with various English units and the Fourth Australian Division on the Somme in front of Amiens, we played a baseball game with another American ambulance unit, the number of which I forgot, and won the game.

"The game took place in a clearing just beyond the Bois de Boves, off the St. Quentin road outside Amiens. Big guns were located behind us and 75's just in front of us, with the infantry in the line beyond these latter, and there was occasional though slight artillery activity.

"That was a noteworthy occasion—that baseball game—with greatly-enthused American rooters and an almost equally interested audience of Australians who knew the game well. The game was made possible only because of the lull in activities along the Somme at that particular time. In fact, just afterward the big Franco-British push of August 8th took place right in that zone and our baseball activities were thereafter suspended until we were back in the States in 1919."

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column in this department, we stand ready to assist in locating service men whose statements are required in support of claims for compensation, hospitalization, insurance and similar matters. Queries and responses in these cases should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., and not to this department. The committee wants information in the following cases and from the veterans named:

CLARK, Paul Graham. Former 2d Lt., U. S. Guards, discharged at Camp Devens on Dec. 19, 1918. Letters addressed by the U. S. Finance Office to 195 Kenyon Ave., Pawtucket, R. I., and 716 Lincoln Ave., New London, Conn., have been returned unclaimed.

THOMAS, Willie, S-4009732, Co. C, 539th Eng. Discharged July 10, 1919. Address at discharge was Hialeah, Fla.

27TH Co., C. O. T. S., CAMP GORDON, ATLANTA, GA. Former members, particularly John H. SLATTERY, and HAWLEY of Massachusetts.

Co. I, 345TH INF., CAMP PIKE, ARK. Former members remembering Joseph HYNEK, who was discharged at Camp Pike, June 14, 1918, on account of disability. Missing since that date. Any information will be appreciated by his mother.

ROSENBLUM, Louis E., S-2196396, 354th Field Hosp., 314th San. Train. Letters addressed by the U. S. Finance Office to St. Charles Hotel, Chicago, General Delivery, Chicago, Ill., Gary Hospital, Ind., and in care of father, Henry Rosenblum, 117 E. Kentucky St., Louisville, Ky., have failed to reach him.

HORVITZ, Isadore, S-1387886, pvt., Co. H, 131st Inf. Discharged on July 31, 1919, when he gave address as 1436 N. Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ETTY, B, 73D F. A. Former members, particularly Otto H. GILBACK, remembering Axel J. HANSON.

BUSHOUR, Edward W., S-109953, Hq. Det., Machine Gun Bn.

SMITH, Frank W., S-2722509, Co. H, 39th Inf.

ABROTT, Bennett P., Co. F, 53d Inf. Enlisted July 25, 1917, at Perth Amboy, N. J., and discharged Nov. 24, 1917, in Tennessee.

WHITLEY, James Nelson. Served in Navy as expert radio operator, transferred in October, 1927, to Naval Hospital, Washington,

D. C., and a few days later left the hospital and disappeared. 28 years old, about 5 ft. 5¹/₂ in., weight 138 lbs., very ruddy complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes.

Hoop, Earl Milton, C-416842, pvt. 1cl., Co. K, 59th Inf. Is 5 ft 9 in., 150 lbs., 33 years old, gray eyes, dark brown hair, light complexion. Veterans Bureau claimant. Missing since October 1, 1925.

Sara Thompson, Oil Tanker, U. S. N. Former members, particularly Captain HAYES, and YATES from Mississippi, between November, 1918, and February, 1919.

U. S. N. CARPENTER SHOP AT MARE ISLAND TRAINING STATION. Former members in 1918 or on the Destroyer *Boggs* in 1919.

HUFF, Harry V. Veterans Bureau claimant C-475777. Pvt. School for B. & C.

MOTOR TRANSPORT CORPS No. 711. Former members of this outfit.

OSBORNE, John Patton, pvt. 1cl., Co. B, 11th M. G. Bn., Fourth Div. Will comrade who answered notice regarding this veteran February 16, 1928, using stationery Wisconsin National Guard, Company D, 127th Inf., Appleton, and did not sign letter, please write again.

315TH ENG., Co. E, 91ST DIV. Comrades remembering Ray C. DRESEL killed in action.

MEP. DET., 327TH F. A. Major J. N. McCoy and Lt. WRISTBURGER who were in Camp Taylor, Ky., in March, 1918, in connection with claim of George W. COLE.

DOUGLASS, Ralph C., pvt., Hq. Co., 59th Inf., Fourth Div., died Oct. 29, 1918, of wounds received Oct. 22d. Former comrades or officers who know if Douglass held Government insurance.

VETERANS of the Middle West Division, when they assemble for a reunion in Denver, Colorado, late in September, will be so situated as to take advantage of a delightful vacation in the Colorado Rockies. Mountain and forest trail trips by auto or on horseback and sports of all kinds are listed as entertainment for the 89th Division men

who attend the reunion which is scheduled to be held September 27th to 29th. Special tourist rates on the railroads will be in effect at the time. Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado will no doubt furnish the greatest quotas of reunion visitors, although men of all States were represented in the division. Harry Carlson, president of the War Society of the 89th Division, who may be addressed in care of the Carlson-Frink Dairy Company, Denver, will be glad to furnish particulars.

Special provisions are being made for outfit reunions in conjunction with the Legion national convention in San Antonio, October 8th to 12th. Proposed reunions may be reported to Charles W. Scruggs, National Convention Bureau, Gunter Hotel, San Antonio, Texas.

Other announcements regarding reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations, follow:

THIRD (MARNE) DIV.—National convention in Boston, Mass., July 13-15. To bring back the service atmosphere, men will be billeted in an armory and chow served in mess kits. For particulars, address Walter J. Wells, secy., 44 Chetwynd rd., West Somerville, Mass.

FOURTH DIV.—Former members wanting copies of current publication, *Ivy Leaves*, and interested in proposed reunion, address Benj. Getzoff, 222 W. Adams st., Chicago, Ill.

FIFTH DIV.—Annual reunion to be held in conjunction with Legion national convention in San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12. Address F. F. Barth, Suite 602, 2 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

33D DIV.—Annual reunion in Springfield, Ill., Nov. 17-18. For particulars address George E. Clarke, secy., 231 S. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, with reunions of 2034 M. G. Regt., C. A. C., and 49th Engrs., Springfield, Mo., Sept. 29-30. Address Dr. R. T. Peak, 515 Woodruff bldg., Springfield.

37TH DIV., B BTRY, 134TH F. A.—Annual reunion at Akron, Ohio, June 23. To complete roster and in order that information regarding reunion may be distributed, former members are requested to write to R. A. Poling, secy., 219 Rhodes ave., Akron.

40TH (SUNSHINE) DIV.—Reunion in Camp Kearny, San Diego, Cal., Nov. 10-12. Address 40th Div. Reunion Hq., Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—National convention in Columbus, Ohio, July 13-15. Rainbow Division Veterans association is interested particularly in hearing from Rainbow veterans now residing in Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Oklahoma, Missouri, Michigan, North Carolina and Georgia, with view to establishing state chapters. Address C. D. McCoy, City Hall, Columbus.

50TH (BLUE RIDGE) DIV.—Ninth annual reunion at Conneaut Lake Park, Conneaut Lake, Pa., Aug. 9-12. Address 80th Div. Vet. Assoc., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

INDIANA STATE CHAPTER, 42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Eighth annual reunion, Fort Wayne, Ind., July 9-10. Address Pleas Greenlee, Shelbyville, Ind.

FIRST M. G. BN., FIRST DIV.—Proposed letter reunion of former members on 11th anniversary of organization of outfit at Reffroy, France, Nov. 22, 1917. All officers and men are requested to write letters to Louis Zuckerman, Box 331, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, enclosing fifty cents to cover cost of publishing letters in book form for distribution.

Co. E, 305TH INF.—Tablet in memory of members killed in action will be unveiled in New York City, Memorial Day, May 30th. Reunion dinner on May 29th. Address S. S. Shapiro, 73 Worth st., New York City.

BTRY, E, 102D F. A.—To complete roster, former members are requested to write to Nelson E. Mayo, secy., 2 Courtland st., Worcester, Mass.

12TH ENGRS. (L. R.)—Regimental reunion in St. Louis, Mo., June 28-30. All former members of the "Lucky Twelfth" are requested to report to John J. Barada, 514 Kansas st., St. Louis.

104TH ENGRS.—Regimental reunion in Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 15-16. For particulars, address Clifford J. Shemeley, secy.-treas., 926 Spruce st., Camden, N. J.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Fifth annual reunion at Hotel Windemere, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 24-25. Address F. N. Wildish, secy., Chicago Chapter, 1954 E, 71st st., Chicago.

114TH SUP. TR., 39TH DIV.—Former members interested in proposed reunion during Arkansas-Texas Legion departments convention in Texarkana, Aug. 27-29, address Clay M. Fielden, Box 184, Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

UNITED ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—Ninth annual convention at Half-Moon Hotel, Coney Island, L. I., N. Y., June 28-30. Address G. K. Weston, East Orange, N. J.

SECOND REG., AIR SERV. MECH.—Third annual reunion at Hotel Statler, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 23-25. Former members of the First, Third and Fourth Regiments are invited to join the association of the Second Regiment as associate members until they can form separate regimental associations. For details and a copy of the *Propeller*, address Thomas J. Leary, secy., 7141 Jeffrey ave., Chicago, Ill.

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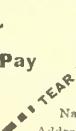
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Where Old World
Meets New
(Continued from page 23)

flourishes in this country is passed, they say 'He'p yo' self.' And, buddy, they mean it."

San Antonio is situated in a delightful valley, surrounded on all sides by verdant hills, now suburbs of the city proper; it occupies both banks and the head of the little river which bears its name. An altitude of six hundred feet above sea level assures the healthfulness of the city, while the proximity to the Gulf Coast causes cooling breezes to blow in the summer months, and prevents painful cold during the winter. The climate is called ideal by world-travelers. The population of 260,000 does not include the army personnel, which runs into thousands.

Medina Lake, just thirty miles from San Antonio over a hard-surfaced highway, is the largest and most beautiful body of fresh water in the entire Southwest. Approximately \$3,000,000 was spent in constructing the massive dam which impounds this enormous volume of water for irrigation purposes. It is conceded to be the country's premier resort for black bass fishing. Bass weighing as much as nine pounds have been landed after exciting fights. The lake is stocked from government hatcheries and a rigid enforcement of the game laws insures continued growth of the sport. Lake Medina has an elevation of 1,080 feet and in addition to its fishing and hunting attractions is famous as a recreation center. Its wooded shores and cliffs are dotted with comfortable lodges and taverns for visitors and the country homes of San Antonians. Scores of fast motor boats and numerous houseboats have a place on the lake. Regattas, swimming contests and other aquatic sports are popular.

There will be many interesting side trips to attract Legionnaires. The Veterans Bureau Hospital in Legion, Texas, seventy miles northwest, will be of general interest. Laredo and the Mexican border are but a few hours away, and Corpus Christi and the Magic Valley are within easy distance.

San Antonio's West Side—"Little Mexico"—is as foreign and colorful as if it were in the interior of Mexico instead of within a stone's throw of the City Hall and the Frost Building, a modern office building which stands beside San Fernando Cathedral, built two hundred years ago—and not distant from the Governor's Palace (headquarters for the State of Coahuila when Texas was a part of Mexico). Here are narrow streets and quaint shops filled with gay pottery in fantastic design. One may buy, along with vases and water pots, curios of all sorts, artistic native chairs handmade by the Aztecs, or frijoles and garlic grown by the peons. The flower venders with their vivid products, the candy merchants with portable glass show cases filled with palonciers,

pecan, sugar candies, and the cacti confection, the curb grocers with their merchandise scattered on the pavement, all attract by contrast to the other side of the city. The chatter of children with black shining hair and round black eyes is the accompaniment to the street's commerce.

Adherence to tradition among these citizens is strong. Each year "Los Pastores," a primitive drama, is enacted on the West Side. Two hundred years has it lived in the heart of San Antonio—this crude but vivid relic of the medieval drama in commemoration of the birth of Christ. It is presented by a group of players who, like the cast of the Passion Play, inherit their rôles.

Mexican dishes are as popular in San Antonio as are beans and brown bread in New England. The stranger may swear he will not eat the food, but after the first fury of the peppery blast in enchiladas, chili, frijoles or tamales, one has become initiated. The tasteless tortilla, the bread of the meal, which closely resembles a sad flapjack, after the first trial becomes a delectable article of diet. Mexican cafés operated by Americans in the downtown district, as well as the quaint ones of the West Side, are crowded winter and summer.

At dusk the out-of-doors Mexican cafés on Military Plaza are especially alluring to the visitor. Lines of tables with bright colored cloths catch the eye. Flowers more vivid, orange and red vases and bowls, match the color of attire of the attendants. The food is prepared in a primitive manner, the crude kitchens in sight, and is served by the younger members of families who for generations have catered to the public.

In majestic line and warm color against the Texas sky, the missions stand eternal in their vigil. Called by artists and travelers the most perfect on the American continent, they attract the world. The bells that nearly two hundred years ago summoned the sombre-garbed Franciscans, the Spanish soldiery, the laboring Indians to the new day and its routine in the wilderness, hang in time-battered belfries.

Six flags have been the symbols of six governments that have ruled over this stalwart land. In the conflict of these powers, for one hundred and fifty-five long, strenuous years, Texas bled and recovered, and bled again, but never knew the iron hand of a permanent victor.

First came the flag of France, with the Louis XIV expedition on the Lavaca in 1682. Hot on the heels of it came the conquering Spaniards up from Mexico, when this land of endless wilderness was called the New Philippines. That was the second flag. The next was that of the Mexicans; then came the Lone Star flag after the retribution of San Jacinto, betokening the freedom of the Republic of Texas until annexation to the United States in 1845. Afterward came the Stars and Bars, the war-born banner of the Confederacy—then the Stars and Stripes again.

It has been said of San Antonio that she was on the battleline for all that

long period—that one hundred and fifty-five tempestuous years. She was the checkerboard where Louis XIV of France, Philip V and Ferdinand VI of Spain, and the Mexican viceroys played games by proxy. She was the rag doll of monarchs until she suddenly became a grown child with fighting blood in her veins.

While all this history was making, and generations of men and women were starting and finishing their brief spans of life, the fierce Comanches and the cruel Apaches scarcely left their ambush on the old town's borders, and never washed the war paint from their faces. Indeed, the Indians did not quit until Federal troops had spent years in quelling them. Then, with sackings and lootings and storms of wild warriors descending upon the town like hurricanes, San Antonio pulsed onward toward her destiny—and the defeat of the Alamo, which came March 6, 1836.

The Alamo was the Thermopylae of America. "But Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat and the Alamo had none." There in the old stone death trap that had known the peaceful chant of worship nearly two hundred men spilled their blood for the liberty of Old Texas—consecrated the land of Texas with their heroic lives as few other spots in the light of the sun have been consecrated—consecrated the land to everlasting freedom from the heavy yoke of tyranny.

Following the Alamo attack, Santa Anna, the Mexican leader, sought to return home as soon as possible, but he decided first to separate his army into five columns and invade the center of the State. General Sam Houston, with a disorganized but willing force, was retreating, but on hearing of the disposition of Santa Anna's forces decided to make a stand. Houston had seven hundred men arranged in battle line at San Jacinto. The bridge over which General Cos and his reinforcements had passed was cut. There was no chance for a Mexican retreat. Advancing with the cry "Remember the Alamo!" the Texans fought with fury. The Mexicans were shot down at long range, clubbed with guns at close range and ripped with Bowie knives in hand-to-hand conflict. The Texans finally had recourse to the weapons of their fallen enemies. It was a supreme stand for liberty, and the Texans won. Santa Anna, "the Napoleon of the West," was captured. He was sent out of the country and the Mexican troops allowed to retire across the Rio Grande.

Texas was free. Congress, however, had adjourned and Texas was not recognized as a republic, although after an investigation by the United States it was reported that Texas afforded a splendid chance for annexation. Mexico would not admit that she had lost control of Texas. The United States declined to consider the proposition to annex on the ground that it could not interfere while trouble existed between Texas and Mexico. In the fall of 1836, Texas elected Houston president and chose members (Continued on page 78)

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Where Old World Meets New

(Continued from page 77)

of Congress. Many difficulties were to be overcome, for Texas was heavily in debt. Mexico continued to harrass people along the border, and later, in 1842, a body of troops was sent by Santa Anna to attack San Antonio. The city, after a bloody conflict, fell to the Mexicans under General Basquez. Three thousand men answered the call to arms that followed, and the Mexicans evacuated the city. Several other battles were fought. In the meantime the people were more and more eager to have the protection of the United States. In 1845 the United States Congress voted to annex Texas, and in October of the following year the people of Texas voted to accept. No sooner had the United States taken the new State into the fold than Mexico began asserting her claims. General Zachary Taylor was sent to the disputed territory and several battles were fought on Texas soil. The war was carried into Mexico. General Scott captured the City of Mexico and obtained terms that put to rest Mexico's claims. The United States took everything north of the Rio Grande and paid Mexico \$15,000,000.

The first Franciscan priests were assiduous in their work for their God, but the European rulers of those days were always anxious to regard them in the light of claim holders. Some soldiers and friars started out from the Louisiana region under the direct orders of the Duke of Linares, Viceroy of Mexico. Don Domingo Ramon headed the little band of soldiers and friars that followed the dim trail to and beyond the Grand River of the North.

This infinitesimal parcel of humanity that pushed its way over the boundless prairies to the cool, flowing waters of San Pedro Park was the potent spark that lit the fire of civilization in Texas. It came in the year of 1715. Ramon established a presidio for his tiny army on the west bank of San Pedro Creek, three-quarters of a mile from the present Military Plaza, and called it San Antonio de Valero.

According to Viceroy Count Revillagigedo of Mexico, the Mission Conception was started in 1716, and the Alamo, San Juan and San Francisco de la Espada

were provided for. San Jose did not get its start until 1720, so the last of the missions was fifty-five years old when the shot heard 'round the world was fired at Lexington. And still to be seen are the frescoes in colors—among them the "all-seeing eye" on one ceiling—that the old friar artists toiled at with infinite pains.

The second mission, it is held, that these emissaries of the king and God constructed was San Jose de Aguayo. The dates were 1720 for the start and 1731 for the completion. This long term of labor by the priests and Indians—probably prisoner Indians—may be explained by the distance of the rock quarry far to the northward whence the building stone came. San Jose is considered the most beautiful of all the missions.

Huisar, the artist who carved the wonderful door and window in San Jose, spent twenty years of his youth in this service. It is said by old-timers who have held to the romantic story that as a dashing youth he left Spain's portals with the kiss of his fiancée to give him Godspeed. It was the understanding that he was to return in just as short a time as his finances would permit and marry his sweetheart, who would return to Texas with him and take up life in a pioneer country. When Huisar was ready with happy heart and high hope to start his journey to Spain, news of the marriage of his fiancée was brought to him. With heavy heart he returned and continued his artistic work. From year to year his figure became more drooped and his face wan. At the end of his magnificent service he was an old man, broken in heart and spirit, and in the inner lines of the masterful work one can see the tragedy of despair. It is but fitting that he should be buried in the shadow of San Jose.

The Mission San Juan was begun the year that the last mortar was jarred from the trowels that built San Jose. The Mission San Francisco de la Espada was started in 1731. It lies beyond the outer brim of what today is called the Eight-mile Mission Loop from San Antonio.

Should Nellie Stay at Home?

(Continued from page 15)

"Seeing Nellie Home" as we rattled back to town on a buckboard from a picnic up the river Nellie's mother was usually "waiting up." I seem to recall that there was usually a chaperon somewhere in the caravan. "Waiting up" for Nellie was a regular occupation of Nellie's mother in those days. In these times, Nellie's mother has probably been to a show herself and may not yet have arrived, but she knows that Nellie is all

right, as Nellie indubitably is. If Nellie has a job down town her alarm clock will have her up and on her way at the right moment, no matter into what late hours she has danced.

Home! The violence of the reformers who want Nellie to stay at home calls for consideration. A woman's place—there it is! But what would you have Nellie do at home? From her mother and the domestic science course at

school she got some glimmer as to how food is cooked and cloth cut and clothes made. But there is no sound reason why she should stay at home to perform such labor if she prefers to be a wage earner.

The philosophers who would shoo Nellie home have tackled a big job. It's not Nellie they're fighting but the irresistible tide of the times. There are nine million women wage earners in America, and these Nellies work, most of them, because they need the money. Whether impelled by necessity or preference they are entitled to the highest consideration. It must be remembered that these Nellies didn't create the conditions of modern society; their home-keeping mothers and grandmothers had precious little part in the business. Man himself, driven by economic forces, opened the doors that freed Nellie. And man has been bewildered by the tremendous energy and the mounting ambitions manifested by Nellie since she came out of the kitchen. Employed in the multiplying occupations open to her; creating new businesses; climbing mountains; exploring; shooting big game; running for office; writing books—Nellie quite naturally is bored by the senile whimper that her place is in the home. Then there's an interesting type of Nellie whose thirst for knowledge is insatiable. I am not thinking particularly of girls whose parents send them to college but of less favored Nellies who, on their own initiative, invade the halls of learning and ask no favors as to ways and means. University extension courses and night classes conducted by various agencies meet the want of yet another type. The bachelor girl was spoken of in derision when we first began to hear of her, twenty-five years ago, but now she's a recognized member of society. The assumption that all these activities and changes connote moral degeneracy are as ungenerous as they are false. Men are far too prone to take it for granted that any woman who works for a living is an easy prey and fair game. The romance of marriage is pretty well dispelled for any intelligent girl who watches the rising tide of divorce.

Years ago someone wrote a poem to the general effect that "woman's work is never done," and in households known to my youth it never was! My mother was an efficient person who had the pride of her skill in the domestic arts. In our seven-room cottage she was always at work, sweeping, sewing, filling the oil lamps, cooking and, at one time, giving music lessons to augment the family income. Coffee was roasted at home in the wood-burning cook stove—a tedious process, as the java with a dash of mocha must be inspected and stirred frequently to avoid scorching. Saturday morning was sacred to baking, for Sunday was held in such reverence that a woman must break her back Saturday that the Sabbath might be kept holy. Incidentally my mother saw to it that my sister and I were turned out clean and neat for school and, herself a good scholar, she found time to help us with our lessons. An heroic soul, my mother!

Even with this strenuous programme she did considerable reading, taught a Sunday-school class, assisted in the social affairs of her church and heard all the lecturers who came to town. Remembering her arduous days in that period of her life (comfort and ease were to come to her later) I am strongly sympathetic with the women of today who patronize the delicatessen shop and buy baker's bread. There is no virtue in drudgery. If Nellie, with her compact kitchenette and the many devices that lighten domestic labor, has leisure to doll up in her ready-made garments and stroll out to a movie I'm for letting her enjoy herself. The men for whom women used to slave in the kitchen rarely appreciated the homemade catsup and strawberry preserves that scented the neighborhood every summer. There is a good deal of bunk in this tear-shedding for the sanctity of the old home which, for the mother, sitting up late with the darning basket, was little less than a prison house.

There may be men who would like to chain Nellie to the old kitchen stove but certainly no woman who remembers those not-so-distant times would vote to return to the old order of things. And Nellie, having sniffed the air of freedom, couldn't be forced back at the point of the bayonet.

In those rather sad old yesterdays Nellie spent her evenings at home unless her parents or some young man took her out. Nowadays Nellie and her girl chum do not await the pleasure of an admirer, but buy tickets to the theater or concert in keeping with their tastes. In this way they are able to choose their own amusements without incurring irksome obligations. It's a distinct gain for civilization that woman has ceased to be a clinging vine.

I met not long ago a young woman who began her business career at fourteen as a messenger in a New York department store. She passed through all the grades—saleswoman, buyer, advertising writer—until finally she created for herself a unique business so profitable that she is able to spend four months of every year in foreign travel. We hear a great deal of captains of industry, but the Nellies who by sheer intelligence, initiative and force of character achieve success in the business world are much more admirable; for they triumph in fields which, only a little while ago, were closed to them. There must be a goodly number of women in America whose earnings run into five figures, and it would be pretty difficult to persuade them that their talents would be better employed in the kitchen. Something after all must be left to individual preferences and necessities.

Most of the criticism of the American woman is based on superstitions as obsolete as witch-burning. Woman is not going back to her status of fifty years ago unless the male of the species is willing to go along and, as he shows no enthusiasm for such an about face, the more graciously he accommodates himself to his sister's presence on the firing-line the happier he will be.

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"We didn't see much of Bob after that—he'd always laugh and say he was 'too busy' when we'd ask him to join a party.

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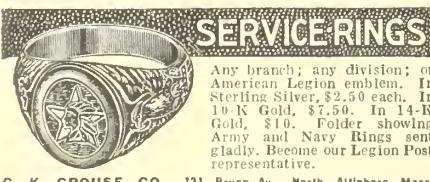
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Bursts and Duds

(Continued from page 33)

COLLEGE HUMOR

"Do you believe this bunk about seeing a person's handwriting and, from that, knowing what to expect of him?" asked Freshman Fred.

"Absolutely!" Sophomore Sam answered. "I had a letter from my dad today which told me plainly not to expect another damned cent this term."

THE SILVER LINING

And then it seems there were a couple of more modern cooties—oh, yes, there were!

"This is a terrible shirt we're on, isn't it?" one groused.

"Yes," assented Optimistic Otis, the second, "but a lot of it isn't as bad as its seams."

SLIGHTLY ABSENT-MINDED

"The Reverend Jones used to be a lecturer, didn't he?"

"Yes, and he made a bad break the other day. He started a funeral sermon with, 'I'm glad to see so many smiling faces here this morning.'"

ANOTHER HEIGHT OF SOMETHING

An absent-minded man called upon his equally absent-minded physician, and they spent a pleasant evening together, playing checkers and exchanging anecdotes. Finally came the hour for parting, and the visitor exclaimed:

"Doctor, I had some errand here. Oh, yes, now I recall it. Our maid has fainted, and we want you to see her right away."

"That reminds me," replied the doctor. "Your wife wanted you on the telephone a while ago. The maid died."

SO MUCH PUTTY

The Circus Wild Man: "I hear the Spineless Wonder is in the hospital. What's wrong with him?"

The Living Skeleton: "He went to consult a doctor about his asthma and got into a chiropractor's office by mistake."

CONFLICTING SCHEDULE

"It makes me so mad!" Yvonne complained. "Bill's company has changed its pay day to Wednesday."

"But what difference does it make so long as he gets paid?" asked Yvette.

"But that's the night that Joe gets paid."

ALL ON THE HOUSE

"Come, come, my girl," the snooty floorwalker commanded. "You are wasting your time talking to the other girls."

"Be yourself, bub," countered the equally snooty saleslady. "It's the company's time."

AVOCATION

It was social hour in the prison, when a couple of old acquaintances got together.

"What?" one exclaimed. "You in for bootlegging? I thought you were a gun man."

"Oh, that's just a homicideline," the second explained.

GONE!

"I'm sorry to state that you are suffering from a far advanced case of alcoholism," announced a physician.

"Great Scott!" cried the patient. "Does that mean that I'll have to quit drinking?"

"Not exactly. I think that you are going to quit automatically."

SAMARITAN

Her right rear tire had gone flat and she was in desperate straits when a motorist whizzed up and stopped his car.

"I wonder if you'd help a girl in trouble," she suggested.

"Sure!" he complied. "What sort of trouble do you want to get into?"

ALL SET, AS IS

They were seated across the table from each other in the restaurant, the wealthy octogenarian and the gold digger.

"Will you marry me if I have my health rejuvenated?" he asked.

"I'll marry you all right," she replied, "but you leave your health the way it is."

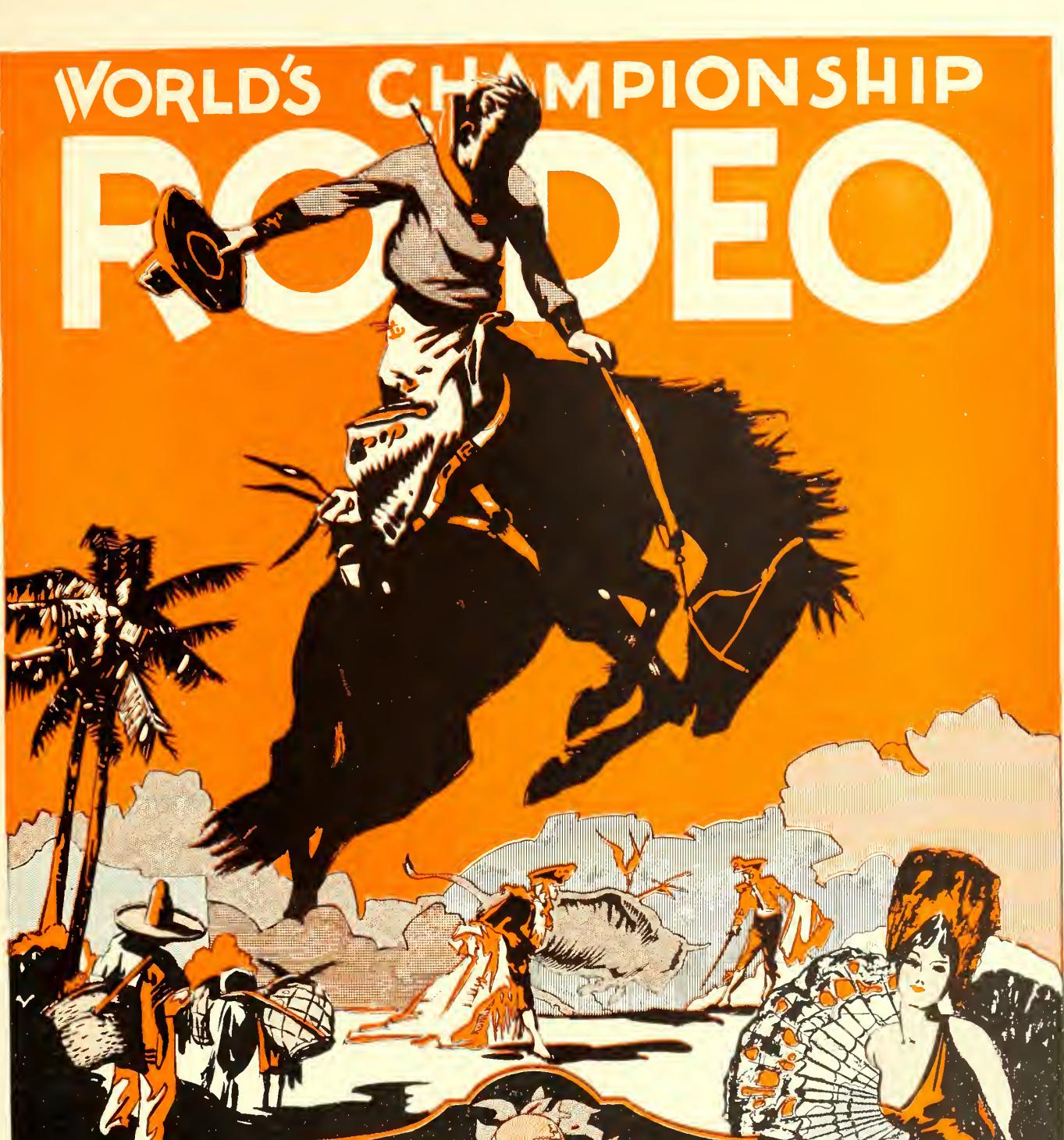
MONOTONY

A party of tourists, under heavy guard, were visiting the Cannibal Islands. The youngest and fairest was particularly impressed.

"Don't you enjoy your wild, free life here?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, in a way," the chieftain yawned, "but a fellow gets tired of having a preacher to dinner every day."

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